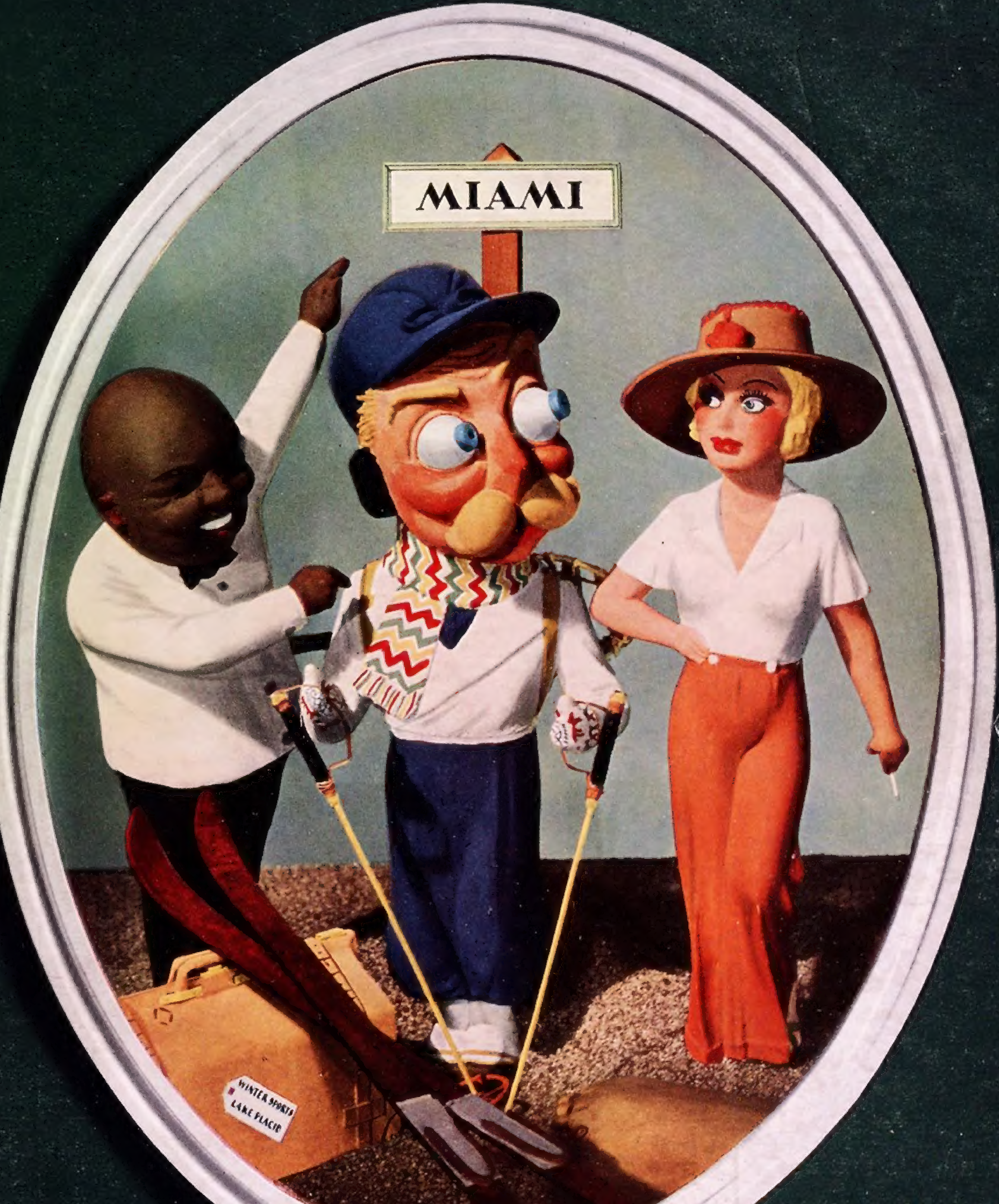
Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY
1937



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GEORGE SELDES
JOHN McCARTHY
EDW. JEROME VOGELER
LOUIS E. BISCH, M. D.
JAMES Y. CRAIG
JOHN VASSOS
HARRY SALPETER
F. GREGORY HARTSWICK
STANLEY FITZGERALD
ISAAC GOLDBERG

FICTION

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
JESSE STUART
JIM TULLY
RHYS DAVIES
R. B. SULLIVAN
ASHLEY BUCK
JAMESON FIELD
RICHARD J. LORTZ
FRANK K. KELLY

ART

ROBERT HENRI

SATIRE

WOLFE KAUFMAN
DOUG WELCH
PARKE CUMMINGS
DR. FRANCIS GOLDEN

POETRY

LIEUT. HORACE S. MAZET

SPORTS

TRAVIS HOKE
KENNETH RIPLEY
PAUL W. KEARNEY
EDW. C. CROSSMAN

DEPARTMENTS

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
CARLETON SMITH
MEYER LEVIN
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A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS

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HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
ABNER DEAN
SYDNEY HOFF
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R. VAN BUREN
IRVING PHILLIPS
B. SHERMUND
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

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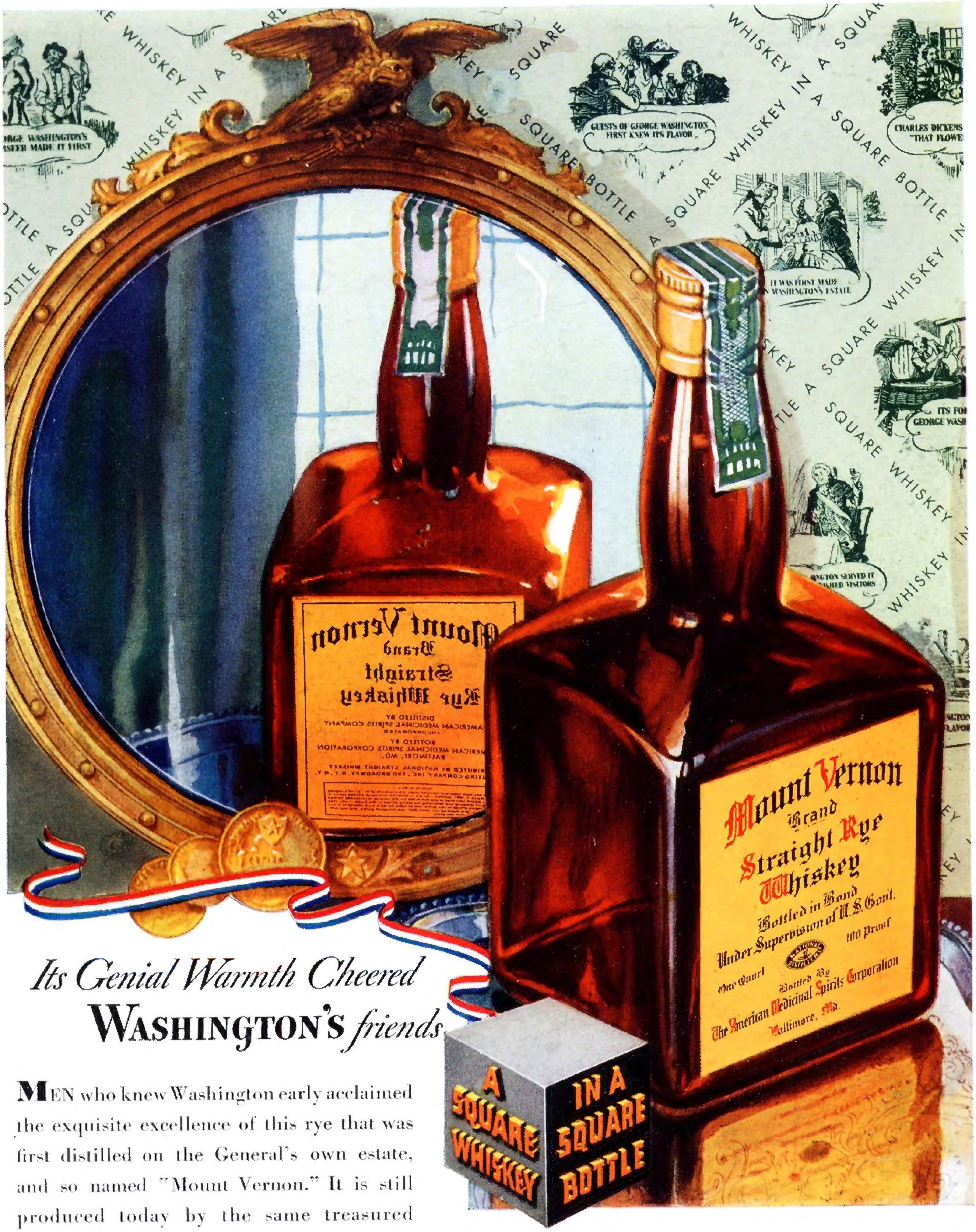
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

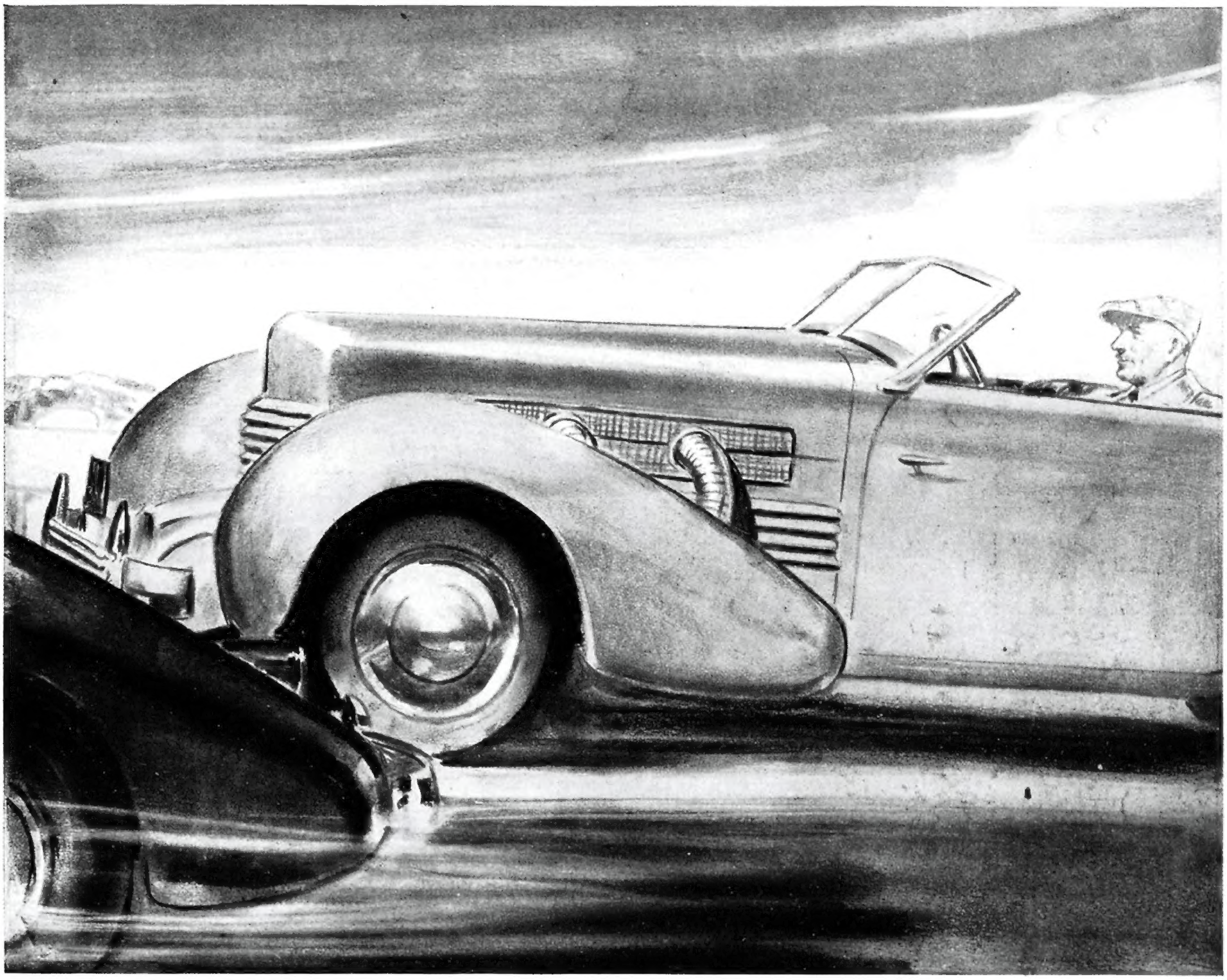

WHISKEY IN A SQUARE BOTTLE
GUESTS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON FIRST KNEW ITS FLAVOR
CHARLES DICKENS "THAT FLOWE
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Govt.
100 Proof
One Quart
Bottled By
The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation
Baltimore, Md.
A SQUARE WHISKEY
IN A SQUARE BOTTLE

Its Genial Warmth Cheered WASHINGTON'S *friends*

MEN who knew Washington early acclaimed the exquisite excellence of this rye that was first distilled on the General's own estate, and so named "Mount Vernon." It is still produced today by the same treasured formula, and is bottled in bond under supervision of *the U. S. Government — the most rigid standard in the world, calling for full four years' aging in barrels, and bottling at full 100 proof.* You will find it as distinguished in flavor as it is in ancestry, a potion that lives up to its time-honored reputation — *a square whiskey in a square bottle!* Now in plentiful supply at all good bars and package stores.

Your Guide to NATIONAL DISTILLERS Good Liquors

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BALTIMORE, MD.



A Champion Never Pushes People Around

Any driver that passes the Super-Charged Cord *knows* he does so only with the Cord driver's permission.

The Cord owner has no inferior-car-complex. He does not have to show off, as a sop to his vanity. He is secure in the satisfaction of driving the King of the Highway—capable, when occasion demands, of showing that "thoroughbred" means as much in motor cars as in horses.

The driver of *no other car* is enjoying the same kind of motoring luxury the Cord owner enjoys. Such as easy steering, due to the application of power to the front wheels; a quietness so unusual you can hardly tell whether the engine is running; and a bounceless-swayless-smoothness that can be compared only to coasting.

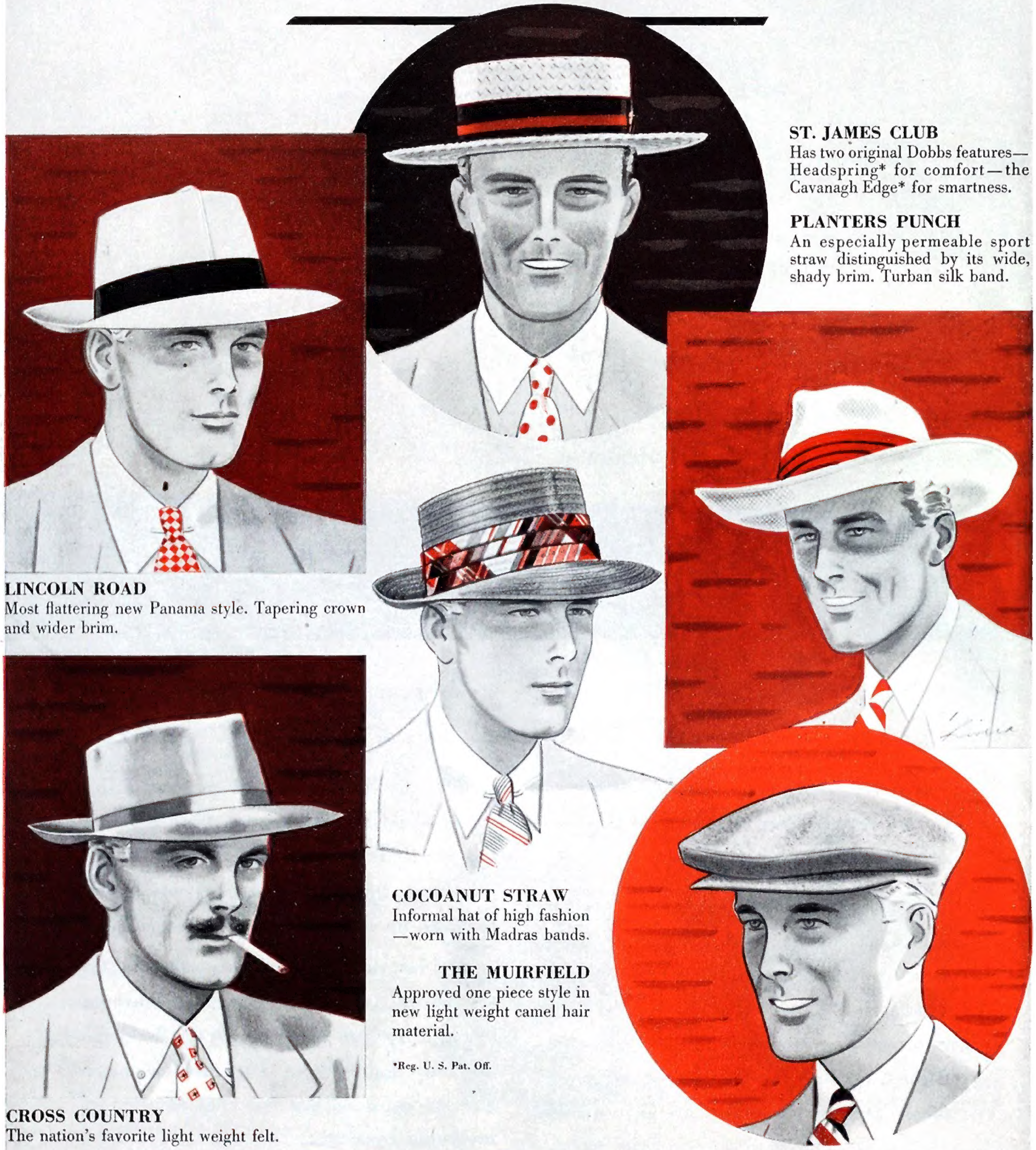
Besides, the Cord is the smartest car on the road. And, those glistening chrome exhaust pipes on both sides of the hood are not only eloquent signs of greater power and smoothness, but the coat of arms of motoring royalty!

CORD

Auburn Automobile Company, Connersville, Indiana

Dobbs Gives You a Head Start

For your Southern Holiday



ST. JAMES CLUB
Has two original Dobbs features—Headspring* for comfort—the Cavanagh Edge* for smartness.

PLANTERS PUNCH
An especially permeable sport straw distinguished by its wide, shady brim. Turban silk band.

LINCOLN ROAD
Most flattering new Panama style. Tapering crown and wider brim.

COCOANUT STRAW
Informal hat of high fashion—worn with Madras bands.

THE MUIRFIELD
Approved one piece style in new light weight camel hair material.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CROSS COUNTRY
The nation's favorite light weight felt.

New York's Leading Hatter · 711 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

Dobbs

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
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Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches . . . . . .
by Goodman, Saalburg, Fellows and Peters beginning on page 124

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Reviving the practice of salutes to the living

A number of months back we were first possessed of the impulse to say some of the nice things about the living that too generally seem to be reserved to say about the dead. The idea evoked considerable response from the several readers of this page and we decided to have fairly frequent recourse to it, as a means of dedicating this space to a worthy purpose. But we wander off our set course more often than we follow it, and it has been a long while since we have acted on that impulse to salute the living. Yet we have felt it often enough. We have felt it every month that we have gone to press without Ernest Hemingway, who left us last August for a month's vacation that has since grown up to be a six months' leave of absence. It has been a leave of absence in that otherwise it would have been absence without leave. That is a circumstance which compels our admiration. There are many things about Mr. Hemingway that compel our admiration, and this is as good a time as any to set a few of them down.

Shakespeare knew, and put on paper centuries ago, what every artist who has survived his obituary notices has had to find out on his own: "To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." No artist of our day has learned the lesson any more thoroughly than Ernest Hemingway. To himself ever faithful, he has held true to his long-since self-charted course, with the courage and the conviction to ignore the tempting wraiths that have beckoned him to the right and left of the path he knew he had to follow. And this steadfast steering by his stars has cost him not one but many fortunes he might have picked up in easy money, these past twelve or thirteen years, by "selling out." It has also lost him, these past four or five years, the allegiance of that majority of the critics, those who follow the literary "fashions." This falling away of the literary camp-followers has not surprised him. In fact he predicted it as long ago as 1929 when he wrote of "the four and twenty critics" for the Farewell Number of *The Little Review*. For Mr. Hemingway has never been deceived by the fickleness of fame's time-tables. At a very early age he came to the kind of fame that has often turned far older heads. He was a legend at thirty. At forty he can look back, as Rembrandt could at the same age, at early work already crowned by contemporary fame, and look ahead toward later work as the solid basis of fame in the future. For it was, in a sense, only so long as he remained the apprentice of his art that he remained the fair haired boy of the critics. Having mastered it, and having begun to use it, no longer as an end in itself but as a medium of mature expression, he began the inevitable alienation of those who follow fashions in the arts. While mastering a medium he was understood, and uncritically adored. Now, having mastered it and having begun to use it to satisfy himself, he is misunderstood and uncritically hated. This same thing has happened too often in the past to occasion any suprise now. But it explains why many things are being said of him, and why almost none of what is being said is true.

They say, for instance, that he is juvenile, that he has refused to grow up. They can't forgive his fishing and hunting. They wish he would grow up and face the ugly facts of our changing times. They wish he would show in his writings some awareness of the pock-marked political complexion of our era. In other words, season his literary soup to the moment's taste with a sprinkling of class-consciousness, of politico-sociological salt. They forget that politics, as such, is the death of art, that nothing can more damagingly "date" a work of art for the future than preoccupation with what seem to be serious things of the moment. (If you don't believe it, try to purge yourself through pity and fear, let alone keep awake, with one of Voltaire's masterpieces of "protest"). But they call him juvenile because, with an artist's wisdom, he chooses to devote his art for a time to the only changeless things there are, the woods and waters and the denizens thereof.

They say, too, that he can't take it, that he is allergic to criticism of any kind. He is, personally. The least flea-bite of dispraise, down to the yawp of a semi-literate in our S. & F., will touch him off like a set piece of fireworks. But that's his strength. For by being personally thin-skinned to attacks he manages to remain professionally impervious to them. Because he takes them out in temper they never seep in to contaminate his serious work.

And they say that he is yellow. (They do, that is, if they are the kind of females against whom a man has no redress. But if they're poets standing six feet four, they do not say it any more). They do not know, but it has been often enough proved, that he has two kinds of courage in his emotional kit, and that one of them is the rarest and highest brand there is. True, he has the hot instinctive adrenal bluster. But he has behind it the cold reasoning pituitary bravery of the hypersensitive and overimaginative man whose intellect is agile enough to make a lightning calculation of all risk, yet whose will is strong enough to master all the consequent fear. For he is seismographically sensitive, who has often been called callous. Legendarily a hail-fellow and a roughneck, he is actually abnormally shy. A brilliant conversationalist,

Continued on page 28

ESQUIRE
Feb., 1937
T. M.
Reg.

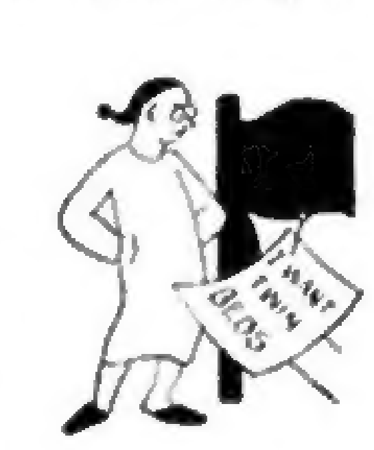
Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. VI, No. 8
Whole No. 39
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

WHY WIVES WAKE UP

Of course, anyone who ever attended Sunday school, knows that woman was created for the convenience and comfort of man and that the world and everything in it, is his. But no wife (steady or pro-tem) has to go to Sunday school to learn it. The very first lesson impressed upon her is that the bed is his:



When she finds he takes up three-quarters of it, calmly spreading out diagonally in it, leaving her a small triangle in the northwest corner to curl up in.

When he unjoints an arm and cracks down on her, so that she jumps out of a sound sleep to find she has acquired a black eye or lost a couple of front teeth.

When she finds she has a what-time-is-it-wonderer to bear with, who without warning turns the light on several times during the night to see the clock and administers such a shock to her nerves that for hours after he has gone back to snoring, she lies stunned with coruscations stabbing her eyes.

Yet at a word from her about twin beds, he puts on a hurt and outraged look. The bed is his and he wants her right there to prove it.

Gary, Ind. Mrs. B.F.B.

WE AIM SO HIGH AND LAND SO LOW

Out of three hundred and twenty-two pages in the December copy of Esquire I find you have one hundred pages of advertising. That really is too much, one can obtain a Marshall Field catalog or even the Sears and Roebuck famous book if they care for mail order advertisement. Even the ads are slipping, they are actually cheap—(see page 15)—so cheap, in fact that one can find practically the same ad in *True Story* or other such magazines.

I am very much disappointed in Esquire—so much so—in fact, that I am considering dropping my subscription. I have subscribed to Esquire for my brother for three years, but I feel that I am not getting full value when I get a copy such as the December issue.

In closing I wish to say many of my friends feel the same way. So if you wish to maintain patronage—keep up your standard.

Expecting to hear from you, I remain, sincerely,

Pasadena, Calif. Helen Patterson

WE AIM SO LOW AND HIT SO HIGH

Your final issue of the current year just burns me up. Why in Hell some smart magazine like the one that this writer has endorsed and read since its inception has to grow so cultured is beyond me.

Oh, everything in the December issue was fair, especially the portfolio, but the humor was "stinging." Excuse the expression from a reader who by this time should have a better word to explode his feeling about what he has to read for the next month, and what he has been reading for the last two months or so.

Well, what I'm driving at is this: If this is the tone to which Esquire is reaching—or has reached—you can keep it and use it for an extra measure when the junk man comes around next time to collect the waste paper.

As an imbiber of all your past works I feel I'm justified in the aforementioned feelings.

This being the last month of the year and supposedly the most joyous of all seasons, when all are looking for gay things to have and do—what do you do?—just put out the most demure and cultured issue of your entire young life.

Esquire is going—and damn fast—to the morgue. Why? Well, one would not recognize Esquire as it was a year or so back. Not even a veteran.

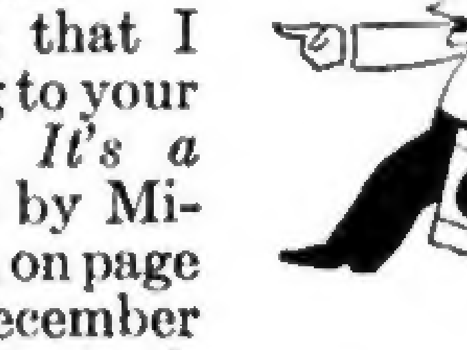
I dare you to print this in the *Sound and Fury* Dept., and it comes as Fury.

Yours—and not too long—'til
resurrection,

Wollaston, Mass. Wm. R. Pratt

INNOCENT ESQ

I feel sorry for you. You are, no doubt, nice men who are trying to earn an honest living putting out a magazine. It is a shame that the writers are ganging up on you and flooding your offices with plagiarized material, which you do not seem able to resist printing.



Of course, *The Perlu* incident is closed, and I am not referring to *that*.

The thing that I want to bring to your attention is *It's a Helluva Note* by Michael Fessier, on page 53 of your December issue. It is plain (and, no doubt, unintentional) plagiarism. I read the same story, not word for word, of course, in a popular magazine about ten or eleven years ago, and it stuck in my mind as I thought it extremely clever at the time. I don't remember which magazine printed it, but I *think* it was *The Saturday Evening Post;* however, I *do* remember the name of the story. It was *Innocent Bystander.* I can't recall the author's name.

Innocent Bystander must have surely been impressive, for my mother and father both remember it and feel the same way about this plagiarism business that I do. We agree it was as near, if not nearer, to *Its a Helluva Note* as was *The Perlu* to *The Damned Thing.* Wasn't that the name of the damned thing?

The only major difference, that I can recall, between the *Innocent Bystander* and Mr. Fessier's yarn is that the Witness of the former story was run out of town at the end of being thrown in the "klink." Naturally, after all these years I can't say as to word-for-word writing, so I'll like to believe that the theme was "original" with both Mr. Fessier and the author of *Innocent Bystander,* since it is a plot that might very easily pop into any author's head if he went to a session of court.

Maybe I ought to be a good sport and keep my mouth shut but, after all, there is no law to make you print this so what harm can be done? Besides, you ought to be hardened to letters like this after your other *Perlu* affair.

Incidentally, I recently wrote a story in which I think you would be interested. It has to do with a southern gal's experiences during the Civil War, and is called *Going With The Wind.* I got the idea from a little yarn by Margaret Mitchell, but that shouldn't bother you.

Wishing you lots of luck, I am,
Sincerely,

Chillicothe, O. C. W.

Editor's Note: *Send it in, we'll probably buy it.*

WELL, THIS IS A HELLUVA NOTE

You state in your *Backstage* section of the Dec. issue of Esquire that *It's a Helluva Note* by Michael Fessier is *required reading.*

My friend, the joke is on you!! I have all of my required reading *done*—I did it about eight years ago when I read the same story in *Collier's.* It was named *The Innocent Bystander* then.

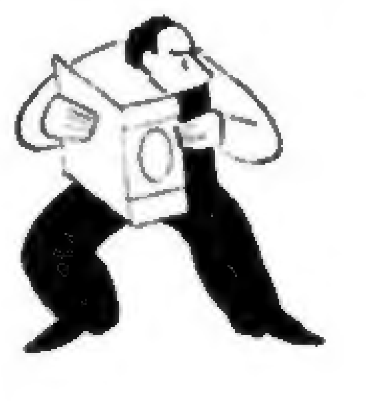
Chillicothe, Ohio John B. Gains

Editor's Note: *How come the only ones who recall "The Innocent Bystander" seem to live in the same town?*

ONE MAN'S POISON

Replying to your "renewal" letter I am not renewing my subscription. Your magazine has some very excellent articles in it but I am not favorable towards your cartoons and jokes, which lean too strongly to the spicy side of life.

I am not narrow-minded and realize that your endeavor to cater to all classes may be the reason, but there are still a number of people who prefer a clean magazine and surely there are artists and cartoonists who can give some good clean humor which would enhance the value of your other articles.



I was at a reception recently when a speaker quoted from an article and he said, "I must ask you to pardon me for quoting from such a magazine as 'The Esquire' but I was referred to the article and it is worth quoting." So you see when one has to apologize for reading your magazine it is too bad.

I hope you will not think this letter coming from a prude and to convey the idea I wish to give you, is this.

There are a great number of men who like a Burlesque Show—but would not care to take their wives or children to it, or to be met by them when coming out of one. And as your magazine comes to the home one cannot very well lock it up. So in my opinion the garnish is too rich for general use and could be improved. You may lose some of your subscribers, but you might gain more than you lose.

I am only one.

Yours truly,

London, Ont., Canada C. W.

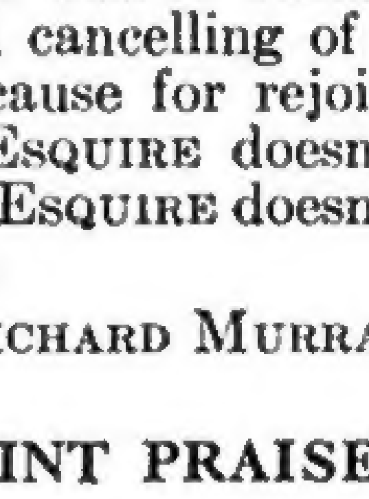
JOY RAMPANT

Esquire's got guts! Guts enough to call a spade a spade and print the letters of those mumbling mossbacks who resent the frankness. After a perusal of December's batch of molten missives I came to the conclusion that Latins are not only lousy lovers but damn lousy sports as well. After all Esky is directed at humans who can laugh at themselves as well as others. And so the hysterical cancelling of a few subscriptions is cause for rejoicing, not mourning. Esquire doesn't need priggish readers. Esquire doesn't want priggish readers.

Hammond, Ind. Richard Murray

FILE UNDER "FAINT PRAISE"

After the deluge of *Latins are L.L.* letters, this drop of sanity probably won't cause the slightest ripple on your troubled waters. However, I want to praise with faint damns a department which I rarely see mentioned in *S.&F.*, namely your articles and reproductions of artists and examples of their works. That it is seldom commented upon is, I imagine, not because of its limited appeal, but rather because we art lovers as a rule aren't very voluble folk.



To begin with, it's a swell idea. I hope you make it a permanent fixture. *But;* yes dammit, *but* it could be improved a helluva lot, and knowing nothing whatever about running a magazine, let alone Esq., I'll tell you how to improve it.

Why the hell do you squeeze half a dozen dinky reproductions of perfectly grand pictures onto a single page? Their size loses most of the value of the original both in color and form, not to mention any slight degree of brushwork that a full page reproduction might more clearly convey. Now I realize that one really fine reproduction would cost a lot of dough, but look at what you've spent on those damned (not all damned, but mostly all) Xmas prints. One decent print in your artist's series would do greater justice to the artist and would give us art fans a chance to collect and frame something worth while. Spend some of that pile of yours, get the best reproduction possible for a magazine and I'll wager you'll hang more of the things on apartment walls than you'll bargain for. You'll give the painter a better break, the reader a better break, why even the framing industry will thank you for a slight boom.

One more remark. If you want to print a greater variety—why not a portfolio of drawings and sketches along with the more formidable oil medium. Good prints of drawings are becoming more and more appreciated and valued by those who sincerely enjoy art and give a further insight into the very foundation of the artist's works. Once again, spend some of that dough. Pencil or chalk sketches printed on a dull paper have all the beauty and clarity of the original—and then you've *got* something.

If and when you put this idea into practice I'll send you a lifetime subscription for Esquire.

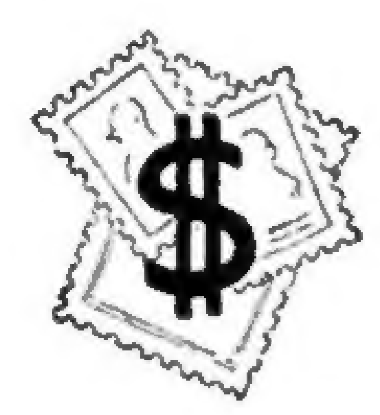
Yours truly,

Paterson, N. J. Lester L. Stern

STAMP NUTS

You are nuts, with your anonymous stamp collector nitwit.

1st. The article, like most anonymous confessions, was plumb ignorant. It ignored all prevalent conditions in the stamp trade. For the past year and more there's been the biggest fool boom ever heard of. United States stamps bring fabulous prices, and anyone with a collection such as he describes is in clover.



2nd. Internal evidence should have shown you its folly. Four hundred dollars postage value—and he could get only two hundred? Nonsense. Go get an article from a coin collector who sold double eagles for five bucks each, and you'd have more sense than to print it. But you fall for any tommyrot about stamps.

Twice, before the present boom and at the time this guy writes about, I've sold batches of U.S. stamps—not old ones, rare ones, but ordinary ones I bought at the postoffice. Each time I was in a pinch and needed quick money, offered them at the face value I'd paid for them, and was taken up by the first man to see them. If I had shopped around I would probably have made a profit, but wanted quick money. And it ran into the hundreds each time, just as with Anonymous. Either his yarn is fiction, or else I don't wonder he wen broke in business.

As for foreign stamps, I sold a relative's collection a couple of years ago No hundred-dollar beauties in it, either I told her that with luck she would ge five hundred cash, the catalog valu being around twenty-five hundred. Sh got six hundred net after paying dealer twenty per cent commission o the sale.

There's just enough truth in th anonymous article to make it soun good.

Very truly yours,
H. Bradford-Jone

Palm Springs, Calif.

BUT AT LEAST YOU STARTED WELL

Not that it's any concern of min but if you had tried real hard dor you think you might possibly ha printed something a bit more respe ful than the *trash* entitled: *A Christm Sermon* which appeared in your l issue.

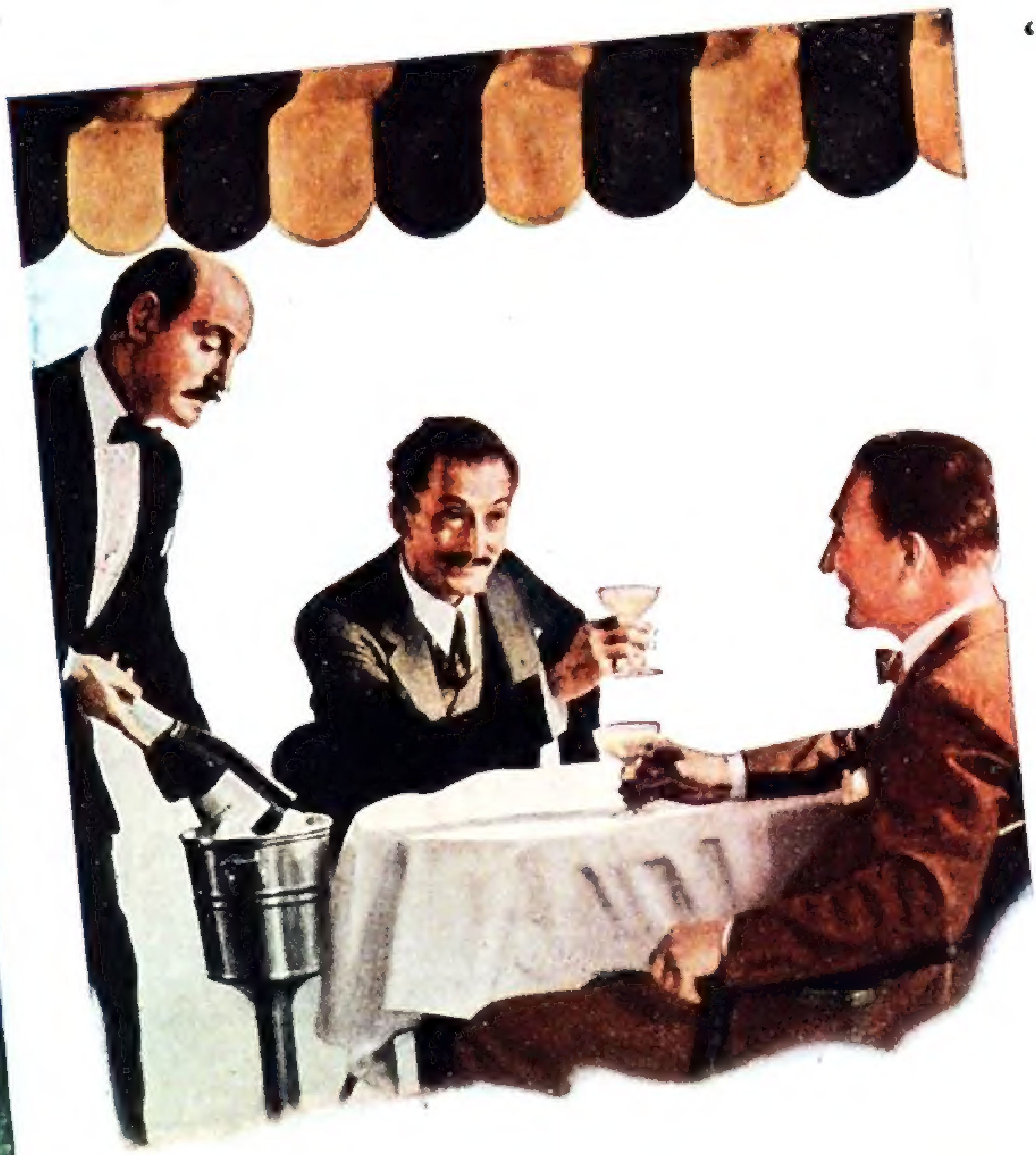
Did I say a *bit?* Sorry, I'm sur meant to be more violent than th

Respectfully (?)

Los Angeles, Calif. H. S. Jens

Continued on pag

"HENRI, prepare to be astonish'!"



"THIS champagne reminds me, Henri, that while in America, I made a most astonishing discovery.

"There they have achieved in a whiskey called Four Roses the immortal greatness. And they have done it the very way our countrymen produce our most glorious champagne.

"You well know how the finest champagne is made—*by blending together several champagnes* from the most respected vineyards so that each may contribute its own qualities to *one* champagne that is perfection itself.

"So, too, do they accomplish this great Four Roses Whiskey. First, they carefully select several straight whiskies—each one of them superlative for some distinctive quality. This may be aroma, or body, or smoothness, or flavor.

"Then with a skill amounting to artistry they bring all these straight whiskies (*and only straight whiskies!*) together—so that the special virtues of all are blended in one liquor most remarkably superior.

"I heard it said that this whiskey—Four Roses—is America's finest. But I tell you confidentially, Henri, it is more. It is one of the noblest liquors of the whole world!"

* * *

For a copy of "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper brand, and Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies, and that means every drop is whiskey—94 proof

Four Roses
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES INCORPORATED

★ *WE BELIEVE FOUR ROSES IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY, REGARDLESS OF AGE OR PRICE* ★

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF MORPHEUS

Always wanted to write a letter to Esquire and then peruse for months thereafter in *S.&F.* but after two years of clutching the slippery mag., this is the first actual attempt—mostly on account of why Mr. Allan McDonald can't sleep with women, or; *You Can't Sleep With Women,* (Nov. issue).

Was I surprised when I flipped *Backstage with Esquire* and lo!—found Mr. McDonald statistically a bachelor.

A serious sleeper, I wouldn't know whether I would be catalogued as a Neck Noser, Inching Roller, Arm Squeezer, or Wheezer, *but*, in spite of twin beds and the fact I've only slept with one man, I've reached a conclusion that a masculine morpheus seeker has a few peculiar characteristics, and since this started out to be a short letter, am only going to enumerate on the snores, (yes—I've heard the Prof. over the radio too!).

After 24 months experience I've singled out (in those sleepless moments):

1. The Scotch and Soda Snore—not so gutteral.
2. The Beer Snore—with Bock, particularly gutteral.
3. The completely absorbing worked-hard-at-the-office-all-day snore, when even the penny bank on the night table jingles.

This is not a slam on "J" but a proof to myself that it's lots of fun, *but* no bed of roses to sleep with a man; and then, I'm married!

Seriously and sincerely, I think Esquire is tops, especially when I can read and shiver after *So Smells Defeat*, and *Dodie's Duck.*

Admiringly yours,
Orange, N. J. Peddie Crosby

TRUE STORY

Referring to the story *A Little Birdie in His Head*, Page 61 in the November issue, this is a version of an affair that really happened in Germany in the early 1840's.

I am seventy-two years of age, and my parents came to America in 1843, and my mother told us of a party in her native village, who imagined he had a clock in his brain. A country doctor also removed the hair, and made a slight incision, and when the patient came out of the anesthetic, he showed him a watch, covered with blood. This satisfied the man, and some time later one of his so-called friends told him of the hoax, and until his passing, he always kept the idea of a clock in his head.

Los Angeles, Calif. S.M.W.

ESQ IS THE SWEETEST THING

I don't suppose you ordinarily have use for little handy household hints—but here is one I'm sure many women would appreciate. You're all for more informality in our social relations, aren't you? Well, here's a little ice-breaker all my own. It goes like this:

Until recently, I have always had difficulty getting on with my husband's friends. They, being largely business associates, were often pompous and dignified, and as for myself—even before college days I was always a quiet little girl, reflecting my early upbringing as childhood neighbor of a minister's son.

But the other night, as Harold and several friends sat intimately in his den, and I, in a corner of the living room, sat curled in a big chair looking wistfully at the pictures in Esquire—I had one of those really rare inspirations that come once in a lifetime.

Next evening, a friend of Harold's whom I especially admired from a distance—called—and spied a newly-made waste-basket by my desk. I think it was, at first, merely an effort to appear friendly while waiting Harold's arrival home, that made this man go over to the waste-basket and examine it closer. But once he had it in his hands, do you know? He spent an hour with it. Because I'd taken a cardboard carton of the right shape and covered it, inside and out, with the sweetest illustrations I could find in a year's file of Esquire.

And now, formality is entirely banished between my husband's friends and myself—and strangely enough, he has had three promotions! Because, don't you see, when these men have practically stood on their heads to study the "Petty girl" on the inside of my wastebasket, and when we've laughed together over—well, various authors' cleverness—well, it would just seem silly to go back to dignity and talks about the weather. So now they call me Louise and I call them the little pet name I made up all by myself for cute men who like me—bubble scooper! They like it, too, so maybe you'd better publish that, also. Because, altogether, some really pleasant friendships have been formed between Harold's friends and myself over that wastebasket, while business was detaining him at the office.

I think other women ought to know about this. Don't you?

Sincerely,
Seattle, Wash. Louise Sinder

ESQ LIKE AN ALMOST-GOOD EGG

Damn it all, Esquire, the thing that makes me so griped at you is the fact that you're so darn near to being good, and yet in my opinion so entirely malodorous. "The Hell you say!" my roommates chorus, and add that you are, far from being putrid, quite the ultra of sophisticated perfection. Okay, and that's what most people think, but I still have the satisfaction of knowing I'm right. There follow in neat concise order the reasons for my castigation.

1. *She's No Longer Faithful If* . . . Doesn't seem to me I have to make much of indictment here. Anyone who's read any of Mr. Whoever Wrote It's inartistically filthy bilge can supply his own. My only hope is that you realize that it's lousy and print same only to get people mad and stimulate correspondence with *Sound and Fury;* and consequently, interest in the magazine as a whole. The other possible explanation is that the author is a relation of the Editor.

2. John Dos Passos. Anything that guy writes. Sure some people do like him, and a lot of others pretend they do. But there remain about 99% of the reading population who regard his garbage as well, Garbage.

3. The whole God Damn cynical ultra-sophisticated attitude of the magazine. It may be artistic but I doubt it. Not that I'd want you to insert a sequel to the Bobsy Twins or anything. But I really have it on good authority that occasionally there are real life stories with reasonably happy endings. And there have been human situations, interesting ones, that don't include a problem of homosexuality or some other such dainty subject.

4. The fact that the general tone is so utterly naive. Yes naive. I know I just called it ultra-sophisticated. So what? When you get so sophisticated you have to take your sex in large elemental spoonfuls, you *are* getting ingenuous. Sex is old stuff after all; why get so thrilled over it.

5. That seems to cover the ground pretty thoroughly.

Certainly, I still get Esquire. Because some of the cartoons are swell. God knows I don't mind dirt . . . if it's funny. If. And it's the best presented mag on the market. But for heaven's sake can't you get a little more optimistic and a lot less thrill crazy?

Maybe I just can't appreciate the art in that sort of stuff. I'm only a Freshman in college, so perhaps I'll learn when I grow up that it's artistic to say your wife's no longer faithful if she knows what another man's got tattooed just below his navel. Time will tell.

Princeton, N. J. Princeton '40

A MESSAGE TO ANONYMOUS

Your article in December issue, re *Why I Stopped Collecting Stamps* by fortunately "Anonymous" is so illogical and too, silly that one cannot regard the article as anything more than simple pish-tush.

The evident reasoning, that this chap had $400 invested in United States stamps, and sold them for $200, indicates that the stamp collecting activities of Anonymous were basically imprudent, ignorant as well as sheer nonsensical. He probably will forever buy 2c stamps and sell them for 1c, without knowing that he might have used such stamp on a letter.

Mr. Anonymous probably could not pass a Stamp Collecting Merit Badge test for the Boy Scouts of America. He has committed all the follies and gullibilities of mere amassers of stamps. He further fell for the grandiose investment idea as if he were the entrepreneur of the original trade in stamps.

Touting is not unknown in racing circles, the stock and bond field, nor the Security of America phantasmagoria, and this evident victim simply can't take it. Therefore he tries to make up his losses by selling a manuscript of purulent malignity.

Lest your readers regard the article as scientific research, permit me with 38 years of stamp collecting experience to state that all stamps are worth only what the other fellow will pay you for them, no philatelic publication believes it can wrap up the Articles of Faith in its news, that both parties in a stamp transaction must have a meeting of minds so that a stamp is never sold but what it has been bought first. For stamp investment figures, my average net annual compounded interest return is 18.7% on my investment. The next time Mr. Anonymous has United States mint stamps for sale, will he please meet my demand for them?

Please picture *La Maja Desnuda* by Goya as a page steel engraving as a most delectable morsel for your pages of stampic art.

Milwaukee, Wis. Sevard

ORGANIZED FANS

We do not think that Mr. George Jean Nathan's remarks in your current issue on what he calls the "Savoyphiles' unrestrained and excessive mirth" and their pleasure in the D'Oyly Carte Company's performances should go unanswered.

Mr. Nathan begins by saying that we have been suffering from an overdose of Gilbert and Sullivan in the last two years. What are the facts? At present the English D'Oyly Carte Company is delighting Mr. Nathan's Savoyphiles and a good many other people in New York City. They have been here since August and are remaining until December. This is their third visit to the United States within recent years. Their last took place two years ago. Is this what Mr. Nathan means by a persistent overdose? There are also the occasional and less satisfactory seasons of minor companies, and the day or so each year of the Bluehill Troupe. Many of our large cities have barely known a drop, let alone a persistent overdose of Gilbert and Sullivan within the memory of most of us.

This bilious, gratuitous, and, we feel sure, unsuccessful effort to make "Savoyphiles" blush for their pleasure in Gilbert and Sullivan comes an even completer cropper when Mr. Nathan goes on to be witty at the expense of W. S. Gilbert's wit. We can't, he insists, go on laughing at the same jokes. Mr. Nathan has had enough to do with the theatre to know that musical comedy has flourished for many, many years on the slender and spotty pedestal of one rather trying joke, at which millions have gone on laughing from childhood to old age. The movie industry gets along nicely on the identical joke, plus two, or at the most three others. And Mr. Nathan has the barefaced cheek to be scornful at the expense of the numberless "Savoyphiles" who revel in Gilbert's real wit and invention!

To come to the heart of the matter—"nothing," Mr. Nathan insists, "is so eternally amusing as all that." Well, on one side we have Mr. Nathan, whose own plays and librettos are not world-famous, nor, so far as we know, even existent, and on the other, generation after generation of faithful "Savoyphiles" who intend to go on chuckling no matter how much Mr. Nathan disapproves. The proof of the pudding is still in the eating. And must we explain carefully to Mr. Nathan that besides Gilbert's words, there is Sullivan's music, probably the most tuneful and thoroughly delightful ever composed for operetta? If Mr. Nathan has heard it so very often that it has all gone sour on him, we can only condole. Mr. Nathan once had some reputation as a wit, never quite "a pretty wit—a light, airy, joysome wit," but still a wit of sorts. Must we now take him to be a thin, acidulous counterpart of the Gilbert character who said: "See, I am a salaried wit; and is there aught in nature more ridiculous?"

Very truly yours,
The Gilbert & Sullivan Society,
New York Branch
By Henry Bennet

FILE UNDER "WHY NOT?"

If you are sincere in your encourage ment of suggestions and criticisms, have one that I would like to see incor porated in your incomparable magazine

How about an advertiser's index?

Your advertising matter comprise such a large proportion of each volume in appeal and interest as well as bulk and is so much a part of it that some c us enjoy it equally as much as the edi torial content. I often times want t refer to some particular display or t find some particular firm's ad or to fin different ads of similar merchandis Why would not some simple cross ir dex by company and product augmei Esquire's already well nigh univers appeal.

Something on this order:
Adams and Co., *Haberdashery*
Blakeslee, Ltd., *Imported Liquors*
Conroy and Son, *Jewelry*
or:
Haberdashery
  Adams and Co.
  Hoskins and Hoskins
  No Belt Pants Co.
Liquors:
  Blakeslee, Ltd.
  Long John Gin, Inc.
  Etc.
or both.

No doubt you have had this in mi before and have had it suggested ma times. If so I should like to add vote for it:

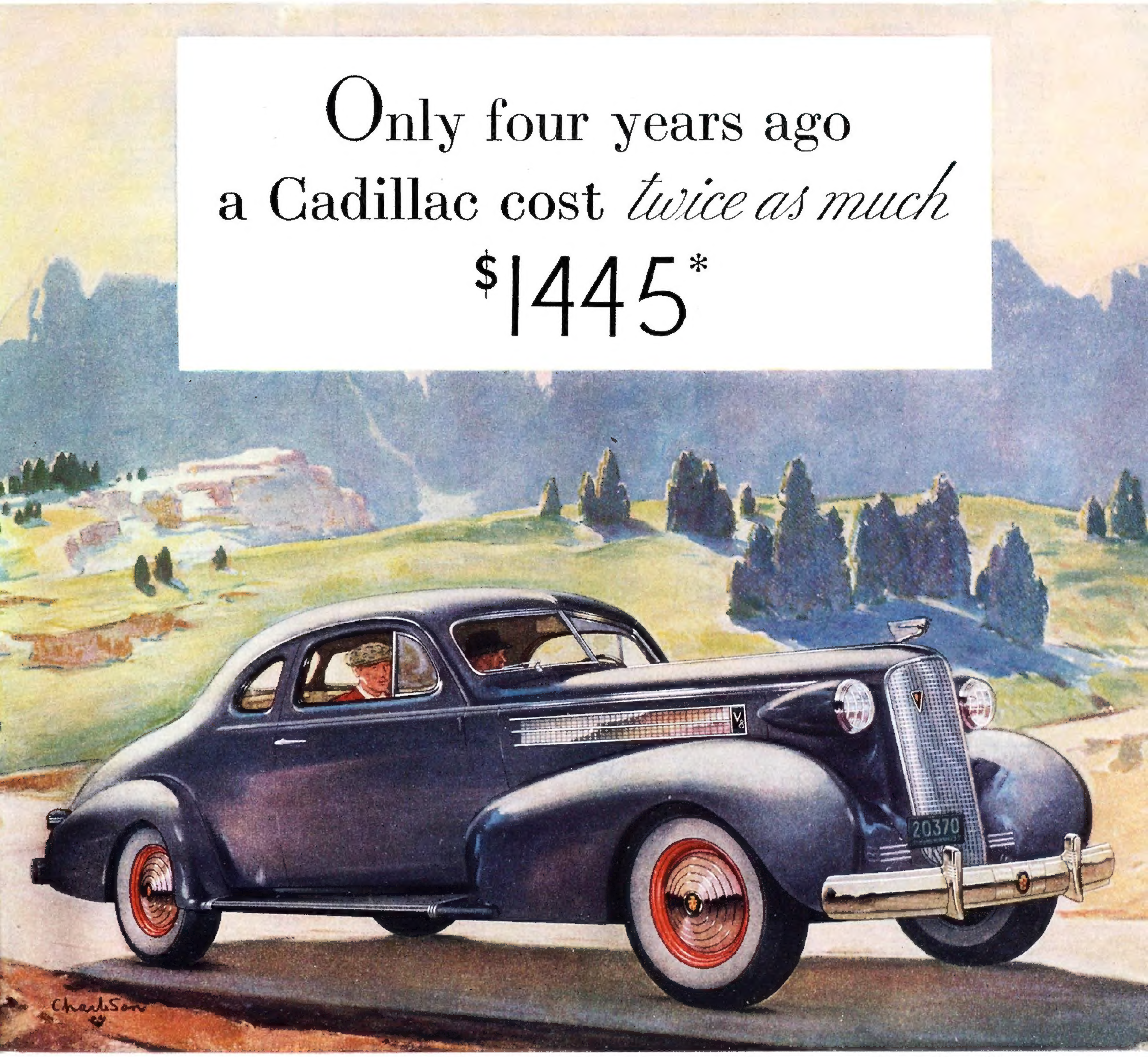
Robert L. Nichols
Indianapolis, Ind.

Continued on page

CADILLAC SHOWS THE WORLD!

Only four years ago a Cadillac cost *twice as much*

$1445*



***and up. List prices at Detroit, Michigan, begin at $1445 (subject to change without notice). Special equipment extra. A General Motors Value.**

If you are accustomed to think of a Cadillac as a car beyond your reach, simply remember the new Cadillac price. It is only $1445*—*the lowest Cadillac price in twenty-five years!*

Yet the Cadillac of today is built to the same high standards so evident in every Cadillac of the past. The new Series 60 Cadillac is even larger, even finer and more powerful than its predecessor.

When you drive the new Cadillac, its performance will hold you spellbound. This 135-horsepower V-8 responds as no car ever responded before—so smoothly, so quietly, and with such exhilarating power that you will never again be satisfied with anything short of a Cadillac.

Just as surely, Cadillac economy will come as a most agreeable surprise. Cadillac gasoline, oil and upkeep costs are so remarkably low that Cadillac ownership is a wise investment, even for families of modest means.

Visit your Cadillac dealer. Let the new Cadillac speak for itself. Its beauty and luxury will be all that you expect—and more. Its completeness will convince you that Cadillac leads in *value* as it does in *quality.*

FROM THE ROYAL FAMILY OF MOTORDOM

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

GOLF

JERRY TRAVERS AUTOGRAPHED PUTTER—an absolute reproduction of the club that for 28 years has made championship golf history! Sent postage prepaid upon receipt of six dollars, including my personal, printed instructions on CORRECT PUTTING.

JERRY TRAVERS
80 Maiden Lane New York City

GUNS AND ACCESSORIES, GUN REPAIRING

Invaluable to the Shooter
New Enlarged STOEGER ARMS HANDBOOK & CATALOG—320 Pages
A veritable arms encyclopedia. 13,000 Items. Latest American & Imported Guns, Ammunition Accessories. New Prices. 4,000 illus. Complete Gun Parts. Ballistics, Reloading & Telescopic Sections, Remodeling, Restocking, Repairs, Articles. Send 50c in Check, M.O., Coin, Stamps.
A. F. STOEGER, Inc., 507 5th Ave., N.Y.C.

SHAVING ACCESSORIES

We sincerely believe and GUARANTEE DUROL double edge razor blades to be superior or equivalent to any—REGARDLESS OF PRICE. This guarantee is the result of unsolicited opinions of hundreds of Esquire readers. Made of finest British Chrome Steel fabricated by famed Sheffield technique, their price is made possible by selling only direct from manufacturer to user. 40 for $1. Address DUROL BLADES, 245 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

DANCING SCHOOLS

BE POPULAR – DANCE!
Ten charts in any one dance $2. Select from the following: Foxtrot, Waltz, Swing Foxtrot, Rhumba, Tango, Beginner's Course. Six complete sets $10, with heavy looseleaf cover $11.50. Sample chart 10c. *Private and class lessons at the studios.*
DONALD SAWYER DANCE STUDIOS
637 Madison Ave., New York, PLaza 3-8639

DINNERWARE

CANADA'S MOST TALKED ABOUT GIFT SHOP
America's largest retail selection at lowest prices of open stock English Bone China dinnerware.
A personal visit to our store will generally save you the cost of your whole trip. New Dinnerware Booklet now ready.
HERBERT S. MILLS
HAMILTON CANADA

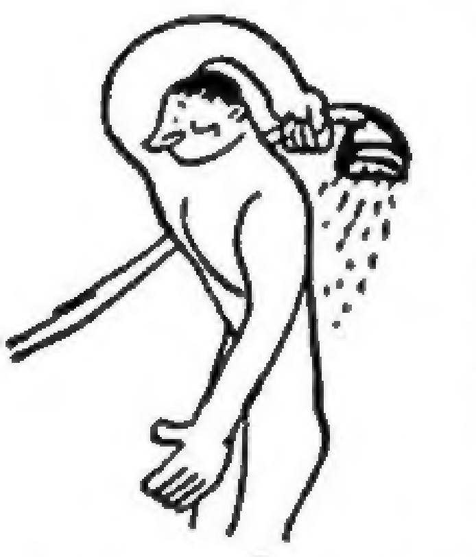
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING

FORMAL EVENING CLOTHES
for the smart MAN-hattan.
THE DOUBLE-BREASTED DINNER JACKET
In midnight blue, also black, from $35.50.
ENGLISH DRAPE FULL-DRESS
Featuring the high fronts and long tails at $38.50.
ROLAND-BLUE
9 West 46th Street Just off 5th Avenue.

Just in time to catch the full bloom of the winter cruise season appears a brilliantly conceived piece of luggage that any seasoned cruiser or traveler will welcome, wondering why some one didn't think of it before. This object of any traveler's affection is a folding kit bag made of brown waterproof canvas with cowhide trim. Unfolded, the kit is thirty inches long, eighteen inches deep and ten inches wide at the bottom. Folded, it fits into a twelve by fifteen inch pocket of the same fabric. If you've been through the tortures of figuring out where in hell you can put the little ladies' souvenirs of the cruise, not to mention those few bottles that you're still permitted to bring in, here at last is succor. Pack one in your trunk and you'll thank us.

The parking problem in smaller communities might readily be solved by the use of motor scooters for local shopping. They are perhaps not as dignified as the family sedan, but these motor scooters are far from being toys, and they're big enough to bring home the groceries. A ¾ h.p. engine powers them and Lord knows how many miles they will give you per gallon. They're like the kid-scooters in general appearance, but larger and huskier with a broad platform on which to stand. A really swell idea for the suburbs, we think, and they cost a little less than a hundred dollars.

With flying soap still undeveloped for the shower, there is on the market an improved hand shower with a sponge rubber head taking the place of the nozzle spray. A pocket in the head allows for both soap and bath salts to be inserted, permitting a fragrant lather to come through with the water. Reverse the sponge and out comes clear water for rinsing.

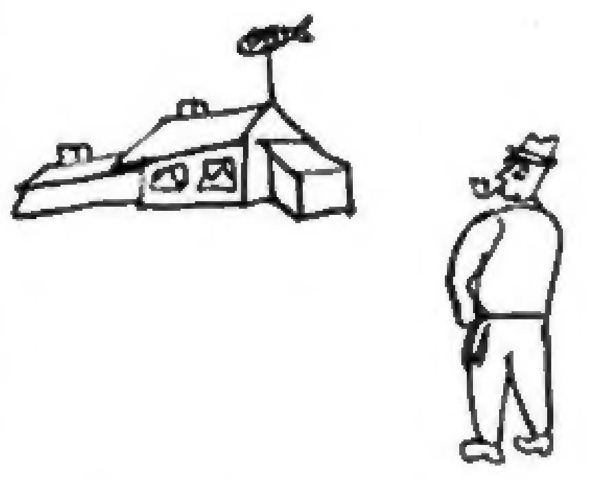


The spell of the Tyrol is upon us. From the Austrian Alps comes an interesting slipper affair called sock shoes that should be grand for winter evening lounging at home, or as a change from your ski boots after a day of sliding and turning on the snow.

A former secretary to a White House hostess is now syndicating her services in the Big City. We've only a hazy idea of what a social secretary should do, since our knowledge of secretaries is limited purely to the business variety. However, we understand that this lady will carry on the works for your social activities in the smartest manner of the smart set, relieving you of much fussing and fuming.

Winter cruisers and resorters should record the beautiful color of the tropics by means of colored movies. All that is needed is a supply of colored film to run through a movie camera. You'll have a swell chance to show the neighbors what they really missed, and it will be considerably easier than attempting to describe it, unless you're particularly gifted that way.

The sportsman, contemplating a new home, should seriously consider procuring a weather vane that will flaunt his favorite wild game to the wind. You may have executed to your order well conceived designs delineating wild fowl, fish or what you will.



We have heard of and seen (although we admit we haven't used one as yet) a new pillow very cleverly designed so as to fit the crook of your neck and shoulder. It's most important claims to fame are: (1) protection from draughts down one's back and (2) an end to the hysterical pillow-punching games indulged in by some people. Should you be one who suffers from either of the aforementioned complaints, this might very easily be the longed-for salvation from your miseries.

BARS

RADIOBAR—the perfect combination of a Smart Cocktail Bar equipped with the latest 1937 PHILCO Radios, complete with glassware, bar accessories, etc., $99.50 up. See your nearest PHILCO dealer or Radiobar Co. of America, 60 Warren St., New York and 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

GAMES

A NEW GAME TO MAKE THE PARTY A RIOT!
The Party Game Sensation of 1937, NU MONTE CARLO, combines 9 games in 1—Nu Monte Carlo, Hoo Doo Game, Color Bingo, Color Blocks, Dominoes, Poker, Rummy, Casino, and Checkers. Popularly priced—at Better Stores everywhere or write direct.
ROTTGAMES
53 East Ninth Street New York City

HATTERS

Don't mistake that gleam in your lady's eyes. Perhaps she's only admiring your new STETSON DERBY. Light, flexible and designed by YOUNG'S, to conform to every head contour. Stetson . . . $7.50; PENN-CRAFT . . . $5.00; YOUNG'S . . . $2.85 up. A smart selection of fine top hats and the more formal felts at YOUNG'S 29 Smart Shops in New York.

CIGARETTES

UNENDURABLE PLEASURE INDEFINITELY PROLONGED. Amazing but true; with the realization certainly worth the anticipation. RUM CARIOCA blended with the world's costliest tobaccos to provide CARIOCA RUMS, the only NEW CIGARETTE of the century. Send one dollar for your special trial carton of 100 cigarettes. BURTON-MARSHALL CORP. General Motors Bldg. New York City

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HAIR SPECIALISTS
Visit the new OGILVIE METHOD offices exclusively for men. The same personnel that have made OGILVIE famous the world over. Consultation without obligation. You can also obtain the Ogilvie preparations in leading stores everywhere. Results from first application. Further information including instructive booklet on request. OGILVIE METHOD, 50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

CAMERAS

Camera enthusiasts taking winter vacations find the Electro Bewi Exposure Meter as valuable as the camera itself. Perfect reading under all conditions, utilizing photo-electric cells. A simple turn of the knob gives all combinations of shutter speed and lens opening. Fits in vest pocket. Complete with case, $30.
Travelers will find Willoughby free catalogue invaluable aid to picture perfection. Willoughbys, 110 West 32nd St., N. Y. C.

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

By DALE CARNEGIE

DALE CARNEGIE

Dale Carnegie is the man the men of business come to for practical instruction in getting along with people. During the last 24 years, he has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men—more than any other living man.

Large organizations such as:

- Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
- New York Telephone Co.
- Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania
- American Institute of Electrical Engineers, New York
- McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, New York
- Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce
- Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce
- Philadelphia Electric Co.
- Philadelphia Gas Works Co.
- Carrier Engineering Corporation
- Philadelphia Association of Life Underwriters

have had this training conducted in their own offices for their members and executives.

This new book is a direct result of Dale Carnegie's experience, the *only* working manual of its kind ever written to help people solve their daily problems in human relationships.

THIS IS A BIG BOOK OF THIRTY-SEVEN CHAPTERS, INCLUDING:

- The Big Secret of Dealing with People
- Six Ways to Make People Like You Instantly
- An Easy Way to Become a Good Conversationalist
- A Simple Way to Make a Good First Impression
- How to Interest People
- Twelve Ways to Win People to Your Way of Thinking
- A Sure Way of Making Enemies—and How to Avoid It
- The Safety Valve in Handling Complaints
- How to Get Cooperation
- A Formula That Will Work Wonders for You
- The Movies Do It. Radio Does It. Why Don't You Do It?
- Nine Ways to Change People Without Giving Offense or Arousing Resentment
- How to Criticize—and Not Be Hated for It
- How to Spur Men on to Success
- Making People Glad to Do What You Want
- Letters That Produced Miraculous Results
- Seven Rules for Making Your Home Life Happier

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Sr. once said: *"The ability to deal with people is as purchasable a commodity as sugar or coffee. And I will pay more for that ability than for any other under the sun."*

Wouldn't you suppose every college would conduct practical courses to develop this "highest-priced ability under the sun?" To our knowledge, none has.

How to develop that ability is the subject of Dale Carnegie's amazing new book.

A few years ago Chicago University and the United Y.M.C.A. Schools made a survey to find out the prime interest of adults. The survey took two years, cost $25,000. It indicated that their first interest is health—and their second, how to understand and get along with *people;* how to make people like you; how to win others to your way of thinking.

Wouldn't you suppose that after the members of this survey committee had decided to *give* such a course, they could readily have found a practical textbook? They searched diligently—yet could find none suitable.

But the book they were looking for has NOW been written.

A New Book—and the Man Behind It

It is called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—and is written by the one man who is perhaps better qualified to write it than anyone else.

Dale Carnegie is the man to whom the big men of business come for practical guidance on the subject of getting along with people, dealing with them successfully, winning others to their own way of thinking. During the last 24 years he has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men and women—among them some of the most famous in the country.

When he conducts his course on Public Speaking and How to Influence People in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore or The Pennsylvania, or the Hotel Astor (the second largest hall in New York) the place is packed to capacity. Large organizations—such as The New York Telephone Co., Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and many others listed elsewhere on this page—have had this training conducted by Mr. Carnegie in their own offices for their members and executives.

This new book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People,* grew and developed out of that vast laboratory of experience. As you can judge from the panel at the top of this advertisement, it is as practical as 24 years of actual successful experience with the problems of thousands of people in all walks of life can make it.

Consider the Case of Pat O'Haire

Patrick J. O'Haire lives in New York City and that's his right name. He first got a job as a mechanic, then as a chauffeur.

When he got married he needed more money. So Pat tried to sell automobile trucks. But he was a terrible flop. He suffered from an inferiority complex that was eating his heart out.

On his way to see any prospect, he broke out into a cold sweat. Then, before he could get up enough courage to open the door, he often had to walk up and down in front of an office half a dozen times.

When he finally got in, he would invariably find himself antagonizing, arguing. Then he would get kicked out—never knowing quite why.

He was such a failure he decided to go back to work in a machine shop. Then one day he received a letter inviting him to attend the opening session of a Dale Carnegie course.

"It may do you some good, Pat. God knows you need it"

He didn't want to go—he was afraid that he would be out of place—that there would be a lot of college men. But his despairing wife made him, saying, "It may do you some good, Pat. God knows you need it."

He went to the meeting, and other meetings of the course. He lost his fear. He learned how to talk charmingly and convincingly, how to make people like him at once, how to win friends and influence others.

Today Pat O'Haire is one of the White Motor Company's star salesmen. His income has mounted and skyrocketed. Last year at the Hotel Astor, Pat stood in front of 2500 people and told a rollicking story of his achievements. Few professional speakers could have equalled his confidence—or his reception.

Pat O'Haire is a salesman — but his problem was exactly the same as that of thousands in other fields — the fundamental one of *getting along with people.* The way it was solved is just one example of what Dale Carnegie's help has meant to more than 15,000 people in all types of endeavor. *What Dale Carnegie has done for them he can do for you.* Look at the chapter headings. They indicate the amount of hard-hitting, priceless information Dale Carnegie's book contains. But the subject is so intensely important that we say, look at this book without obligation. Then decide whether or not you want to own it.

SEND NO MONEY

Try Dealing THIS WAY with People — for just FIVE Days!

This book has been published for only a few weeks. Yet it is already a best-seller. The presses are now running day and night. Copies sell as fast as they can be printed!

When you get your copy simply *read* it; there are no "exercises" to be practiced. Then try for five days Dale Carnegie's simple method of dealing with people. Judge for yourself, in your daily social or business life, how easily whatever you do, say, or write can win the friendship and the hearty cooperation of others—instead of arousing resentment, friction, and either a negative response or no action at all.

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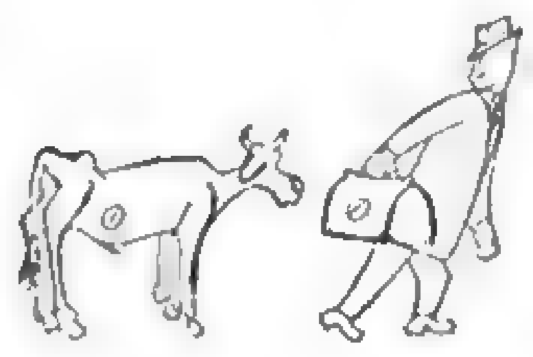
The long-handled shoe horn that we showed many months ago, or perhaps now that we have reached the mature age of three, it's many years ago, is obtainable not only in the original pigskin-covered handle, but also in lizard, snake and crocodile. Very swanky, and very useful for those who find bending a little difficult.

If you've had doubts as to whether the rawhide used in contemporary luggage is the McCoy, proof enough is now in evidence. One of the fine luggage makers has recently found a way of including on the side of the respective piece of luggage the personal brand of the steer that contributes his hide to its making. This eliminates the question of the genuineness of the rawhide, and at the same time lends a characteristic touch to a smart piece of impedimenta.



An inter-room wireless will permit you to keep up with gossip in the old homestead. Two units resembling very small radios are plugged into the electric light socket, a lever controls "listen," "talk," and "signal," and a knob regulates the volume. You can establish as many stations as you wish about the house from which you might want to carry on a conversation without shouting your head off or traversing a flight of stairs. We can't figure out what purpose it would serve in a modern one and a half room apartment, but you might want to create an illusion of distance.

If any of those sadistically minded people, known politely as practical jokers, want some new fiendishly contrived gadgets with which to make life miserable for us normal humans, we know where such can be purchased. Perhaps our mentioning it is a sad reflection on our own normalcy. At any rate, we'll tell you upon written avowal of honorable intentions.

We showed a flash-lighted magnifying glass in the December Gift Pages which was particularly adaptable for the purposes of the philatelist. The manufacturers of this article can now supply all manner of magnifying instruments equipped with devices to illuminate the subject of study.

A grand presentation gift for a retiring M. F. H., or for anyone, as a matter of fact, who is entitled to a magnificent gift and has a penchant for the sporting thing, is a cigarette box that has an ivory cover on which a miniature of a sporting print has been painted. The box is gilt and enamel on sterling. On the inside of the cover appears another hunt scene, done in etching style, on the white ivory. If you can imagine a cigarette box worth $300, you'll have some idea of what an elegant gift this would make. Considerably less expensive is a cigarette case on the same order, also carrying a miniature sporting scene on ivory on its cover, and a snuff box to match which would be useful for carrying aspirin or saccharine. There's also a cigarette lighter decorated to match the case.

A famous firm of hair specialists has assembled in a convenient kit all the essentials for the proper upkeep of masculine tresses. The outfit consists of a specially designed hair brush of finest Siberian bristle, a comb and two scalp preparations, packed in a leather case.

For those who would like to do their own weather forecasting by means of a barometer, but who are forever forgetting to swing the indicator so that it is possible to determine whether the pressure is falling or rising, a new barometer features an indicator that automatically shows this important condition at a glance—a nice gift to the weather-wise.

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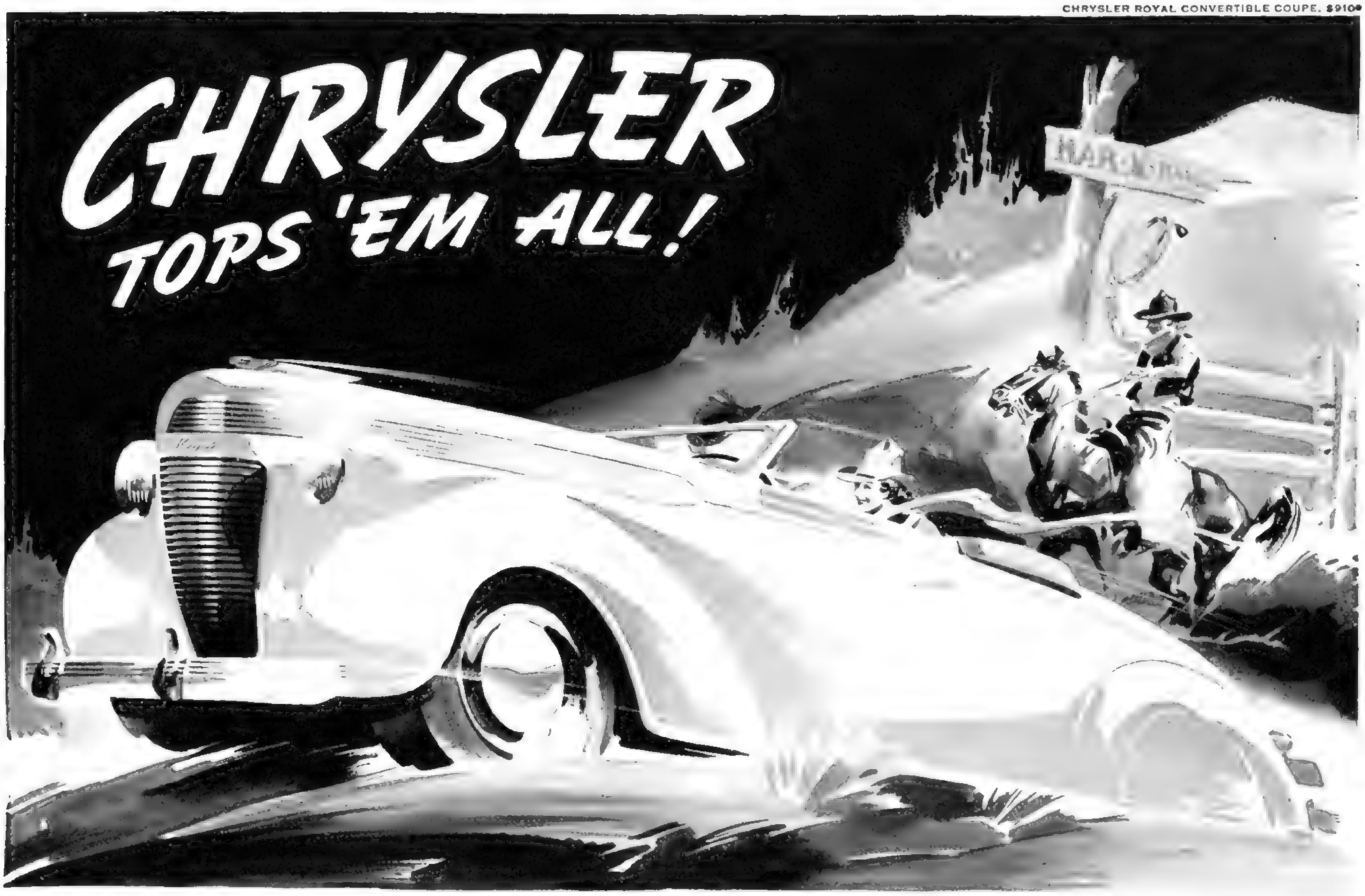

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CHARLES OF LONDON . . . noted decorator . . . author . . . creator of fine furniture, says: "I consider the 1937 Chrysler not merely a fine machine . . . but also a signal achievement of beauty"

JOHN LA GATTA . . . famed artist and illustrator, says: "The detail of the hood and radiator is beautifully handled . . . seats are luxurious and roomy . . . in fact, I find it all in very good taste"

IRENE HAYES . . . Park Avenue florist . . . says: "The 1937 Chryslers look like imported cars. I'm impressed with the luxury . . . the tremendous amount of room . . . the comforts and fine fabrics"

* * *

☆ **CHRYSLER ROYAL** . . . 93 horsepower, 199-inch over-all length. Ten body types. $715 and up. Four-Door Sedan, $815.

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Automatic Overdrive is standard on Chrysler Airflow and Custom Imperial. Available on all 1937 Chryslers at slight additional cost.

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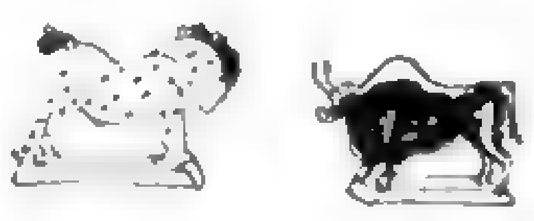
For the meticulous automobile driver, a washable steering wheel cover made of canvas will keep hands and gloves unsoiled. The cover comes in sizes for all diameters and laces easily on the wheel.

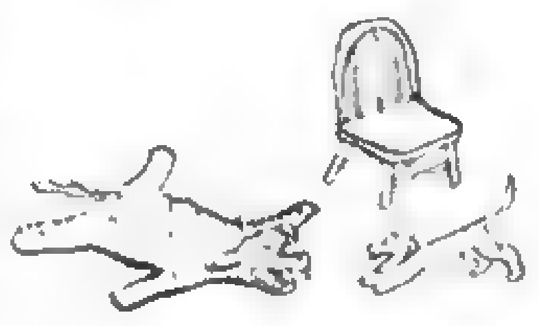


Those lovers of live stock who have shown great interest in the carved wood percheron we've pictured once or twice will be equally intrigued by a carved blooded bull by the same sculptor.

Encased in a large size, milk glass, mesh-marked golf ball is a liquor set comprising a small decanter and glasses enough for the foursome. It's called, tritely enough, "The Nineteenth Hole."

Those air-minded individuals who would like their hobby indicated by their home or office decoration can satisfy this urge with a clock set in a propeller. The propeller, of course, is not full size, but it carries out the effect of a laminated construction and would be effective atop a mantel.

Animal fur fireplace rugs are particularly appropriate for hunting lodges, although they went out as home decoration shortly after the Elinor Glyn era. A large collection is presented in one of the sports emporiums. Especially interesting in this collection is a rug made of the snow leopard of the Himalayas. They tell us he or she (we wouldn't know which) was a most ferocious beast. It looks like an albino leopard to us, with the markings usually associated with the big cats on a white fur instead of the more familiar orange.



At last genius comes to the rescue of those of us who have been annoyed by a profusion of electric extension cords running around the house. The average home suffers from a dearth of electric outlets to accommodate the many apparatuses controlled by this modern geni. The required extension cords usually result in something that looks like a Hollywood studio floor with the floodlights going full blast. A contrivance has been produced that will simplify this condition. It is an attractive chrome plated stand, 32 inches high, with four electrical outlets, a fifteen foot extension cord and a handle by which it may be carried. Four plugs at the top of the stand are the important feature. We can see this conveniently used alongside of the buffet table so that you can run at one time percolator, toaster, snack warmer and waffle iron. Many other possible uses suggest themselves.

Indulge that yen to be a ventriloquist. You can obtain a typical ventriloquist stooge and instruction on how to work your larynx effectively in the best professional manner. You'll find the long winter nights excellent opportunities for practice and come springtime, will you be the life of the party! Or will you?

Experimental developments in television were demonstrated to the press recently for the first time under practical field conditions. A diversified program was broadcast via a transmitter on top of the Empire State Building and for forty minutes this dream of every radio expert was an actuality. While previous demonstrations of laboratory television have been given, this was the first showing of a complete program built for entertainment value as well as proving actual transmission. Reproduction was visible on a 7½ by 10-inch screen, the largest size yet employed which is capable of commercial adaptation. After all, it is little more than three decades since movies flickered out of their swaddling clothes, and not more than ten years since national broadcasting was instituted, so that it seems logical to assume that commercial television is not so far away. It won't be long now.

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Over the bounding snow! On skis that turn sharper, surer . . . never let you down. Northland Skis are made in "matched-pairs" of the finest woods in the world. Smart looking, a dream to handle; Northlands make "controlled skiing" possible for expert and novice alike . . . Write for free booklet on "How To Ski" showing Deerhead trade marked Northland Skis.

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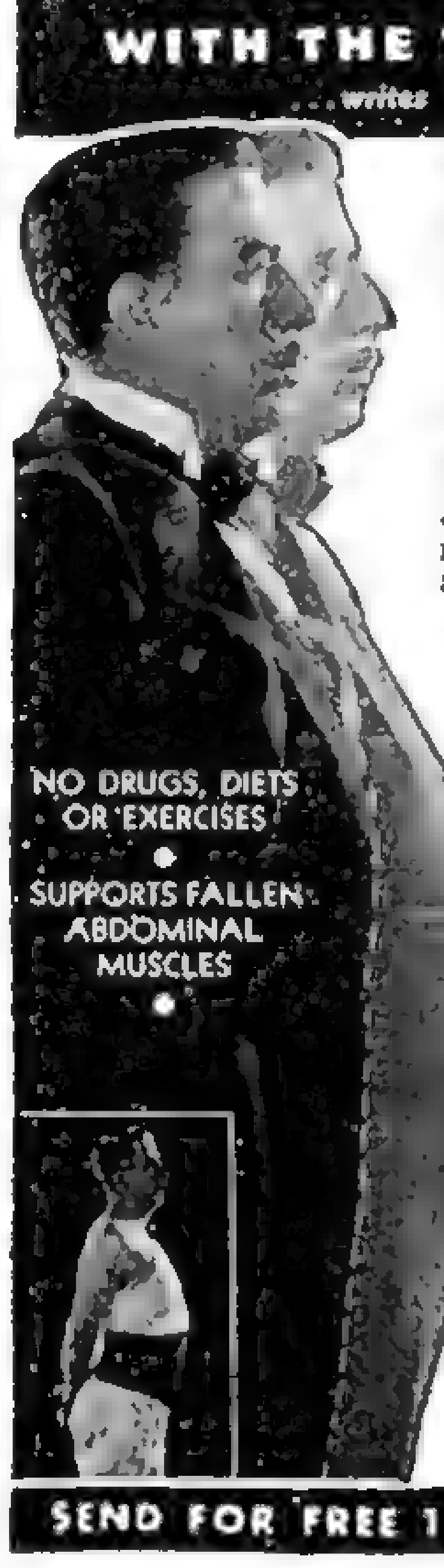
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GET rid of it the Weil Belt way! "My waist 8 inches smaller", writes W. L. McGinnis; "Lost 50 pounds" says W. L. Anderson. Experiences of thousands of other men justify us in making you this unqualified agreement:

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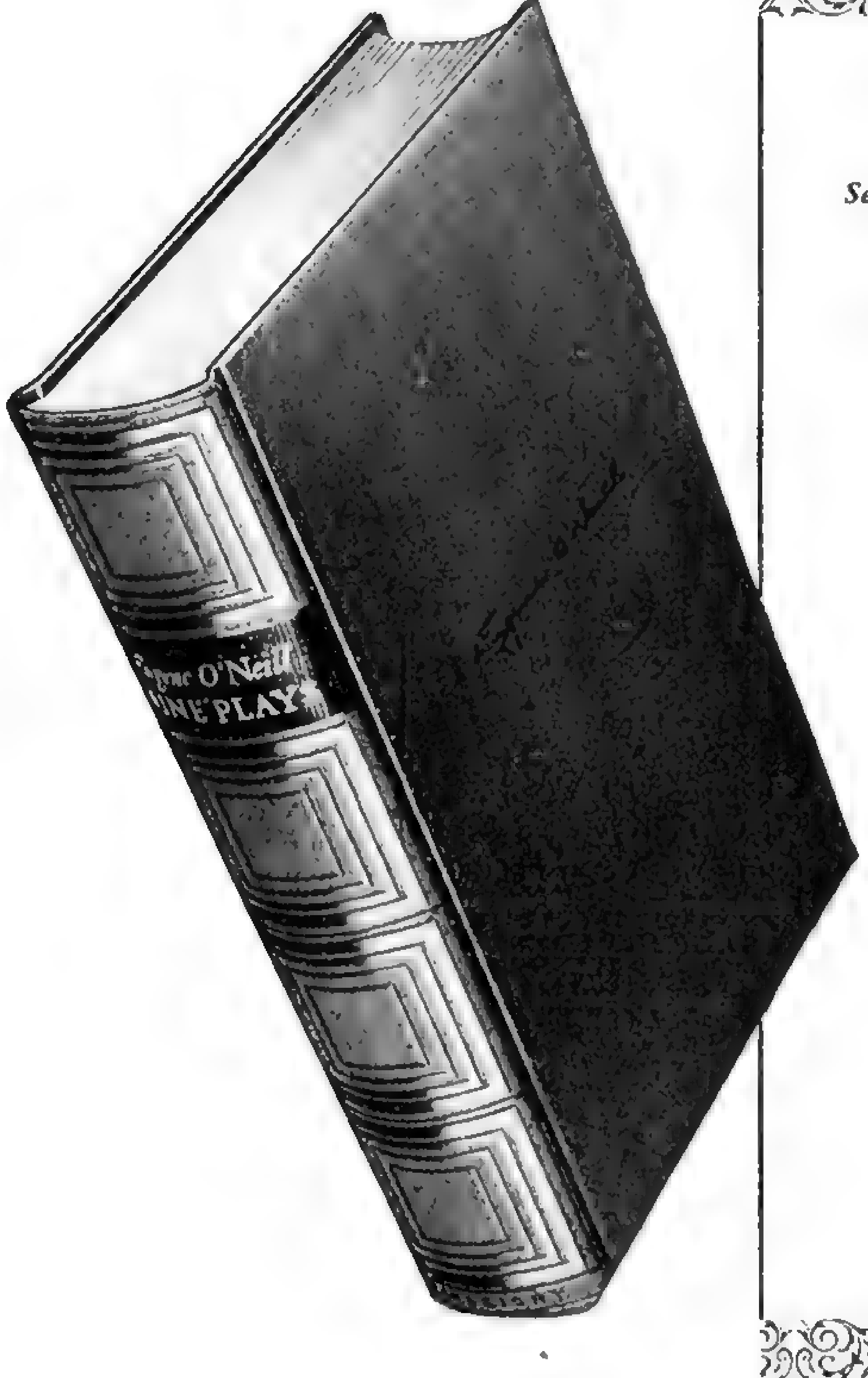

CONTENTS

Selected by the author, with an Introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

EMPEROR JONES

MARCO MILLIONS

THE GREAT GOD BROWN

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS

LAZARUS LAUGHED

THE HAIRY APE

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

EUGENE O'NEILL'S plays in recent years have marked him as the most significant figure in the contemporary American drama. The recent award to him of the Nobel Prize for Literature puts a foreign stamp of approval upon our own native appraisal. This volume of representative plays, selected by Mr. O'Neill, was a past "book-dividend" distributed, free, among Book-of-the-Month Club members. Why a free copy of this volume is now offered to you, is explained below.

WHY WE OFFER TO GIVE YOU A FREE COPY OF THIS BOOK

THERE is no reader of this magazine who will not find it in many ways to his advantage to subscribe to the Book-of-the-Month Club, and we make this offer to demonstrate that such is the case. What we propose is this: mail the coupon below, *and a copy of* NINE PLAYS *will immediately be put aside in your name*, and held until we hear whether or not you care to join. In the meantime, a booklet will at once be sent to you outlining how the Club operates.

No Compulsion to Buy Any Book

Study this booklet at your leisure. You may be surprised, for instance, to learn that belonging to the Book-of-the-Month Club does not mean you have to pay any fixed sum each year. Nor does it mean that you are obliged to take one book every month, twelve a year (you may take as few as four). Nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month selected by the judges. You have complete freedom of choice at all times. More than 125,000 families—composed of discerning but busy readers like yourself—now obtain most of their new books through the Book-of-the-Month Club. What are the advantages that induce them to do so?

Books You May Have Missed

The principal one is that you really obtain *and read* the new books you promise yourself to read. Over the past few years there have undoubtedly been dozens of new books which you were very anxious to read at the time, but which you would confess sadly you simply never "got around to." *This would never happen if you belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club.* The Club's unique system effectually insures you against missing the particular books you wish to read.

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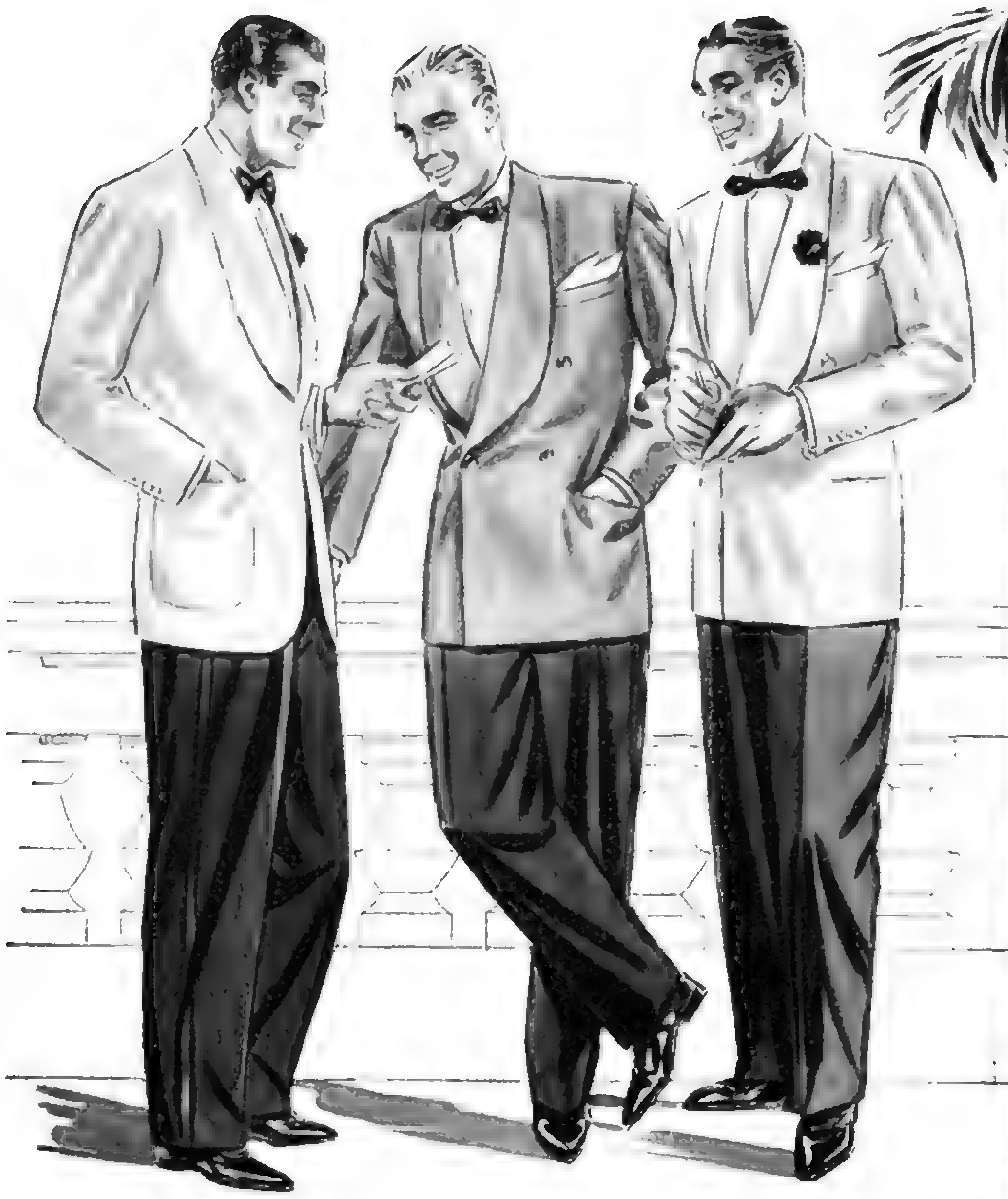

Left—Exclusive John David ★"Fabric Frappé" White Dinner Jacket—a smart, new shape-retaining, cool summer suiting of surpassing excellence. Choice of single-breasted or double-breasted shawl-collar model, trimmed with ★Celanese **$12.50**

Center—The newest-style, Bahama-Gray shade Dinner Jacket of porously-woven Tropical Worsted. Double-breasted only, as illustrated, trimmed with ★Celanese . . . **$20**

Right—A new, cool Summer fabric containing 50% pure silk. Keeps its shape and color and resists wrinkles. Double-breasted only, as illustrated, trimmed with ★Celanese. **$20**

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JOHN DAVID
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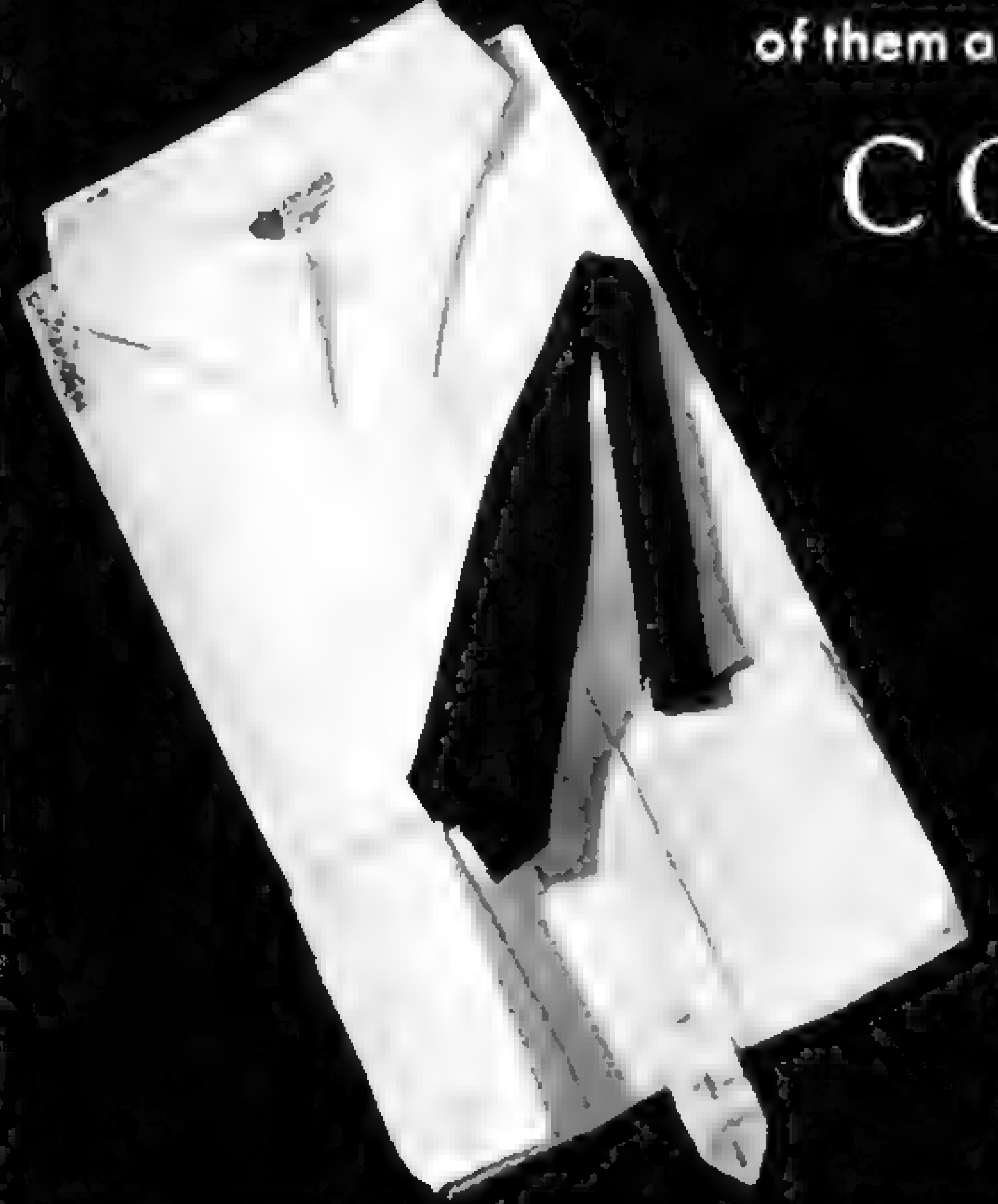
Fashions For Men

FOR VACATIONERS TO THE SOUTHLAND!

For your sojourn in warmer climes this season you will want to wear the correct things. You will want to be well-groomed because you will be associating with the smartest people. Featured on this and the opposite page are a number of advanced Fashions for Men for the Southland. Most of them are exclusive with John David.

COMPARE!



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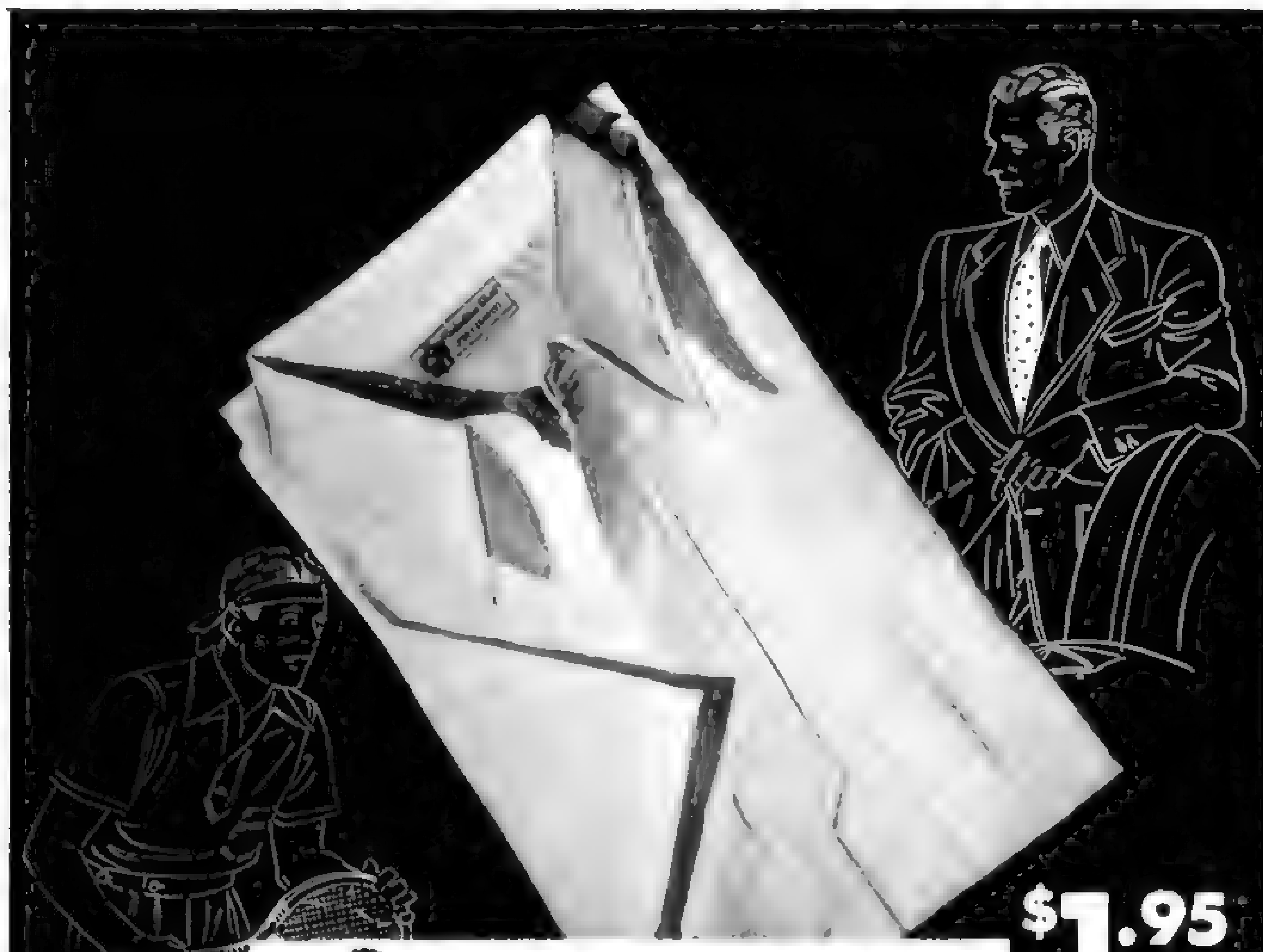
The very smart, pointed-end-shape, Black Tuxedo Tie . . **$1 and $1.50**



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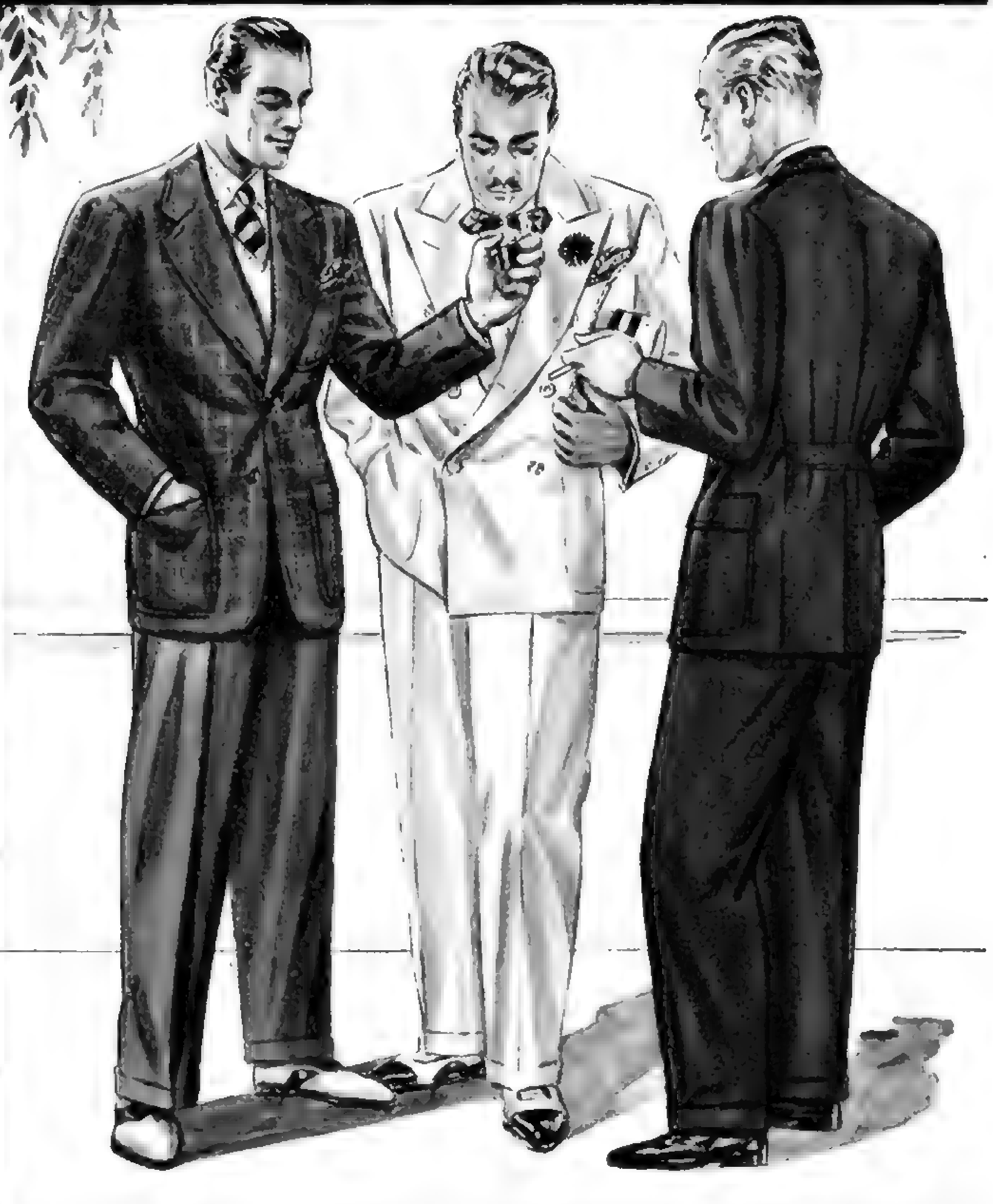

Left—Luxurious Shetland Sports Jacket in choice of Dark Green or Navy Blue with Gray Overplaid, trimmed with ★Celanese. A very smart, new model **$20**
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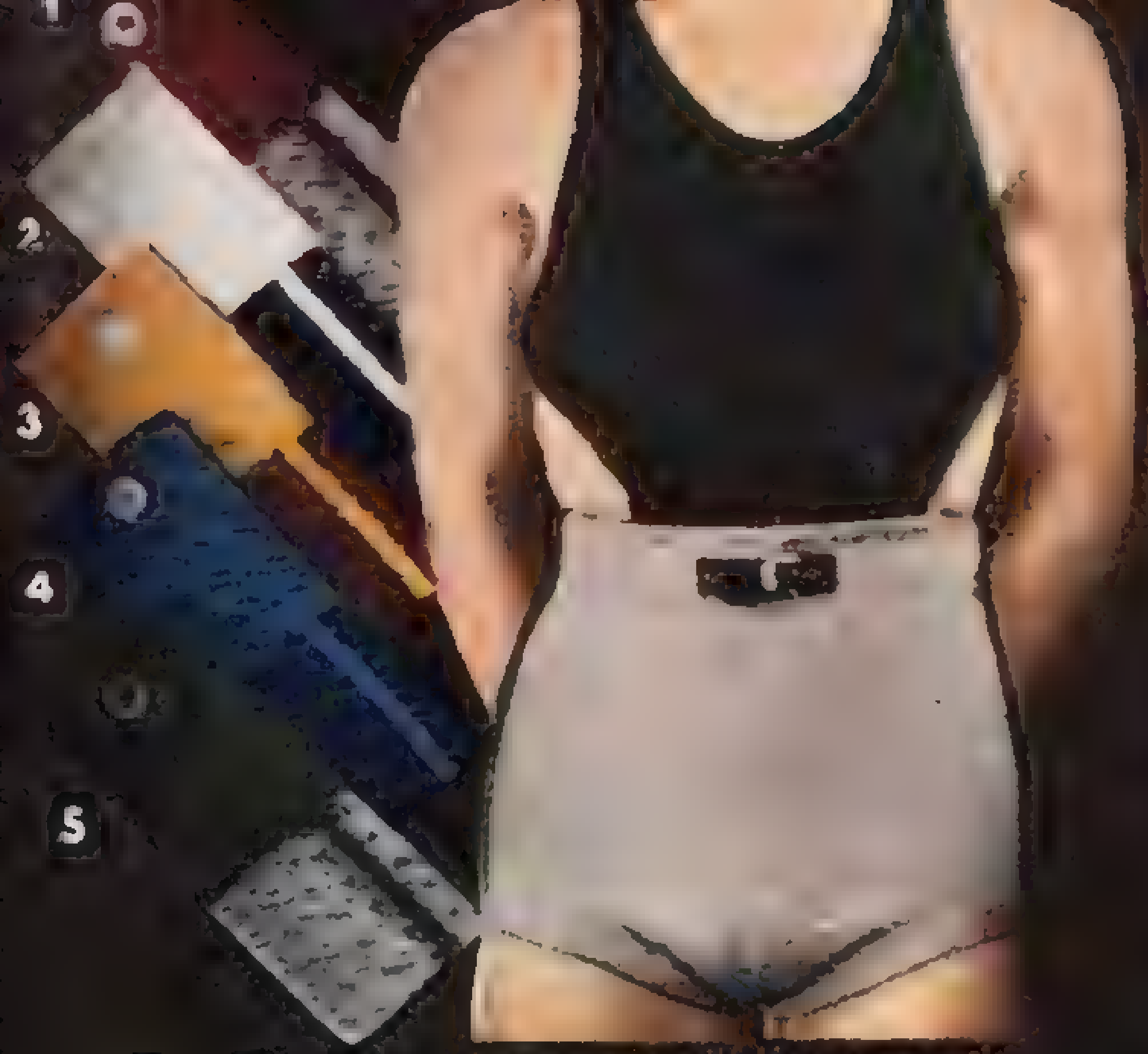

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(10 to 13)—The Jantzen Streamliner of exclusive Kava-Knit fabric. Has the new tailored-in pocket. Simulated fly-front and the comfortable all-in-one shaped waist band . . . **$3.95**

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(33 to 37)—The Jantzen De Luxe Topper is "tops." A complete athletic suit or the concealed Talon fastener permits instant separation for wearing trunks only. Exclusive rope-stitch Kava-Knit fabric. Self-adjusting elastic belt. Tailored-in pocket and simulated fly-front . **$6.95**

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(41 to 43)—The Jantzen swimming Shirt of exclusive Kava-Knit fabric. Has deep-cut Y-back, closed bottom. Can be worn as tank suit **$2.75**

(44 to 47)—The same as 41 to 43 except of De Luxe rope-stitch Kava-Knit fabric . **$2.95**

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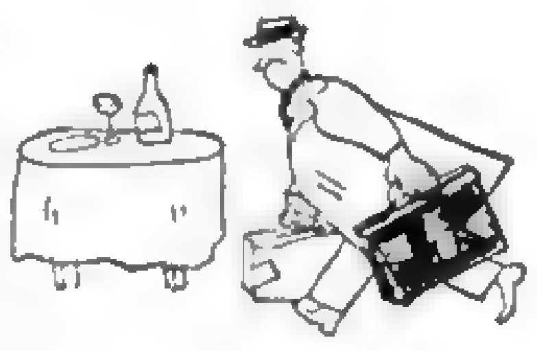
Foreign Affairs. If you are in Port au Prince, Haiti, walk up a block from the dock to the main street and go to the Tourist Bar. There ask for Mr. Sylvio P. Cator, suave tourist director of the Republic and also three-time winner of the Olympic broad jump. Mr. Cator will bless your visit in many ways. The Tourist Bar is a strange, modern interior looking out over one of the strangest streets you ever saw. You can sit there and drink Rum Punches forever, for in this heaven the women do all the work. But you will probably be rushed off to Kenscoff, the summer resort, twenty-five miles back in the hills. It's great, if you like scenery. The rum punches there are good too. Half way down at Petionville, you will find the smart folks at lunch. Kahl's, further down, is good but not fancy. Oloffson's Grand Hotel, back of the Palace on the edge of town, is like something out of a play. You sit and look through the lemon trees at the ultra-marine bay and sip your rum. For lunch we hesitated between ham, chicken and steak only to find that you were supposed to eat them all. Lunches are like that there. Turkeys on the hoof are forty cents. A sort of ecrivisse from nearby is tough but tasty; you eat only the tails. And don't pass up the avocados. And more rum, mixed with native limes.



Barranquilla, Colombia. Your taxi driver up from Port of Colombia will probably insist on your visiting the El Prado as it's the latest thing in hotels in that district. So humor him and go along. A handsome affair, set in palm gardens amid the poinsettas and bourgainvillea, it might do for Palm Beach. The food is only fair and the drinks on the uppish side. You probably won't be let off the air port, which is something to be proud of, but after that hit for the El Tropical, half block from the cathedral which is the center of town. There you can dip into the foreign dishes (the oriental omelette is O.K.) or you can follow the local traders and sip Scotch and soda and eat German food. Try some of the street cafes but don't let the beer bottles fool you. They have nice home labels, all the familiar brands but the brew is native and a strange thing.

Kingston, Jamaica. You might as well give yourself over to rum in this port. There is a night club, called The Glass Bucket. But if it rains (and it does once a day for luck) they postpone the floor show, substituting a few phonograph records. The bar tender at Myers, however, can whisper where the native talent is holding forth. This is Harlem plus the English Colonial restraint. Don't ask the bobbies; it's a secret and floats around as do the big crap games at home. Myers, by the way is a joy, drinking through the list. Our repeal has brought several ambitious rivals. Charlie's Punch Bowl, on King Street, is the most elaborate. A young American stripling is adding Yankee promotion methods. Around the corner, down Harbour Street, is Kelly's Punch Barrel, a modern affair with a promise of one free drink. (Try and get it). At the end of the street is the Myrtle Bank Hotel, a typical English oasis. The verandahs, overlooking the hot street or on the other side the cool bay, are a swell place to have your gin and tonic. The food is only fair and deucedly high, y' know; rawther we prefer Peggy Brown's, corner of Harbour and King. Marvelous baked bananas and strange fish medleys. But watch your change. A shilling is not worth much to you and even less to the English. Start and finish with *either* American or English monies; don't try to mix them or you come out loser. We doubt if you can get back on the boat without visiting Shanghai Lil's or its equivalent.

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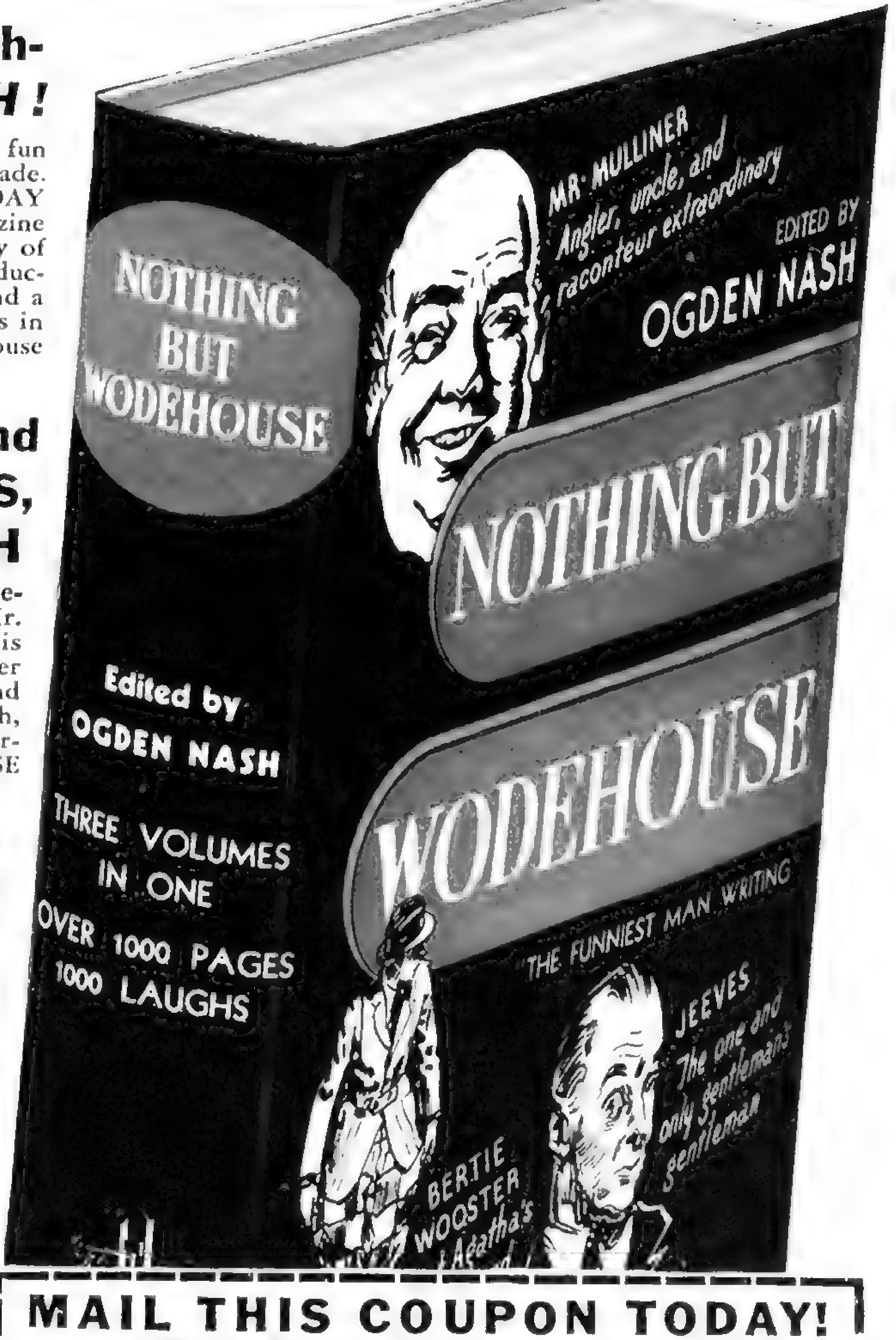

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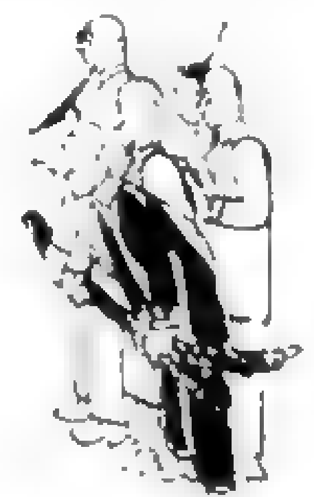
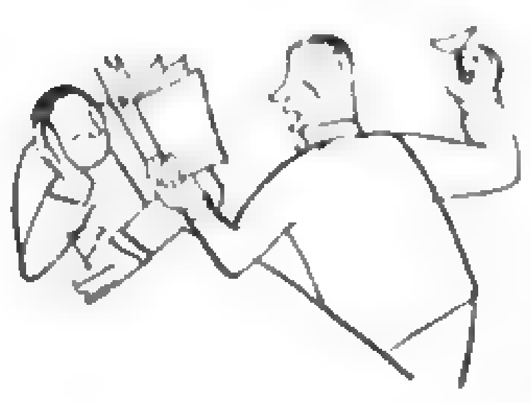
The folks who did so well in the beautiful room in the Monmouth Country Club last summer have come to town. Under the suave guidances of Guido Foragatti, the Sapphire Room, 151 East Fifty-seventh Street, is doing all right. The room, done by Gretle Urban, is almost a copy of the happy summer place and is beautiful in spots. On Sunday nights, under Marion Cooley, the place is jammed, with the ropes going up early. It is a little toward the informal side, as to dress and fun.



Joe Zelli evidently likes this country and has set up shop again at 130 East 58th Street, former home of many an elaborate speakeasy. Gone are the mirrors and pastel tints of Belle Livingstone and instead is the cross-section of Montmartre, done to the life by the versatile Gretle Urban. It falls strangely upon the eye, in these modern times, but Zelli likes, and caters, to the middling aged with rounder contours and says that his visiting firemen prefer the nostalgic touch. The food is excellent and there is an adequate show with a small chorus, "born this morning," as Zelli puts it.

The Vendome, 18 East 49th Street, long known as a glorified delicatessen, has attached to itself a restaurant. The place is run by Antoine Dadone, who has some of the best food in town and who has proven it for some time in his other place, The Caviar. The Vendome, in the heart of the luncheon trade, also does a select dinner trade. We recall with great pleasure generous doses of caviar, clear soup, one of the most delicious pheasants we have ever eaten and a rare bottle of Clos de Vougeot, original, '21. The decor is early Alice Foote McDougal, and terrible.

The left wing of the literary crowd have shifted from the Fifties to the bar of the Chatam, where you can still get the best very dry Martini in town, as well as gaze at the Collier wits and Heywood Broun.



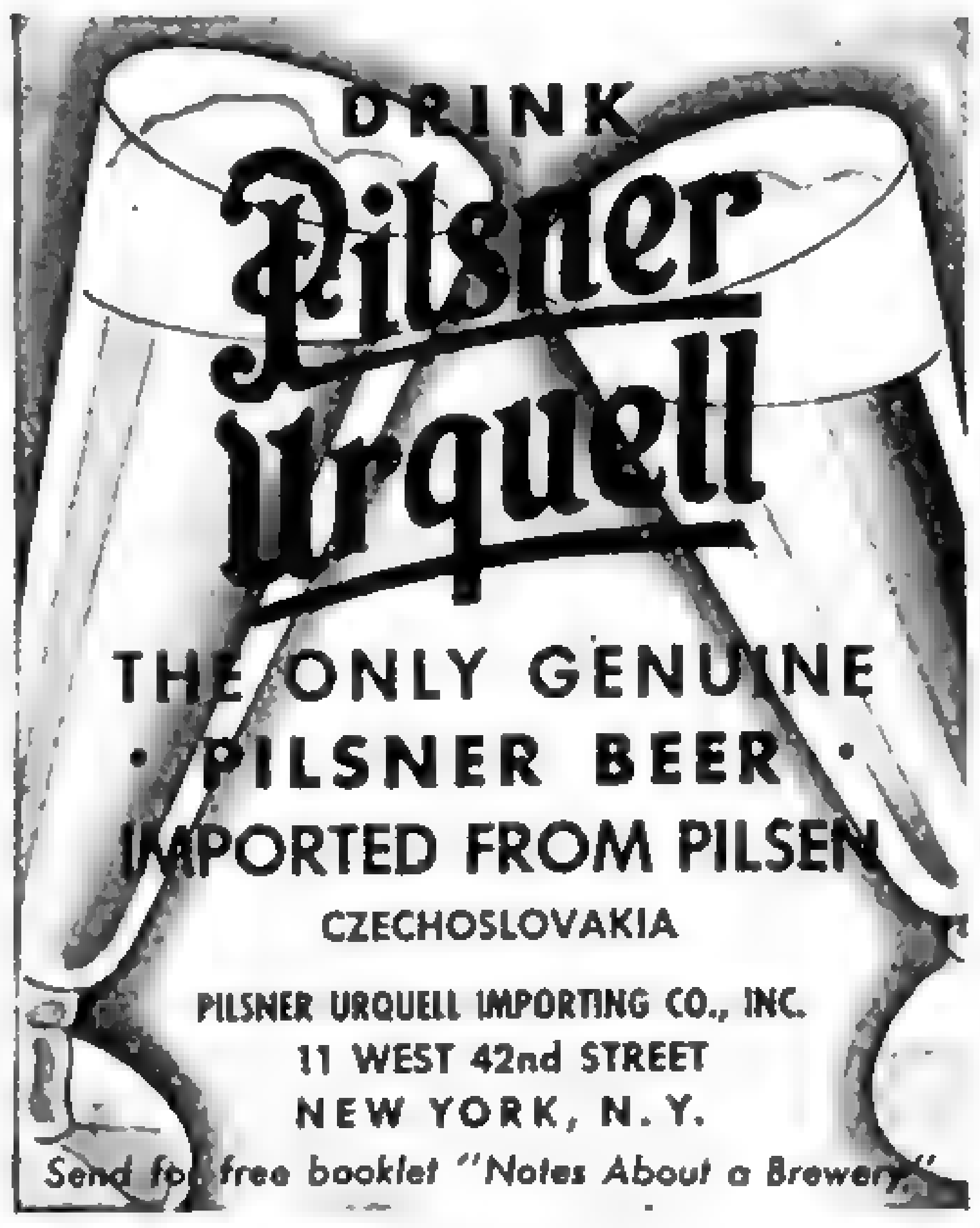
The Meurice, 145 West Fifty-eighth Street, is another of those places proud of the fact that the proprietor was one of prohibition's favorites. Perhaps you remember him of way west on Forty-sixth Street. Anyway, the Meurice has a very good dinner for a small price.

On Sunday nights the Onyx is just a little more weird than on other nights, for then the bands get off early and have a busman's holiday playing their ex-cathedra notes in the crowded room. If your ears are hearty and you are interested in the more wacky manifestations of a nutty age don't miss the swing reunions of the trumpeters and drummers at 72 West Fifty-second Street. Nothing like it in town.

Julian Street, tired of not getting the right glasses, has persuaded a firm to bring out a line under his instructions. As he states it is not mere "chichi"; a good wine is really better if drunk from a proper goblet so that the bouquet can arise. Try it some time, it is as sound a principle as the brandy snifter.

The Coq Rouge have finally done over the back room. The color is much better and gone are the grapes and hanging wisteria of an earlier naive period. The food, as always, is of the best in town.

The St. Regis has been at the beck and call of a white elephant for two years, someone in a nostalgic mood having purchased the old King Cole mural that hung over the famous Knickerbocker bar. After several bad attempts the mural now hangs in a new room, fronting on Fifth Avenue, where at least the proportions are right and the bar cut to fit the painting. Next step was to make the place a "Men Only" oasis, but alas! customs have changed as much as taste in art since the days when a glorified poster was considered with awe. Soon, soon gentle ladies will be welcomed, and how, and told what King Cole is supposed to be laughing about.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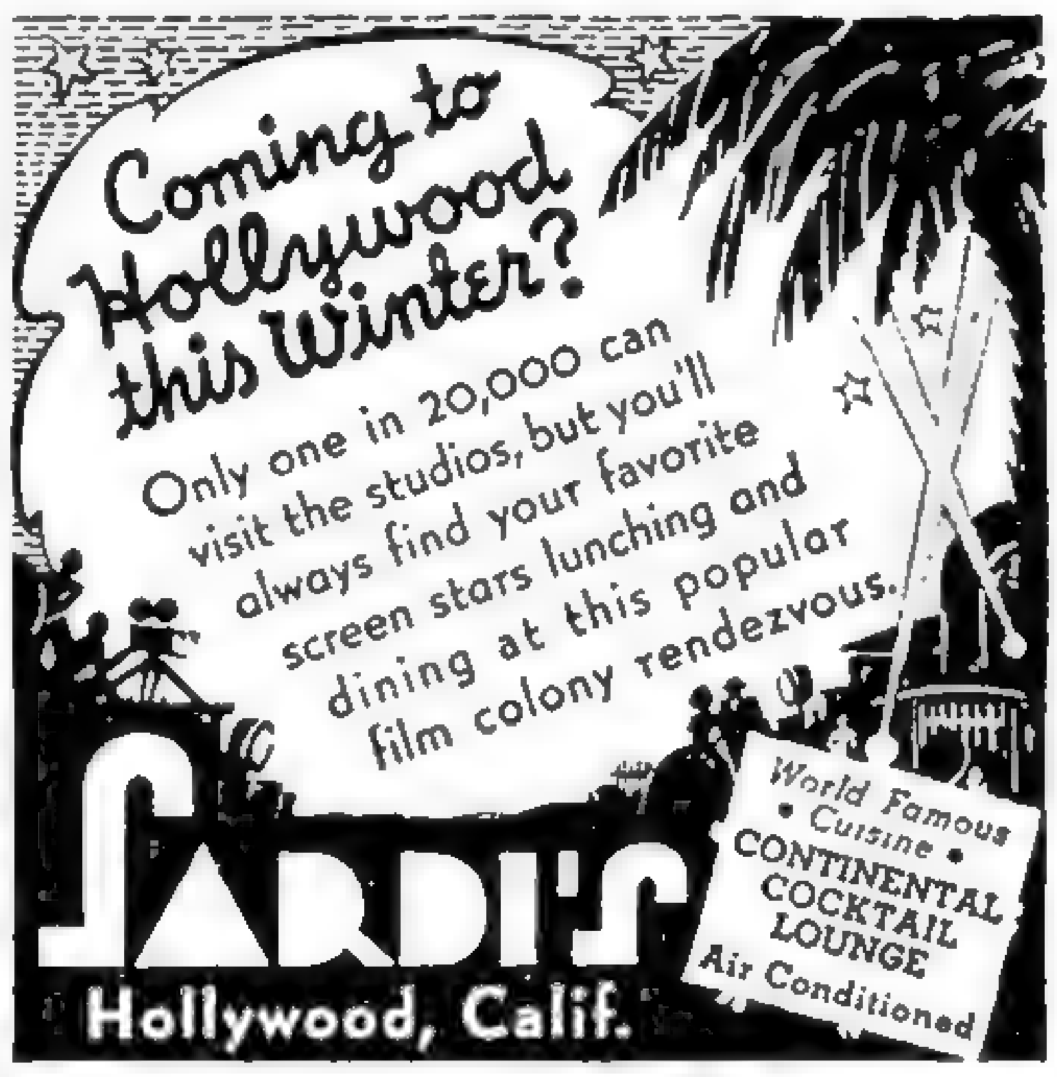
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We found one of the pleasantest champagne cocktails in town at Theodore's, 4 East Fifty-sixth Street. The reason is that after the half lump of sugar and just one drop of bitters, the maker uses a spoonful of cognac and the best of champagne. It makes a decided difference.

Marchisio has put a pot to boiling on his new bar in the Marguery for those who have only an hour or two for luncheon. Usually it contains *rognons saute au vin blanc,* one of the master's specialties, served with his own fair hand. A whole baked potato, skin and all, is the first thing on the plate, the rognons poured over that. It is fit for the gods. Personally we didn't have the time excuse, so sat through the luncheon that Senor Marchisio considers about right — two till five. After a Spanish melon we went into a filet of fish in white wine, a fresh-killed chicken roasted in sweet butter and white wine, a field salad and later the Marguery's idea of pie; a rather vulgar name for this confection. With the fish we had an Austrian wine, very pleasing, Hohenwarth, '32, and later Metropole, '28, a really excellent champagne of the moderate range and sweet enough for the American taste. We were forced into a taste or two of Chateau Latour Blanche, but find it a little too much with these light lunches.

We were in on the birth of television, or one of its labor pains. The little fellow only weighs about 3½ pounds and will doubtless have to be put in an incubator. Like all such infants, he wasn't much to look at and you couldn't tell whether he will take after his papa or mama. We sat in the R. C. A. building watching an 8 x 14 inch picture, which was being enacted a few floors below us, sent down to the Empire State building and then broadcast on short waves. It was all very marvelous, when you thought about it, but so is the telephone and electric light. The point is, the best entertainment afforded was Bob Benchley in a variation of a speech he has been making for twenty years. Moral—science can't produce humor or improve on Benchley, Time will help.

Cristobal, Panama. One place the movies haven't been able to exaggerate. If you are sedate, head right for the Washington Hotel, at the end of Front Street, a charming and respectable place. If you want life, through the eyes of a Marine, try the next street down. The Atlantic Club is the most widely touted. It is well arranged, a great arena open and breezy. A thimblefull of whiskey costs fifty cents but as there is no cover charge, that's O.K. The show is about the level of Minskys, plus Rosebud and a few of the girls who drift in from the bar. Next door, the Moulin Rouge, is rougher as to clientele but parodoxically, giving a better show. Nice young girls who could sing and dance. But you don't go for floor shows anyway. It's the boys going to Hawaii or guarding the canal and sex rearing it's lovely head. Not for Sunday School teachers, but be sure to walk one block down and gingerly tour the street of cribs. You can tell the little woman it's sociological research. About 4 a.m. drop in Bilgrey's, a nice clean bar where you can stop that nostalgia with hot dogs, hamburgers or American sandwiches. Don't miss the locks at Gatun. After the ride through the jungle crash the Soldiers' Club. Pretend you are a member and order beer. It will pass the time until a boat comes through the locks.

When "PAINTING the TOWN" — think of tomorrow. Drink an occasional glass of

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EXCITING NEW 1937 STUDEBAKER PRESIDENT

NIGHT OR DAY, hill or straightaway, there isn't another 1937 car that's in it with the Studebaker President Eight.

The world's strongest steel-reinforced-by steel body, glistening in a paint finish twelve coats deep!

The world's smartest interior inimitably styled in the rich simplicity characteristic of Helen Dryden!

The world's first car with doors that you don't have to slam to close tightly, thanks to revolutionary and exclusive rattle-proof rotary latches!

And Studebaker for 1937 is the only line of cars with the dual economy of the sensational new Fram oil cleaner and the gas-saving automatic overdrive . . . the only line of cars offering the double safety of the built-in automatic hill holder and the world's finest feather-touch hydraulic brakes.

See and drive the 115-horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase President. Thrill to its champion performance that holds unchallenged every stock car record from 3,000 to 30,000 miles.

Own this car that even rivals agree is the best looking of the 1937 cars.

President prices begin at $965 (Dictator prices at $665) list at factory, South Bend, Indiana. And the Studebaker C. I. T. budget plan offers convenient low time payments.

THE SPOTLIGHT CAR OF ALL THE NEW CARS

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Continued from page 5

among intimates, he is an awkward mumbler among strangers. Called a snob, because his pursuits and interests cross, although they do not parallel, those of wealthy sportsmen, he is actually a Whitman democrat, who will turn his back on a duke to continue a conversation with a barkeep, and will spend hours by choice among dock characters of a type past whom the average intellectual would not care or dare to walk without a bodyguard. Called "fragile," his scarred and battered bulk has survived enough punishment (voluntary martial and accidental civil) to have killed off a full-grown ape. He has an Indian's sense of smell, the eyesight of a mountain goat, and he can call a flock of birds back to him as if he were their lost leader. He could live out the Robinson Crusoe legend to its last detail, and even add modern improvements.

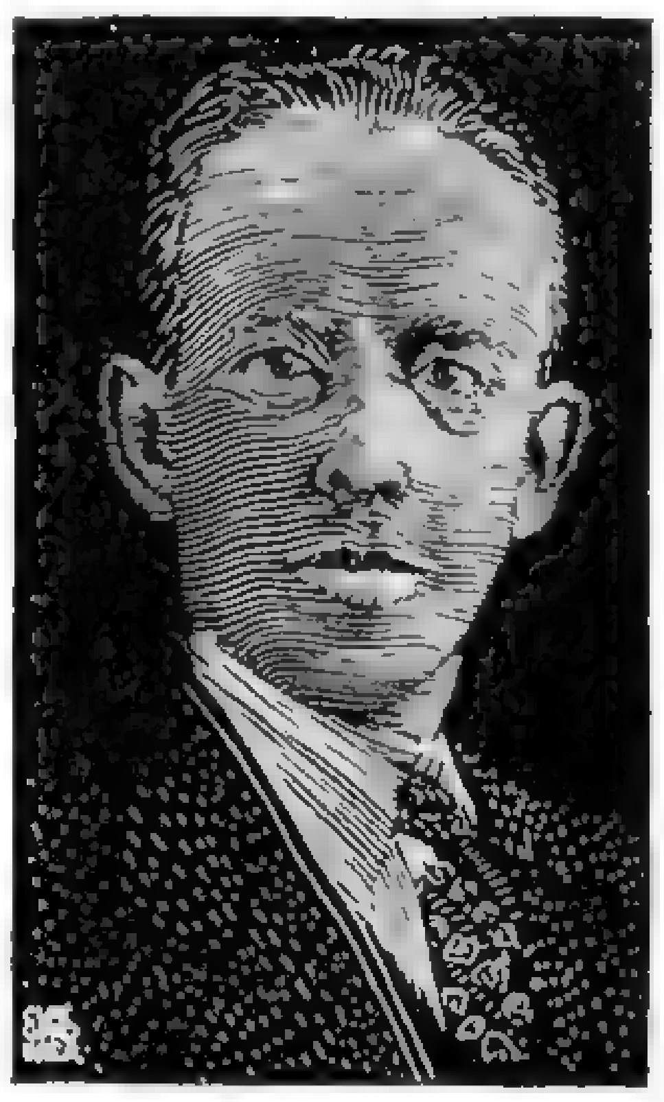
Legendarily a cross between d'Artagnan and Don Juan, he is known to his large family and an increasing proportion of his intimates as Papa. Nobody since Oak Park High School has called him Ernie. Few since Paris have called him Hem. He lives in Key West where, if you believe everything the phonographic Mr. McIntyre records, he holds Lucullan feasts and Dionysian parties, grubbing along betweenwhiles on a diet of sparrow-tongues and hummingbird-breasts, quaffed with vintages enormously rare. Actually he is quite fond of Swedish herring and Danish beer.

More completely and consistently the conscious artist than any other writer of our time, he worked with almost Hindu self-absorption on the development of what has become the most infectious literary style in the language. Even then he was not understood. They thought that he wrote exactly as people talked, that his style was simply that of an ubiquitous and skillful court-reporter. It wasn't. People never talked like Hemingway characters. At least they never did before. Now they do. For, aside from moulding a generation's writing manner, he has tinged a generation's speech.

His influence on other writers has been wide but by no means always salubrious. The temptation has always been to copy the mannerism without succeeding in duplicating the method. And the Hemingway method is to the Hemingway style what the submerged seven-eighths is to the iceberg's exposed eighth. For like Cézanne, Hemingway not only worked out a new way of setting things down but, far more important, he worked out a new way of looking at things before setting them down. And that is something in which the countless writers of the Hemingway school have neglected to follow their master. It's no trick to copy the Hemingway style. It's almost as easy to duplicate it as it is to parody it. But it is the trick of a lifetime to duplicate the method of seeing with the Hemingway eye for significant and selective detail, to achieve the all-important pattern down to which to strip the so-called "stripped style." This is the thing that makes the Hemingway manner a snare and a delusion for young writers, because it is inseparably inherent in the well-nigh copyproof Hemingway method.

The old man himself, sure-footed as he is on his own ground, is none too sharp in detecting in the work of others this all-important difference between the solid substance and the empty shell. An excellent, even sometimes a scholarly, appraiser of the works of writers dead and gone, he is not a good critic of contemporary writers. The very intensity with which he has worked out his way of writing for himself has given his subconscious mind an inclination to think of his way as the only way. For him, of course, it is. He has disciplined his own creative impulses so strictly (more strictly than anybody, Flaubert or anybody) that he has at last succeeded in perfecting what is for him the inevitable and only way to say anything. In the process, he has acquired a blind spot. Things that are said his way, by others, are apt to fool him into thinking they are better than they are. Only this way can one account for his going out of his way to praise such a wholly fortuitous performance as *Appointment in Samarra.* It is to be hoped, but not assumed, that he saw *Butterfield-8* more clearly. His judgment of modern painting is better than his judgment of modern writing, while his judgment of people is better still.

But his judgment, in other words, may sometimes be open to question. His honesty never. Yet plenty of people will tell you he's "sold out." Well, there never lived a man with more chances. From 1924 until now there has hardly been a month when one temptation hasn't been overlapping another. He could have become, by a stroke of the pen, the highest-paid of all the purveyors of slick newsprint, not to mention shining celluloid, and this was true not once or twice but often. But he has gone "gay down the way and on alone," working slowly and never less painfully, writing everything at least three times over and often more so that every last sentence is at least triple-distilled, writing to please the true artist's only rightful master, himself.



F. Gregory Hartswick

He is the St. Anthony of modern letters. It is no wonder that, to keep faith with himself, he has turned his back on the tea-drinking, back-scratching, log-rolling literary world, to become and remain an almost-hermit.

●

Grosvenor M. Cross, our Discovery of the Month, is in a class by himself. He feels that his first published story, *Otter River* (page 60), has its limitations. He says: "Born in 1899 at Rochester, Minnesota. Mildly educated here and there. Lived various places, done various things, like flying, digging, fiddling, machining, criticizing the government, even writing a little. Married: two children. Living in Brookline, Massachusetts."

●

Frank K. Kelly is twenty-two years old. After graduating from high school when he was fifteen, he began his varied career, working as elevator operator, and bellhop in a large hotel, slinging two hundred pound bundles for 25c an hour in a box factory, and working in a silk mill. He went to Butler University in Indianapolis for a while and eventually enrolled at the University of Kansas City. He's a senior there now and plans to do graduate work at Columbia University. He sold his first story to a pulp publisher at sixteen, and at seventeen signed a contract with a pulp house to supply so many stories per year. At nineteen, having "turned to higher things," he entered a script in a competition conducted by *Story* for college writers and his entry, *With Some Gaiety and Laughter,* was accepted by *Story* and reprinted in O'Brien's *Best Short Stories of 1936.* He says: "The most puzzling thing I have so far encountered is the fact that people actually do send fan mail to pulp writers. I have received letters on stationary of various colors and perfumes from interesting ladies as far apart as Hawaii and Bryn Mawr."

●

F. Gregory Hartswick (*Never Play Cards With Strangers* — page 58) was editor of the Red Magic section of the New York *World* for some time, has contributed several puzzle articles to Esquire and is one of the three who started the Cross Word Puzzle books.

●

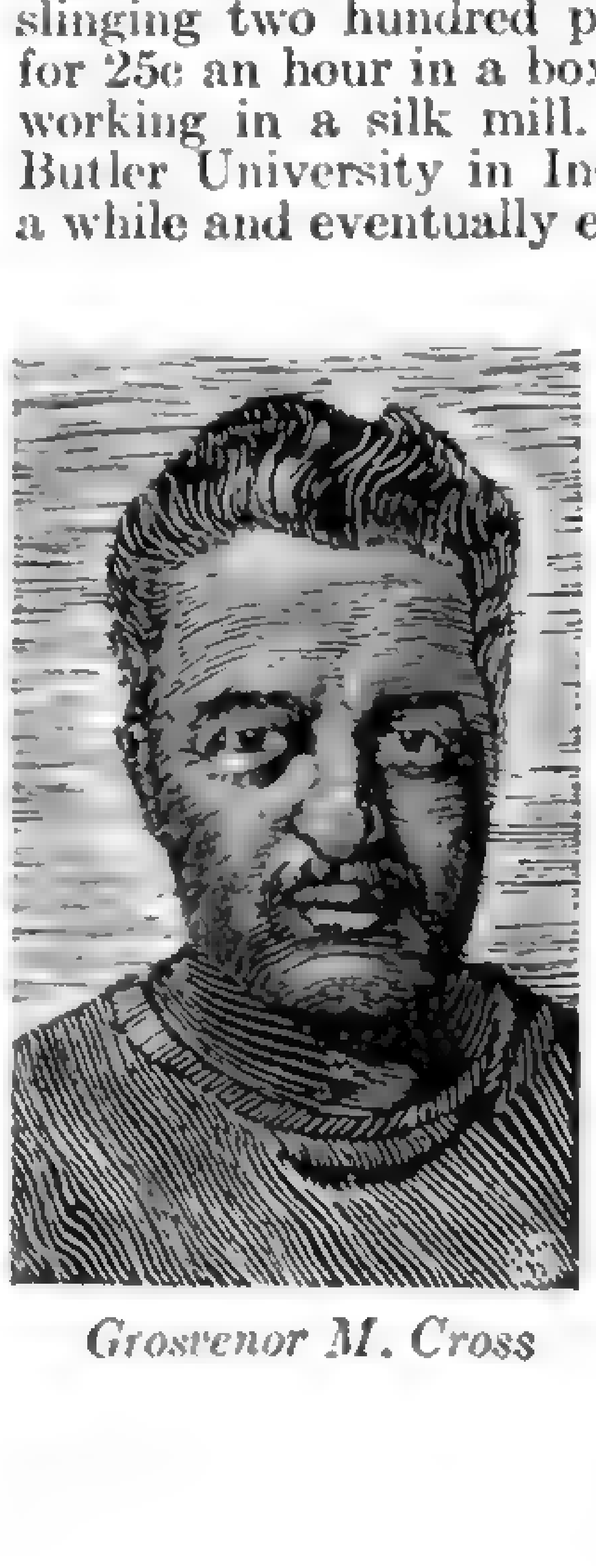
Dr. Louis E. Bisch, who wrote *To Philander or Not*—page 64, sounds like a man who wouldn't be surprised at anything—unless, possibly, at the sale of his latest book, *Be Glad You're Neurotic,* which became a best seller three weeks after publication. He practices psychiatry in New York City and has had such impressive titles as Professor of Neuropsychiatry at the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital, Associate in Educational Psychology at Columbia, Neurological Consultant to the New York City Children's Hospitals and Schools, Organizer and Director of the New York Psychopathic Laboratory, etc. He is also the author of three books, now out of print, two of which have been used as college texts.

●

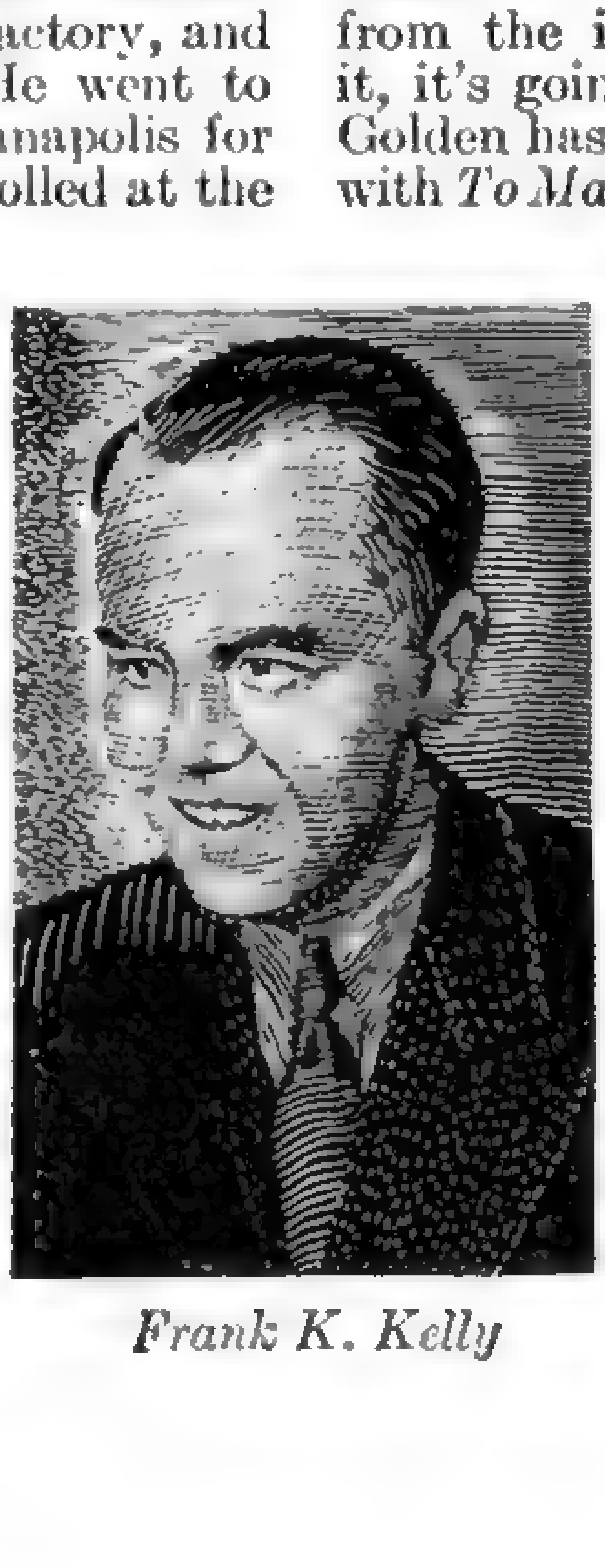
Jim Tully, whose current contribution is *Case of Convict 1174,* has written another novel, *The Bruiser,* published by Greenberg. Probably you will have heard all about it by the time this goes to press.

●

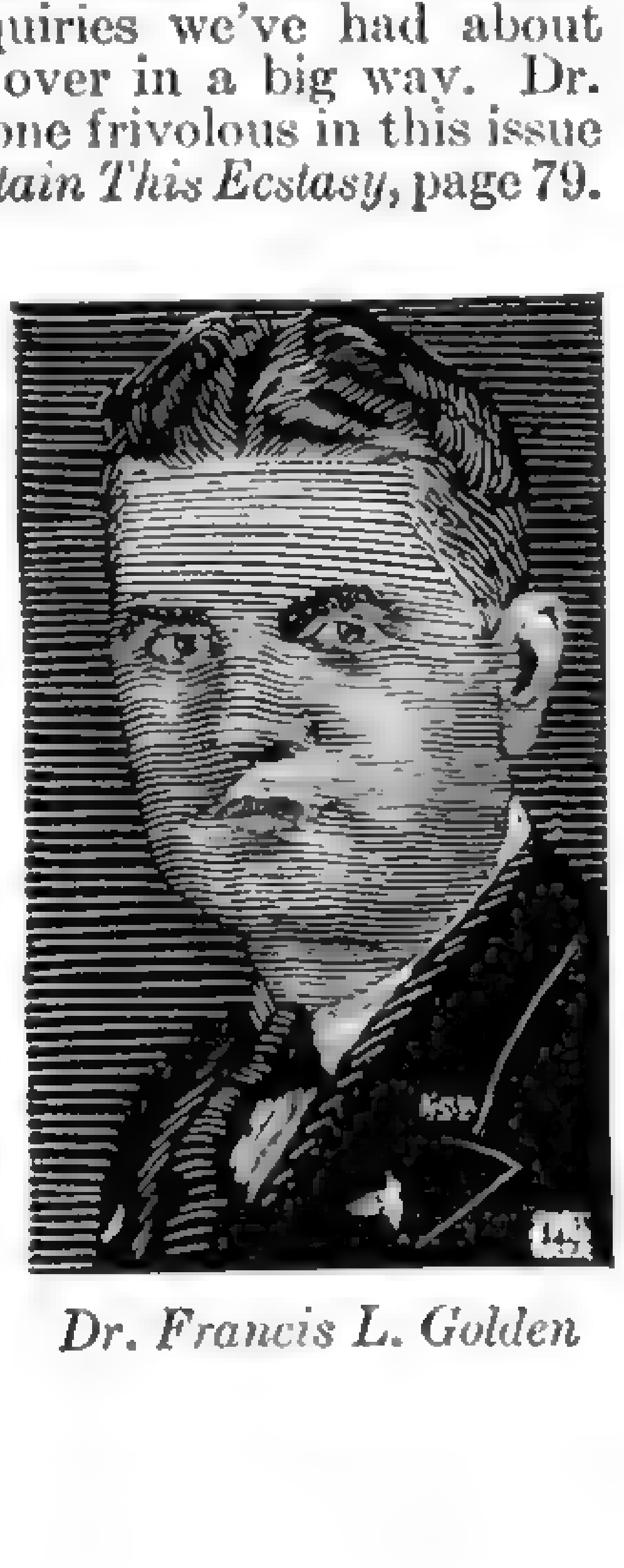
Dr. Francis Leo Golden is the author of a text book on the "Psychology of Political Practices and Procedures," recently published. Its title is *Come On Into Politics.* And judging from the inquiries we've had about it, it's going over in a big way. Dr. Golden has gone frivolous in this issue with *To Maintain This Ecstasy,* page 79.



Grosvenor M. Cross



Frank K. Kelly



Dr. Francis L. Golden

Jameson Field is from Toronto (Morley Callaghan's home town, he explains). He says: "I will be twenty-six in a few months—work here, write slowly—have been few places but go often—have my mind's eye on an island off Queensland, Australia—my idiosyncrasies aren't many: a hatred of bees, whistling birds, modern decoration; dislike effeminate poets and literature as a dinner course; have a penchant for pungent profanity and large breakfasts; like what-the-hell artists, exaggeration, boiling-point arguments and the quiet life I'm leading." He contributed to this issue *Faith, Hope and Charity,* page 69.

●

Richard J. Lortz (*A Form of Release,* page 97) says: "Ever since I can remember I have wanted to write and for the past five years have been fulfilling that desire laboriously. I have had material accepted by the pulps, but Esquire is my first adventure in the upper stratum. Fond of music, sun, and salt water. Absorbed by drawing and design, psychology, and the macabre. Awed, fascinated and completely engrossed by Thomas Wolfe and Keith Winter. Favorite occupation; the 'enchanted weariness' of writing. Main ambition: to write a novel, and play a *Tristan and Isolde Prelude* with the perfection of a one-handed Paderewski."

●

We're glad to announce to those loyal followers of George Petty, who threatened to cancel their subscriptions and storm the Bastille if he missed another issue, that he's back again—on page 44. He went to Alaska for a couple of months to hunt Kodiac bears, but as it happened, by the time he got there (having been held up by the beauty contest in Atlantic City) the bears were all hibernating.

Anyhow he shot the largest moose taken from the Kenai Peninsula this year—with a horn spread somewhat over 70 inches. He's pretty exuberant about the whole thing and has promised to give us a complete report for an early issue of the magazine.

●

Jaro Fabry, whose first drawings for Esquire appeared in January, is twenty-five, a Yale graduate, and a serious student of New York night life. He likes hot piano, night club dancing and just plain night club sitting. Mr. Fabry contributed to the Yale Record during his undergraduate days, and later studied with George Grosz at the Art Students League. Besides his magazine work he has designed theatre sets and decorated a New York night club. He usually starts working at the drawing board, and winds up on the floor in front of the phonograph—alternating the records of "Fats" Waller and Eddy Duchin.

●

There's something about William Saroyan that kindles the imagination and we just can't resist publishing some of the things we keep hearing about him. Take the letter we got the other day, for instance:

Conference Press
10845 Le Conte Avenue
Los Angeles, California

"Editors of Esquire Magazine:

"One week ago from two days ago we met William Saroyan and I thought, since your magazine knows he writes stories, that you would like to know what happened on that day and then what has been happening since that day.

"We've been crazy for nine days.

"Because we are publishing that gentleman's next book.

"Have we ever published a book before? No.

Continued at top of page 18

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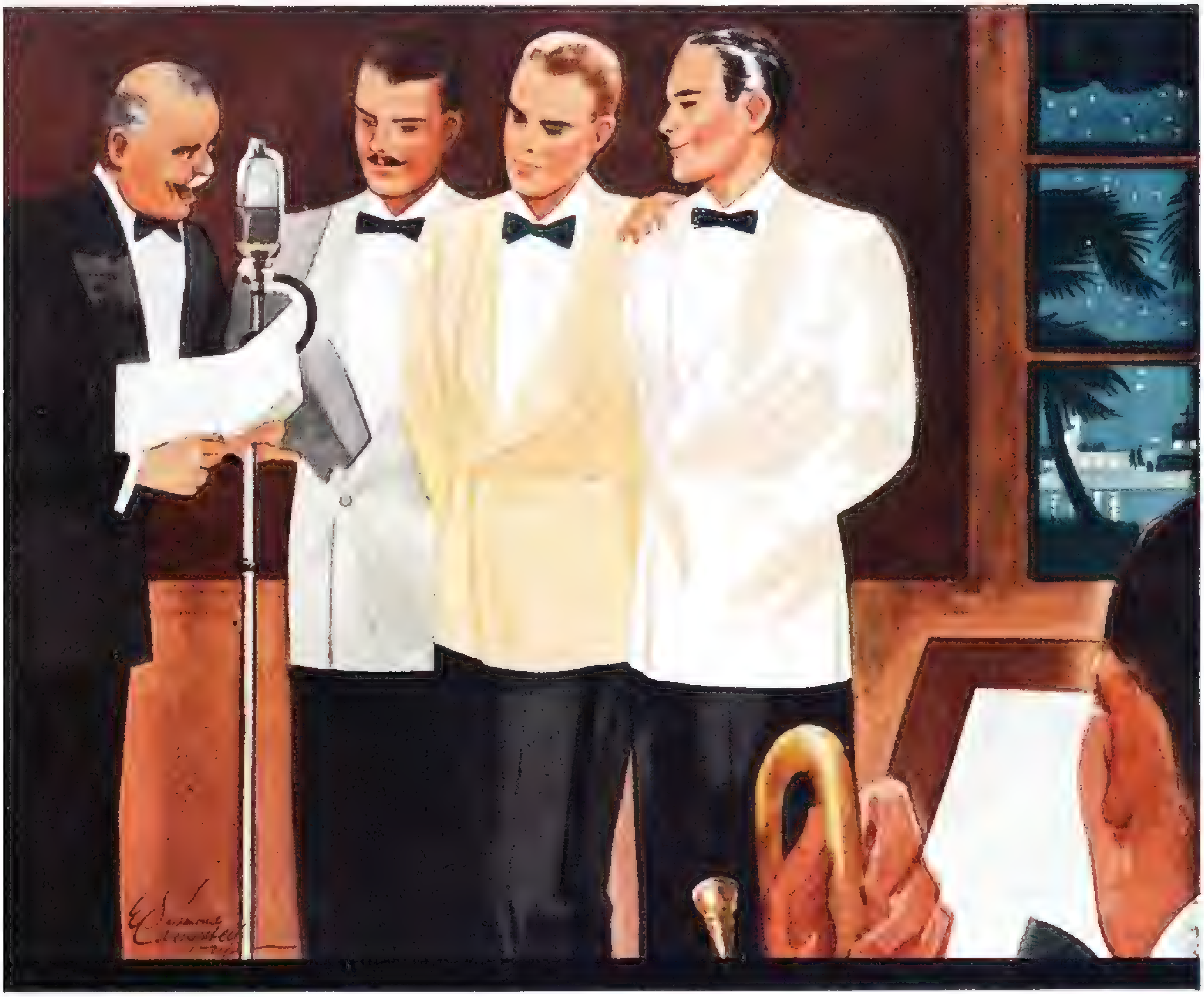


"And now, folks, Hart Schaffner & Marx present . . . THE THREE HILLBILLIES!"

EVISION'S going to be an awful shock in a case
.e this!

won't take any responsibility, however, for what
Ianhattan Hillbillies (who seem to be wintering
:ida) are about to broadcast. Chances are they
were west of the Hudson until they made a
s at their mountaineer yodeling.

we can commend them on the way they're turned
. regardless of their past history. They've evi-
learned, like a lot of other men have today, that
tter whether you're behind a desk or a micro-
it's important to be well-dressed!

r local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer can show
w easy it is to be well-dressed . . . and how inex-
ely it can be done. See him tomorrow!

Robert Surrey

is Hart Schaffner & Marx top style reporter. And he is a very real person! Right now he is in Nassau. Next week he may be cruising on one of the sleek, smart Grace line ships. Or he may be in Bermuda! Or at Palm Beach! Or even at Sun Valley, the new winter sports paradise! For wherever well-dressed men congregate there you'll find Robert Surrey, sketch pad or camera in hand, accurately absorbing new style highlights. Highlights, which within a very short length of time, will appear in the smart, up-to-the-minute clothing tailored by Hart Schaffner & Marx. For instance, the gray and champagne shawl collar dinner jackets shown above give you just an idea of what the trend is in correct resort wear.

ART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

The Wench Is Not Amused

Lament of a gal who has been approached in seven different ways and is tired of them all

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

Any girl, if the body she possesses isn't actually deformed and the face badly moth-bitten, is going to become acquainted with the gentle art of seduction fairly early in life. As for myself, I've had what I now recognize as more than my share of experience.

Not at the risk of sounding vain, because I know I am vain, I'll say that when men look at me in the street I know why. They've good reason to. In 1930, when the agency I was working for folded, I posed for several commercial photographers. I've seen strange men studying my picture in a magazine and, though their eyes generally started at the ankles and worked up by degrees, I'm pleased to admit that they looked twice at the face, too. And I've read a book, I dance well because I love it, I know how to listen as well as talk, I can tell a touchback from a safety, I can hold my likker as well as my men—when I want to—and I know most of the right words. I seldom buy my own dinner.

I know that sounds conceited as the devil but, darn it, it's true. I'll lay twenty to one I can make any nine out of ten males, provided they are neither puling infants nor doddering antiquarians, ask for my phone number within any given half-hour.

So, when I say I've had more than the average experience with the technique of seduction (horrible phrase) I think I'm stating a simple truth.

When a gal is first turned loose in the world of man the game of seduction—win, lose or draw—is pretty exciting. And it continues to be for some years. At first, either your parents or your school keep you under observation and you're only exposed to younger men. Their approach, naturally, isn't as polished as that which you'll encounter later. Also, the fact that you are under some sort of surveillance means that you'll be exposed only occasionally and for brief periods of time and not to the extensive and intensive campaigns you'll have to face when you become what is so quaintly known as a "bachelor girl." During my last four years of school, a year abroad, and my first three or four years in New York I must admit that I thoroughly enjoyed the whole tiresome process; particularly so when I learned that, so long as I kept my head, the game could be played according to my own rules without ever hurting the boy friend's sense of masculine superiority in the least.

It was always a thrilling battle and the campaign itself was often more exciting than the storming, or attempted storming of one's last citadel. How many times I've lost in this warfare is entirely a matter of my own business. But I will say this: no campaigner, no matter how hardened, ever overcame my last line of defense unless I deliberately chose that he should—and that can hardly be counted a total defeat.

In the past year, sadly enough, I've come to realize that what was once an enthralling game is now a deadly bore. And I contend it's *all* the men's fault. A seduction should be above all things glamorous and exciting. But can there be glamor in a story repeated a dozen, yea a hundred times? Can glamor be expected to survive the hundredth ardent whispering of non-poetic, time-worn words? Can there be excitement in a card game played eternally, with both players forever holding the same cards? There cannot!

Why don't men vary their approaches? Damn it, haven't they any originality? Must they be so monotonous?

Why is it that each man has at his command three or four of the seven standard approaches to seduction and selects his approach according to what he fondly believes to be his shrewd analysis of the character of the wench he is lusting for?

This is all wrong. And something should be done about it. Why don't men realize that an injection of originality or novelty into their love-making will get them further with the gal of their temporary choice than any pet phrases or standard passes the gibbering idiots can produce?

Repetition is so damned boring. The fun is all gone if, after the first kiss and the first declamation, you can, from past experience, anticipate practically every word and gesture that is to follow, be it a one night stand or a three week siege. And that isn't right—sex should be fun.

If you're a girl who hasn't given this matter any objective thought, stop now and take stock. You'll be saddened and disillusioned to see what well-worn ruts your young men pursue.

And you, lad, believing yourself to be a Casanova as you do, cast your eyes over the following catalog—and blush for your sex's limitations. Blush, too, for yourself, for you have nothing more on the ball than any other man. You're unoriginal and trite. That swell build-up you were planning to use tonight and which you rather expected to send darling little Jean into a swoon will be the same build-up John used on her two months ago, Paul the week before, Ronald last year, and so on back to the days when she bought her first lipstick and lace panties. And you actually expected her to fall for it tonight? Fooey! Those girlish peals of laughter will probably be *at* you, rather than *with* you. But you have only to get yourself a new approach, my lad, really new, and your path will be paved with recumbent maidens.

The following list contains what I've found to be the seven fundamental approaches. There are, of course, variants but they are all variants of these basic seven. At least, my own experience and the experience of the attractive girls I know leads me to believe that this is a complete list. If it isn't, I've been neglected and I resent that. And if the young man will step forward to present credentials proving that he is in possession of an Approach Number Eight I'll be glad to meet him on his home grounds, winner take all.

Approach One
The Crudest

Simple, and very raw. The idea is for the male to ply you with likker until you lose control. The man who uses this approach is obviously a louse, obviously without resources, and so unsubtle that he is easily seen through and a cinch to out-smart. This technique is so bad it doesn't merit serious discussion. The only ones who will succumb to this attack are the completely foolish, those who are particularly light-headed drinkers and potential nymphomaniacs.

Approach Two
The Cheapest

As crude in its way as *One*. This man tries to get at you through passionate declarations of love. He may even plead with you to marry him, *sometime* soon. Meanwhile, since you are already man and wife in the eyes of God or, at the very least, two hearts that beat as one—how about it? The man who uses these tactics is probably an even greater louse than the likker-plying-male. The "I-love-you"-chanted-soulfully method will succeed only with susceptible virgins (any age) and those stridently emotional wenches of meager intelligence whose *métier* in life is rocking the cradle. The gal who has been around will merely enjoy her laugh, when approached in this manner, and promptly

Continued on page 168

An Alcoholic Case

You can take their temperatures and feed them but what can you do when a man's spirit is dead

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

▪ FICTION ▪

"Let—go—that—oh-h-h! Please, now, will you? *Don't* start drinking again! Come on—give me the bottle. I told you I'd stay awake givin it to you. Come on. If you do like that a-way—then what are goin to be like when you go home. Come on —leave it with me—I'll leave half in the bottle. Pul-lease. You know what Dr. Carter says—I'll stay awake and give it to you, or else fix some of it in the bottle—come on—like I told you, I'm too tired to be fightin you all night.... All right, drink your fool self to death."

"Would you like some beer?" he asked.

"No, I don't want any beer. Oh, to think that I have to look at you drunk again. My God!"

"Then I'll drink the Coca-Cola."

The girl sat down panting on the bed.

"Don't you believe in anything?" she demanded.

"Nothing you believe in—please—it'll spill."

She had no business there, she thought, no business trying to help him. Again they struggled, but after this time he sat with his head in his hands awhile, before he turned around once more.

"Once more you try to get it I'll throw it down," she said quickly. "I will—on the tiles in the bathroom."

"Then I'll step on the broken glass—or you'll step on it."

"Then let go—oh you promised—"

Suddenly she dropped it like a torpedo, sliding underneath her hand and slithering with a flash of red and black and the words: Sir Galahad, Distilled Louisville Gin.

It was on the floor in pieces and everything was silent for awhile and she read *Gone With the Wind* about things so lovely that had happened long ago. She began to worry that he would have to go into the bathroom and might cut his feet, and looked up from time to time to see if he would go in. She was very sleepy—the last time she looked up he was crying and he looked like an old Jewish man she had nursed once in California; he had had to go to the bathroom many times. On this case she was unhappy all the time but she thought:

"I guess if I hadn't liked him I wouldn't have stayed on the case."

With a sudden resurgence of conscience she got up and put a chair in front of the bathroom door. She had wanted to sleep because he had got her up early that morning to get a paper with the Yale-Harvard game in it and she hadn't been home all day. That afternoon a relative of his had come in to see him and she had waited outside in the hall where there was a draft with no sweater to put over her uniform.

As well as she could she arranged him for sleeping, put a robe over his shoulders as he sat slumped over his chiffonier, and one on his knees. She sat down in the rocker but she was no longer sleepy; there was plenty to enter on the chart and treading lightly about she found a pencil and put it down:

Pulse 120
Respiration 25
Temp 98—98.4—98.2
Remarks—

—She could make so many:

Tried to get bottle of gin. Threw it away and broke it.

She corrected it to read:

In the struggle it dropped and was broken. Patient was generally difficult.

She started to add as part of her report: *I never want to go on an alcoholic case again*, but that wasn't in the picture. She knew she could wake herself at seven and clean up everything before his niece awakened. It was all part of the game. But when she sat down in the chair she looked at his face, white and exhausted, and counted his breathing again, wondering why it had all happened. He had been so nice today, drawn her a whole strip of his cartoon just for fun and given it to her. She was going to have it framed and hang it in her room. She felt again his thin wrists wrestling against her wrist and remembered the awful things he had said, and she thought too of what the doctor had said to him yesterday:

"You're too good a man to do this to yourself."

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

She was tired and didn't want to clean up the glass on the bathroom floor, because as soon as he breathed evenly she wanted to get him over to the bed. But she decided finally to clean up the glass first; on her knees, searching a last piece of it, she thought:

—This isn't what I ought to be doing. And this isn't what *he* ought to be doing.

Resentfully she stood up and regarded him. Through the thin delicate profile of his nose came a light snore, sighing, remote, inconsolable. The doctor had shaken hi head in a certain way, and she knew tha really it was a case that was beyond her Besides, on her card at the agency was written, on the advice of her elders, "No Alcoholics."

She had done her whole duty, but all sh could think of was that when she was struggling about the room with him with tha gin bottle there had been a pause when h asked her if she had hurt her elbow agains a door and that she had answered: "Yo don't know how people talk about you, n matter how you think of yourself—" whe she knew he had a long time ceased to car about such things.

The glass was all collected—as she got ou a broom to make sure, she realized that th glass, in its fragments, was less than a window through which they had seen each othe for a moment. He did not know about he sisters, and Bill Markoe whom she had almost married, and she did not know wha had brought him to this pitch, when ther was a picture on his bureau of his youn wife and his two sons and him, all trim an handsome as he must have been five year ago. It was so utterly senseless—as sh put a bandage on her finger where she ha cut it while picking up the glass sh made up her mind she would never tak an alcoholic case again

II

Some Halloween jokester had split the sid windows of the bus an she shifted back to th Negro section in the rea for fear the glass migh fall out. She had her patient's check but no wa to cash it at this time o night; there was a quarte and a penny in her purse

Two nurses she kne were waiting in the hall o Mrs. Hixson's Agency.

"What kind of cas have you been on?"

"Alcoholic," she said

"Oh yes—Grett Hawks told me abou it—you were on with that cartoonist wh lives at the Forest Park Inn."

"Yes, I was."

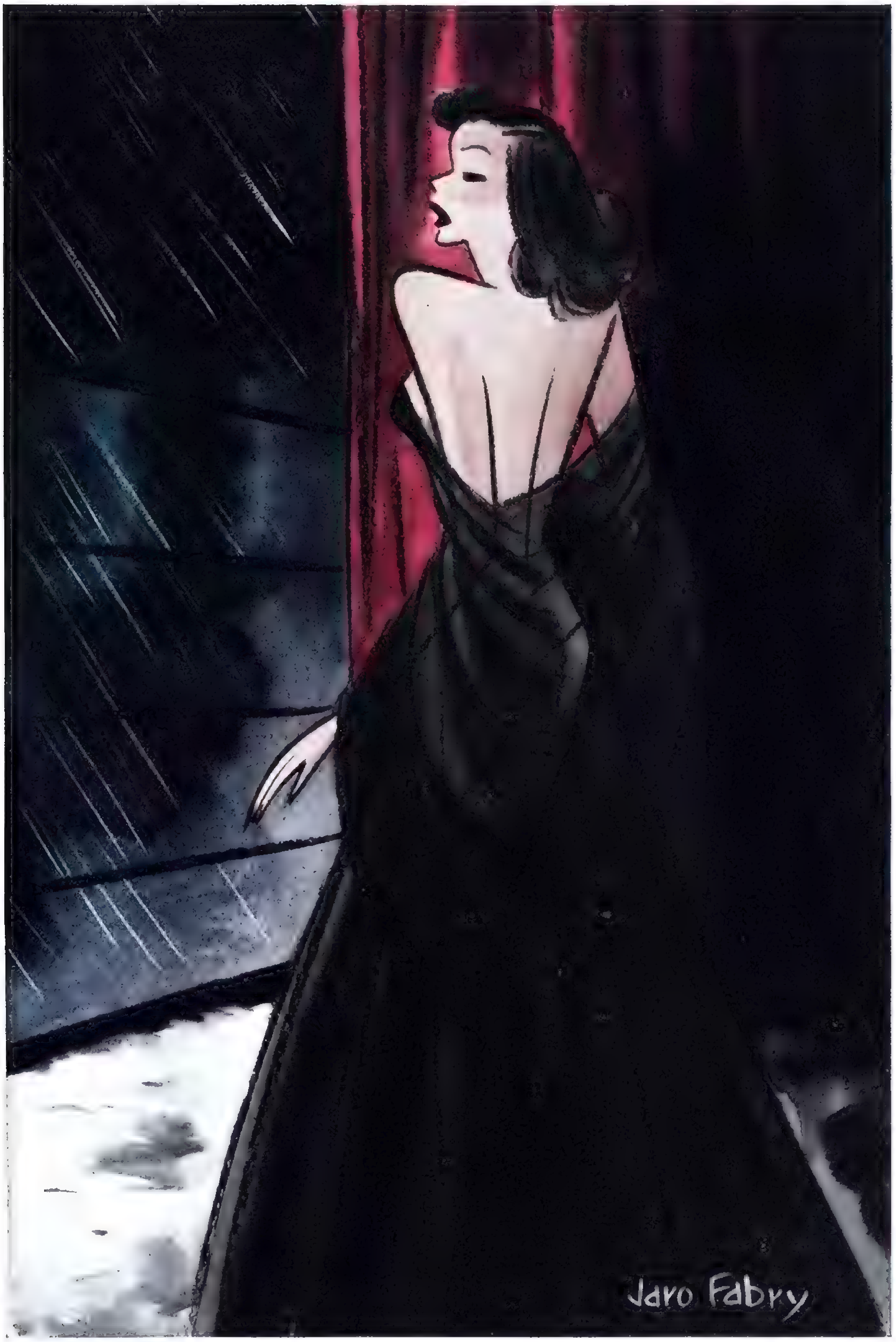
"I hear he's pretty fresh."

"He's never done anything to bothe me," she lied. "You can't treat them as they were committed—"

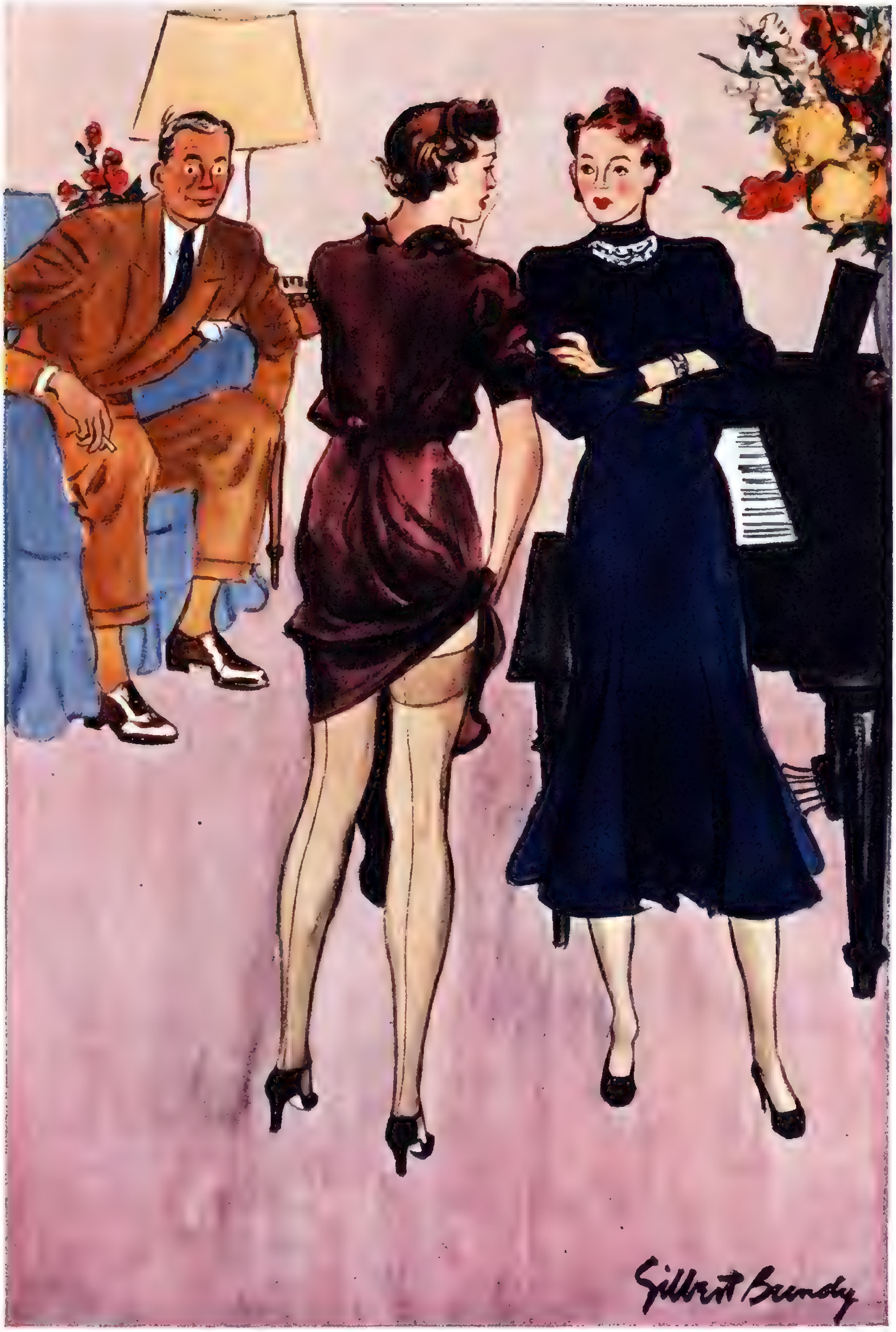
"Oh, don't get bothered—I just hear that around town—oh, you know—the want you to play around with them—"

"Oh, be quiet," she said, surprised

Continued on page 1



"Let's postpone it—this is a hell of a day to get married!"


Gilbert Bundy

"Let's just start undressing—maybe he'll take the hint and go home"

Press Rate, Collect

**Giving you the low-down on
some of the amusing antics
of foreign correspondents**

by GEORGE SELDES

• ARTICLE •

"THE best stories" a famous war correspondent once said, "are not *necessarily* true." Nor are the best newspaper cables necessarily for publication. I am not referring to what is generally called "suppressed" news but to episodes and telegrams relating to news passed between the editors or directors of a foreign news service and the men in the field.

Take the case for example of the correspondent who scooped the world when he sent this flash during the French occupation of the Ruhr:

MARTIAL LAW DECLARED RUHR

That evening, when the ten American and two dozen other newspaper representatives gathered for dinner a cablegram was handed to this lucky correspondent. It said:

YOUR RUHR MARTIAL LAW STORY EXCLUSIVE CONGRATULATIONS

None of us had sent a martial law story. The Germans had declared something, that was true. What it was, is hard to explain. In America we have law and martial law, and nothing between, but in Germany they have in addition to law and order three other phases, the first of which is merely "extraordinary situation," the second more nearly corresponds to our martial law, and the third is beyond it because it is "kriegszustand" or a state of war. The Germans had declared the situation extraordinary, that was all; an interpreter had tried to explain it, and the correspondent had jumped at what he thought the most understandable "flash" for America.

The next afternoon this lucky man received an office cable which is fast becoming a journalistic classic. It said simply:

YOUR RUHR MARTIAL LAW STORY STILL EXCLUSIVE STOP WHY . . .

Under "press rate collect" Floyd Gibbons, director of the Chicago *Tribune* Foreign Service and his merry men exchanged almost daily personal messages, some of which are also international talk where journalists gather. Floyd's masterpiece, I think, was one addressed to John Clayton who was sent to Finland in the hope that he would get news from Russia and eventually penetrate that vast silent country about which more lies and propaganda have been spilled than any nation on earth. The year was 1920, the time midwinter, and John was moving heaven and earth and reindeer in an effort to get to Moscow. I mean reindeer. Because on one occasion his expense account read:

For one reindeer, shot from under me, $20.

Asked to explain, John said that horses and Eskimo dog sleighs being unavailable he and a Finn had hired a couple of reindeer and tried to ride them across the frontier.

Shortly after that John and his Finnish guide tried again, dodging from tree to tree and this time it was the guide who was shot.

The reader will realize, I hope, that John was trying to get into Russia.

Imagine his feelings, therefore, at the climax of all these magnificent efforts, when one day towards the end of that 1920 winter, he received the following telegram from correspondent Gibbons:

CLAYTON HELSINGFORS GET INTO RUSSIA BEFORE THEY START RUNNING EXCURSION TRAINS

And on the same front there was Richard Henry Little, until recently the chief humorist of the Chicago *Tribune*, then war correspondent with Bermondt-Avaloff troops besieging Riga. There was a mad war for you. Not like the Western Front when each of us war correspondents rated a general's car (a Cadillac, no less) and a sergeant or corporal to drive it and a "carnet" good for gas, tires, and what have you at any American, British, French or Belgian auto depot in Europe. Dick Little had to pay as he went. One day he got from Floyd the following:

LITTLE WHY ARE YOUR EXPENSE ACCOUNTS THE HIGHEST OF ANY CORRESPONDENT IN EUROPE.

To which, without hesitation, Little replied:

GIBBONS CHICATRIB PARIS PRESS RATE COLLECT I'LL BITE WHY

A large number of the personal messages which were tacked onto news cables were frequently a million times more important than the messages themselves. The best—and in a way the most tragic case I know—is that of Don Levine and the death of Lenin.

As the reader may know, it is the custom in Europe to hold up important news for various reasons. The Vatican, for instance, usually waits two hours before announcing the election of a new Pope, and all the dictators keep certain news hidden as long as they can; the Italian censorship suppressed for months the serious illness of Mussolini and the Bolsheviki held up the news of the death of Lenin.

I remember when Sam Spewack of the New York *World* and I first went to Moscow in 1922 we arranged with colleagues in Riga and Paris for personal messages which were in reality codes for events of world-shattering importance, revolutions, assassinations, civil and foreign wars. It so happened that we never used these codes. But when Don Levine entered Moscow for the International News Service he had arranged one code; in case of Lenin's death he was to cable or attach to a news cable, press rate collect, the simple message:

SEND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR EXPENSES

Lenin died.

Levine rushed to the telegraph office and filed two telegrams, just to make sure, one to London and one to Paris, saying in each "Send five hundred dollars for expenses."

These telegrams were dispatched.

A few minutes later the Russian censorship—and I must admit it is the smartest in the world, several of its bright young lads being graduates from the Columbia School of Journalism (and nobody is a better suppressor of news than a newspaper man)—issued an order that no messages of any nature could leave the country; in fact the censorship bureau realized that a personal message would be used to give the world the suppressed news.

But, as I have said, Levine's personal despatches had already gone out. They reached the London office and they reached the Paris office. In one instance there was a new man at the bureau who had never known about the code, and in the other there was a man who had forgotten. But what he did remember was that only ten days earlier he had had a letter from Levine asking for $300 for expenses, so in anger he sat down and telegraphed:

LEVINE HOTEL SAVOY MOSCOW MONEY TELEGRAPHED WEEK AGO WHATS BITING YOU

And this, dear reader, is the tragic end which explains why one of the biggest scoops in the modern world's history, in the words of Riley, eventuated bad.

Consistently bad luck has come to the reporters on the "death-watch" of a Pope and the election of a successor. As many as a thousand journalists throng Rome on such occasions. Pope Leo XIII in addition to his exalted position in the Catholic Church was also one of the greatest statesmen of his time

Continued in center of page 194

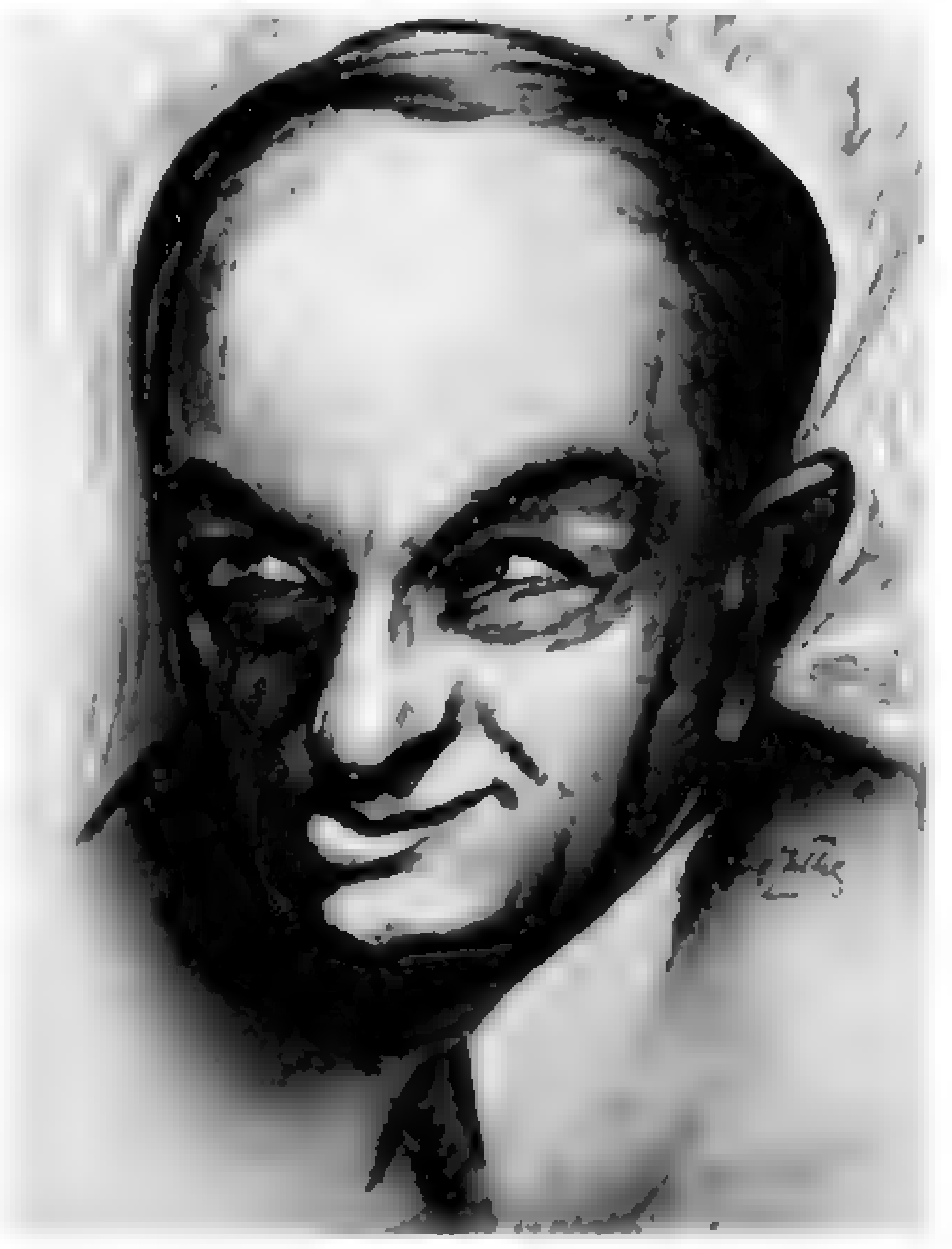
Twentieth Century Barnum

How Mike Jacobs cleans up on his unfailing hunches for "what the public wants"

by JOHN McCARTHY

• ARTICLE •

THE world's premier showman today is Michael Strauss Jacobs. To you and you and you who read the daily sports pages, he is the amazing promoter, Mike Jacobs, proprietor of the New York Hippodrome, the Twentieth Century Sporting Club whose boxing programs rival those of Madison Square Garden, the impresario of the Hearst Milk Fund fights, interested party in Joe Louis and ticket-broker extraordinary for all Broadway hits, the opera and every sporting event of national importance.



Compared to his famous counterpart of the nineteenth century, Phineas T. Barnum, Jacobs is less the showman and personal ballyhoo artist. However, the innately modest Mike possesses a canny faculty for knowing what the public will go for in any type of entertainment and has, besides, the gambler's instinct to back his judgment with big money. Barnum figured in thousands of dollars whereas Jacobs deals in millions. One show at a time was always Barnum's promotion motto. Mike is simultaneously behind dozens of propositions.

Since his recent acquisition of the New York Hippodrome, which for three decades has been a mecca for entertainment seekers, it is far easier to guess what shows Jacobs has not a financial finger in rather than what ones he has. With the Hippodrome, Jacobs promises to promote annually forty solid weeks of entertainment, ranging from grand opera at popular prices down to that new dizzy diversion, the roller skate derby. His promotions will include professional and amateur boxing, wrestling, intercollegiate and professional basketball, indoor tennis championships, ice hockey and fancy skating, musical concerts and theatrical extravaganzas. Jacobs, with his Hippodrome promotions, aims to smash, just as he did in outdoor boxing, the monopoly which the Madison Square Garden has enjoyed hitherto in the handling of New York's indoor sports spectacles.

When Jacobs took over the Hippodrome, it was regarded as the largest available white elephant in the amusement field. A year ago, Billy Rose, always full of brilliant ideas for other people's money, persuaded John Hay (Jock) Whitney to lease the Hippodrome and stage *Jumbo*, an indoor circus-girly-musical extravaganza. At the end of *Jumbo*, Jock was in hock on the venture for $300,000. The only success which the Hippodrome has had in the recent years has been with popularly priced operas. For the past two seasons, Maestro Alfredo Salmaggi and operatic troupe have played there to capacity audiences at ninety-nine cents top.

Mike's pet ambition is to turn the Hippodrome into a sports palace with an international reputation similar to that of the famed Albert Hall in London. Already, Jacobs has spent thousands of dollars making the venerable red plush, velvety trimmed Hippodrome, an opera house of the early nineteen hundreds, double as a modern arena. Of course, Mike is not a lad to scoff at the immortal operas, particularly since the Hippodrome's consistent sellout record has proved beyond doubt that the populace will gladly pay sensible prices to hear them. Therefore, his Hippodrome renovations have been so arranged that, when the boxing ring is removed, the operatic stage can be quickly returned in place. Besides, Mike has hopes of housing in the Hippodrome musical comedies and legitimate dramas.

By catering to several different and separate clienteles, namely operatic, theatrical and sports, Jacobs believes that he will be in an advantageous position to cut in deeply upon the Madison Square Garden's winter programs. Mike's feud with Madison Square Garden is being watched with great interest by the Manhattan sports scribes. Judging by the comments, the odds favor Jacobs.

Colonel John Reed Kilpatrick, present head of the Garden, is a different type of operator than were his popular predecessors, Tex Rickard and Bill Carey. Kilpatrick, a former star athlete at Andover and Yale, fits in more closely with Wall Street's rather than Broadway's conception of what a president of Madison Square Garden Corporation should be. He is inclined to consider his position similar to that of a graduate manager of a university athletic association and acts accordingly. There were no graduate-managerial tactics employed by either Rickard or Carey when they were running the Garden. Both had gleaned their early education in mining camps instead of cloistered halls and, therefore, fully understood the hardboiled Broadway and sports prospectors who represent a large segment of the Garden's clientele. To date, Kilpatrick's regime has failed to win favor with this group, particularly the boxing contingent.

It was a disagreement with Colonel Kilpatrick which eventually gave Mike Jacobs his opportunity to become a spectacular sports showman. For years, the Garden had handled the Hearst Milk Fund fights. All went well while Rickard and Carey were responsible for these promotions. But when, several years ago, Colonel Kilpatrick became the president of Madison Square Garden, the director of the Milk Fund began looking around for another promoter. Mike Jacobs was selected. To promote these Milk Fund fights, Mike became a boxing promoter in his own right for the first time in his life.

Though Jacobs has only been on his own as a boxing promoter for the past few years, he had been a well-known Broadway ticket broker dealing in coveted ducats for all the so-called Battles of the Century and was closely associated with Tex Rickard in all his fight promotions. Veteran sport observers Damon Runyon, Bill Farnsworth, Hype Igoe, Murray Lewin, Dan Parker and others do not hesitate to say that Jacobs was the financial brains behind Rickard.

In his own short career as a promoter, Mike Jacobs has been responsible for bringing back the million dollar gate which faded with the Depression. In 1935, his fight promotions gathered in approximately $2,000,000. Last spring, his Louis-Schmeling set-to alone drew within a few dollars of a million. Even with minor promotions, Jacobs has managed to attract record attendance. His Joe Louis-Al Ettore battle last September in Philadelphia brought out 50,000 and $200,000—the second highest in the Quaker City's annals. Undoubtedly Joe Louis is the best drawing card in the fight business today. And farsighted Mike promotes all his fights.

As a matter of record, much of the credit for Joe Louis being today's great box-office favorite belongs to Mike Jacobs. His shrewd handling of Joe's fights made the Black Boy literally overnight a national sensation. For instance, without ever having seen Louis in action, Mike, acting purely on the opinion of a sports writer, signed him for a Hearst Milk Fund windup with Carnera. The Garden, at this time, was reported as considering Louis as a preliminary possibility. Mike's contract gave Louis his first opportunity as a headliner. When Jacobs signed him in February, 1935, Louis had an unbroken string of knockouts. However, these triumphs had been achieved in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast. As far as the East was concerned, Louis was unknown. In fact, very few of the eastern newspapermen had ever seen him perform. It was a tip-off by Bill

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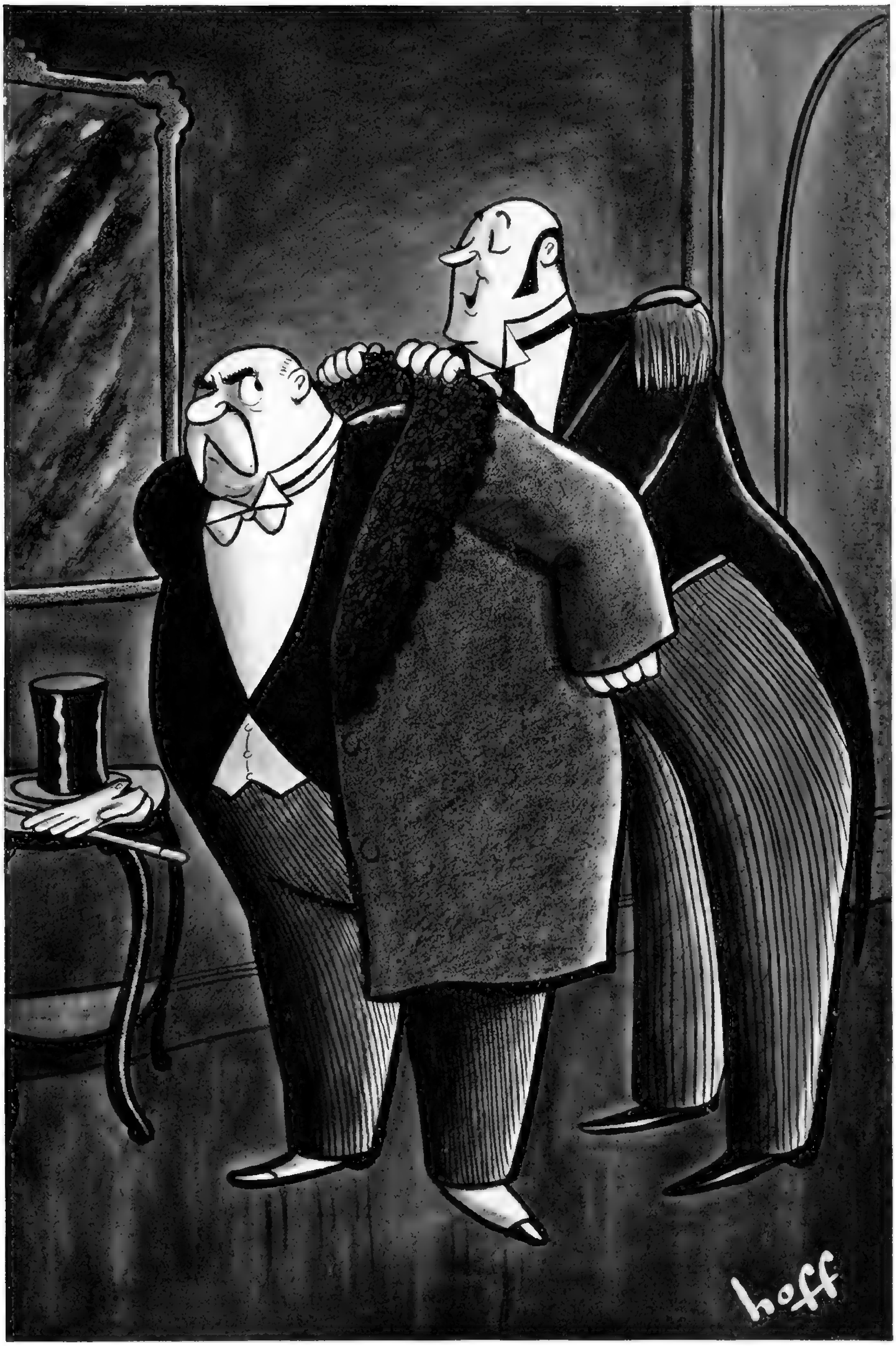


"I see she's letting you go out again, after all, sir"

The Silk Doll

They were both born to be exploited, and there wasn't very much that they could do

by FRANK K. KELLY

• FICTION •

THROUGH the first warning drops of rain the tall man strained his eyes to look at the piece of paper in his left hand, at the street address written across the pink scrap torn from a wine list, and then up again at the number over his head. The new rain fell slowly, in fat separate drops, splotching the figures scribbled in ink. He knew he was going to get wet.

The figures on the paper slanted a little: she had been full of champagne and he had had to hold the pen between her fingers and all the time they were both laughing for no reason and out of the corner of one eye he could see the waiters whispering and frowning when they spilled ink over the linen tablecloth. They had a booth and they were sitting close together and the orchestra was playing a tango and he kissed her and ordered more wine.

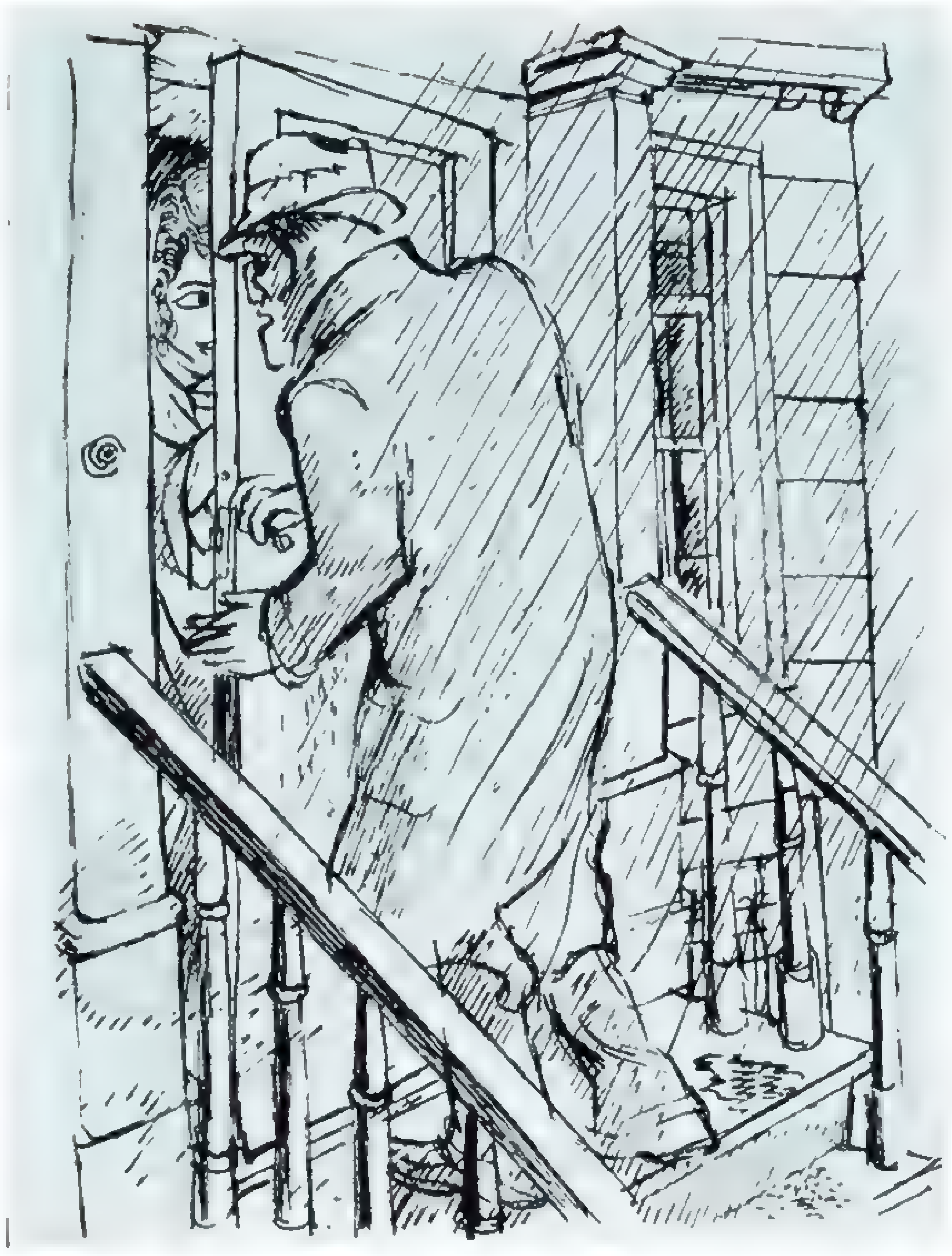
The street light made an orange glow against the black iron numerals above him, and the house number was the same as the number on the paper; he was almost surprised, because the writing on the pink scrap had blurred from being in his pocket too long. He had carried it about with him, and he hadn't tried to keep the piece of paper, so he hadn't lost it. He couldn't lose the things he wanted to lose and the things he tried to keep were the things he couldn't hold; funny, how everything slipped through his fingers and got away. He had lost everything else from the old days, except this. And now he was sure he had come to the right place.

Thunder rumbled, a slow drum beat. He put his hand out and rang the bell. Then he shivered in spite of himself, just as his finger touched the button. He felt the quick brittle snap, the shock of white fire along the nerves in his hand, the same he had known once before, when his knuckles through leather grated against bone and Dore flopped and lay there, stiff. Dore went down and no more rising. The ring was quiet and he walked over to the neutral corner. Dore curled on the canvas, jerking a little, smashed like a bug in the glare from the lights above the ring.

He shook himself. A streak of lightning blazed high over him, and below the second roll of thunder he heard the faint tinkle of the bell echoing behind the door, and he knew suddenly that behind the door stretched an empty hall, wide and dark, flanked by rows of closed rooms, carpeted by gray dust. No one would hear him, wouldn't be anybody there.

But he remained on the steps, his collar turned up to meet the heavy splash of rain. The rain cooled him, sliding cleanly down his face.

He lifted his scarred chin and let the water drip from the sky over him. The rain felt cold, good and cold.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Morris would have been sore as hell if Morris had seen him standing in the full light of the street lamp, waiting on the steps of the brownstone house for somebody to come and let him in, when he should have been leaving town, since he was wanted. But he didn't have any other place to go.

He was a little mixed, a little scared maybe. He shifted his shoulders, and pushed the bell again. He might be grabbed, and this might be the reason, but he was going to see the girl once more before he left the town, because maybe he might not soon be back. He didn't know, he couldn't be sure now.

Besides he had enough of walking fast, sometimes running and panting like a fool; he had his fill of alleys and jumping at any sudden noise and keeping his hat pulled low and his head bent, always avoiding the faces and glances of strangers. He hadn't done anything, except what he was paid to do. If something had been done that was wrong, it wasn't his fault.

Maybe his fists in gloves had killed, leaping to the other's jaw and striking too hard against his will, but he only meant to rock the guy to sleep and yet he knew the guy had a glass jaw. When he thought of that night, things buzzed in his head and rings of darkness circled before him and lights danced. Since that night, his hands had been hollow inside, and he wanted to look at them again to see if they were the way he was afraid they were, and he couldn't keep his eyes away.

After pushing the bell hard, he sat on the top step of the four leading up from the street, and waited for somebody to answer the door. It was raining more all at once; the drip of water out of the sky was the lonesomest sound he had ever heard. Then he was listening to the pad of feet moving behind the door, and as the feet came nearer, he almost turned and ran, but he caught himself and sat still, his hands clutching his knees.

The door opened a crack and the street light slanted through the rain on a woman's face, her soft brown hair, her bare feet in feathered slippers.

"Yes?" she said. "What is it?"

The voice was slurring, low and husky: he knew the voice. He rose, a quick joy in his throat.

"You know me, baby. God, I'm glad it's you."

With his first eager movement toward her, she drew back and her eyes narrowed; then she recognized him and came closer.

"What do you want?"

He sucked his breath. "Let me in a minute."

She twisted a little, staring over his shoulder. "What are you doing here this late?"

"I won't hurt you, baby," he said. "I promise."

"But I don't know whether I'd better let you in or not," she answered quietly, blocking the door.

"I'm in a hole," he said slowly.

"Yes. I know," she muttered. "You're in plenty trouble."

"Didn't you say I could come if I got in a hole, baby?"

"Maybe I forgot," she said. "Maybe I don't always remember what I say. A long time since I've seen you."

"Honey, we can't stand out here talkin'," he said; then he covered her hand with his carefully, as if to show her that nothing was going to happen that she didn't want to happen. "Let me come inside a minute."

"It's late," she said.

"You told me if you could help some way, you'd do it."

"I did tell you that," she said. "Only—such a long time since I've seen you."

"Well, maybe you can do something for me, right now," he said quickly. "If you meant that when you said it."

She lifted one shoulder higher than the other, in a trick he remembered. She turned her head away from him.

"Yes, I meant it," she said. "All right, come in."

The girl widened the door and he slipped past her, brushing against her for a second. He stopped suddenly in the hall, his knees wobbling. After another good breath, he went on across the hall into the girl's room.

This was the one room in the old house that had a light, and the light was the same small bright glow he had seen coming up the street through the rain. When he walked into the room, there was a lamp shining from a table by the window, and he saw a white bed with the sheets turned back and a book on the pillow, and a red silk doll with a pink face lying on one side. Dance music, smooth and slow, floated from the little radio on the table.

"I was in the tub when you rang," she said. "I was just taking a bath."

He hesitated. "Were you getting ready to go somewhere?" he said. "Maybe I better not bother you."

"No," she said. "I was going to read a while and then go to bed."

The door to the bathroom stood open and there were wisps of steam in the air. He glimpsed a pool of clear water, a white cabinet reflected in it; a towel hung on a long silver rack, mirrored by the water.

He heard a click behind him. The door into the hall was closed, and the girl watched him with the key in her hand. Now he got a straight look at her. She was prettier even than he remembered. She was small and thin, and wore a Chinese kimono, pulled loosely around her. She had high cheekbones and slightly tilted eyes, green eyes bright in her pointed face.

"I had to lock the door," she said. "If anybody comes and knocks, you'll have to duck out through the window. My landlady runs a respectable house, and I couldn't let her know you were in here at this time of night."

He walked over to the bed and picked up the doll slowly in his thick hands, and stared at the blank pink face. He stirred the fluffy yellow hair with one finger.

All the time he felt the girl standing behind him, and he knew he had to say something.

"Why?" he said.

"It wouldn't look right."

"Sure, now I see," he said. He smiled a little, trying to make her smile, too, but her lips wouldn't change. He rubbed the silk surface of the doll with his stiff fingers.

"I don't want to make any trouble for you," he said. "I kind of wanted to talk to you before I left."

"You're leaving?" she said. "Where are you going?"

"I dunno," he said. "I dunno yet."

There was one chair near the bed. He sat down and rested his chin in his hands; looking at the doll, he had forgotten for a minute what he had done, what they said he had done. Now it came back and the room shrank, everything shifting closer to him. Even the light dwindled and he had a sudden pain behind his eyes.

"I'm on the run, baby," he said finally. "I'm wanted for what I give to Dore. I can't get it straight in my head. You seen the papers yet?"

"Yes," she said. She twisted, and a dragon flashed from the silken brightness of the kimono: he saw reds and blues and yellows mingling in a splash of color.

"It was funny," he said, after a minute. "They did a lot of yelling when Dore went down and lay there. I still got the humming in my ears. Then he didn't get up, and I knew the reason before anybody. I knew he wouldn't get up, and I knew it when I hit him the last time; just as I got him, I wanted to pull my hand back, but the right was on his jaw before I could stop. And he flopped and lay there, cold for good."

"I read about the fight," she said. "They've smeared you. They've called you names."

"They were all yelling," he said dully. "I still got that noise in my ears. They were all glad I done it, because maybe they didn't know all I done. But I felt like they were behind me, and pushing me."

"Of course," she said. "That's the mob. They wanted his blood as much as you did."

"Me?" he said. "I didn't want it. Not me. All I wanted was to lay him cold for a while, not cold forever. When he lay there, I felt the mob freeze behind me, and it was like they were all sore at me, that sudden."

She came over and sat on the edge of the bed; the kimono whispered when she walked, and there was freedom in her stride, and a faint fragrance near her, not perfume, more like the smell of the rain just beginning outside.

He said, looking up into her face: "You don't think I wanted to actually blot him out, do you?"

"No, I don't."

He raised his hand and touched her gently.

"Thanks, baby."

She smiled a little. "Because, you see, I knew you were pretty soft underneath."

"All right," he said. "I guess maybe I am."

"There's something queer," she said, moving her eyes away from him. "There've been other killings in the ring, and not so long ago either; still there wasn't any howl about it till this time. Why didn't they climb some of the others? Why are they jumping you?"

"They say they found somethin' in my glove," he muttered slowly, rubbing his hand along the arm of the chair.

"That's not true," she said. "Is it?"

"You didn't think it was, did you?"

"No. No, of course not."

He sent a glance around the room. It was warm here, and he could hear the gurgle of the rain outside, and now and then a drum beat of thunder. Lifting one arm with a slow sleepy motion, he brushed the back of his wrist across his face.

"Of course it ain't true," he said. "But they don't know it ain't true. So now I got to hide. I got to find some place to lay quiet."

"What did Morris tell you to do?" she asked. "He's doing the handling for you. Isn't he going to help you at all?"

"He told me to skip town, and he'd fix it."

"God!" she said slowly. "He's crazy."

"He figured it's gonna take time, and I wouldn't want to sweat in any jail. But I dunno whether I better skip or not. It'll look funny, won't it?"

"Yes, it will look funny," she said, frowning. "Why, it's running, that's all."

"Yeah," he said. "I know."

"It's acting as if you were a murderer, and you're not. But you don't run unless you're guilty, that's what they'll think."

"There ain't anything else I can do."

"Give yourself up," she said. "And take your chances."

"Morris told me to get across the state line an' I'd be all right."

"Do you have to do what Morris says, always?" she asked quietly. "Do you?"

"No. But there ain't anything else this time."

"You mean you can't think of anything?"

"Maybe that's it."

"You're going to let Morris do your thinking for you."

He swung his hands together. He flushed a heavy red, staring at the floor. Finally he whispered:

"I thought maybe you'd let me stay here. There wouldn't anybody need to know. It'd be the last place they'd look for a guy like me."

She said slowly: "Yes, I suppose it would

Continued on page 112

The Ape-Men of Sugar Peak

When you get down to publicity appeal what has a sea monster got that a hairy ape can't beat?

by DOUG WELCH

• SATIRE •

THIS guy Sterling Olds is probably the country's leading authority on blondes. He is also the country's leading ex-authority on ape-men. But, while he is always ready to talk blondes until you say "uncle," just as soon as someone mentions ape-men, why he is reaching for his hat. This is very strange when you come to think of it, because ape-men have done more for him than any dozen blondes you can name. And if you can't name a dozen blondes, why run out and play with the kiddies and leave us men talk about that time on Sugar Peak.

But don't get me wrong. Sterling Olds' interest in blondes is only academic. He's a press agent, see, and blondes photograph well. That's as far as it goes. You don't know the guy but you've seen plenty of his work. I first meet him when he's handling publicity for the old Black Star Line. Twice a week he goes down the harbor with us newspaper photographers to grab off leg shots of chorus girls on steamer rails and to ask society queens whether they divorced the old man in Europe.

From that the citrus fruit industry tempts him out to California with a mahogany desk, two lovely stenographers and an office boy to call him mister. He has a Roman holiday on this job. He frames pictures of bathing girls peeling oranges and bathing girls sipping lemonade and bathing girls playing beach-ball with grapefruit. He is so good, in fact, that in a very little time he is coming down to his office in the morning just in time to go out again to lunch, which is success in any business.

I would say he is in Hollywood about a month when he meets this brunette which works for the Consolidated Press. Alice Reynolds her name is. She is a reporter, but that doesn't mean she skips around the film colony asking people who they are that way about. She handles only the genuine news breaks, like smashing personal stories from babes which have bumped off their boss because they catch him still going around with his wife. This Alice Reynolds is a looker, too. All the time she looks like the second from the left end in the front row. But she never acts that way. In fact, she is cursed with a terrible affliction. She doesn't entertain any romantic notions about men. They are all muggs to her.

Alice and Sterling get along swell except when he begins to talk like a steamship folder or a poet which has had a couple of brandies. You can snuggle up to a babe which is mad at you, or which says no, or which is crying her little heart out for some pretty, but it takes a guy with a lot of concentration to pull the trick when the babe only thinks you are being tremendously funny. Alice laughs in the wrong places. And, what's more, she does it on purpose.

Life to Sterling Olds is just Alice Reynolds, oranges, lemons and grapefruit. He's not batting so high with Alice, but he figures he's about a thousand per cent when it comes to the fruit. His theory is that every time the public sees a beautiful girl, why they will start thinking about oranges, lemons and grapefruit.

But it doesn't work out that way. What actually happens is that every time the public passes a fruit stand, why they start thinking about beautiful girls. Some efficiency expert with astigmatism and a slide-rule suddenly discovers this, and the word goes out "Lay off beautiful women." They tell him sex is old-fashioned, which it always has been. Naturally he goes into a burn and walks.

About two days and three hangovers later Sterling Olds shows up at the brunette's apartment. He wants a seltzer quick and a little comfort. Alice bustles around in her kitchenette and produces a couple of slices of burned toast and a fried egg which looks like a lady's half-sole. But Sterling is not critical. In fact, he is so overcome by the romantic aspects of her cooking supper for him the first time that he falls into another one of those vine-covered cottage moods of his and takes her in his arms. Only this time his approach is not so tentative. Alice just takes this in her stride like Mothers' Day and when they finally break, she pats his hand very maternal like and says:

"I know how it is after that terrible disappointment at the office."

To Sterling it sounds like "you wait until mama gets the epicac." So he goes into a second burn, puts his hat on backward and stalks out. Three days later he's rolling across the interstate bridge between Portland, Ore., and Vancouver, Wash. He's figuring to make Seattle that night and lock himself up in a hotel room where he can contemplate the Eternal Verities. You can see what shape the guy is in.

The state highway department, however, has other ideas. For no good reason they dig a hole right across the main highway above Kelso, so traffic is being detoured eastward to the foothills, along the west shore of Crescent Lake and right by the Sugar Peak Mineral Springs Hotel. The hotel, consequently, is enjoying an unusually brisk business, which means that instead of ten persons in the dining room there must be all of fifteen when Sterling shows up for a quick lunch.

This blonde comes over to take his order. He is studying the menu.

"I want a steak," he says, "about eight inches long and an inch thick, and I want you to put it in the pan and count ten and take it right out again."

"I think you are probably only kidding me," she cracks, and he looks up.

"Well," he says. "The scenery around here is all they advertise, isn't it? What is your name?"

"My name," she says real sweetly, "is Daisy."

"I didn't know," he says, "that there were any girls by that name any more."

Well, it turns out that her old man runs the joint, or the joint runs him, and she is only a waitress at meal times. Seems that she is really hostess. Before you can say "swiss on rye and a cuppa coffee," she is taking off her apron and sitting down at the table to catch up on her hostessing. The other guests have finished by this time and are standing around the lobby picking their teeth and asking Honest Jack Davis whether he thinks it will rain tomorrow. It's that kind of a hotel.

While Olds is carefully avoiding the bottom crust of his custard pie, Daisy is asking him whether he is going to the Old Settlers Dance down in the village that night, and he says why, yes he is because he is very fond of old settlers and is crazy about their dances. And would she like to go with him? Well sir, by the strangest coincidence, she doesn' happen to have a date and would simply love to go. And when they come home tha night and are sitting on the hotel porch looking off at the lake and at old Sugar Peak silhouetted in the moonlight, he slips his arm around her and finds his technique seems t

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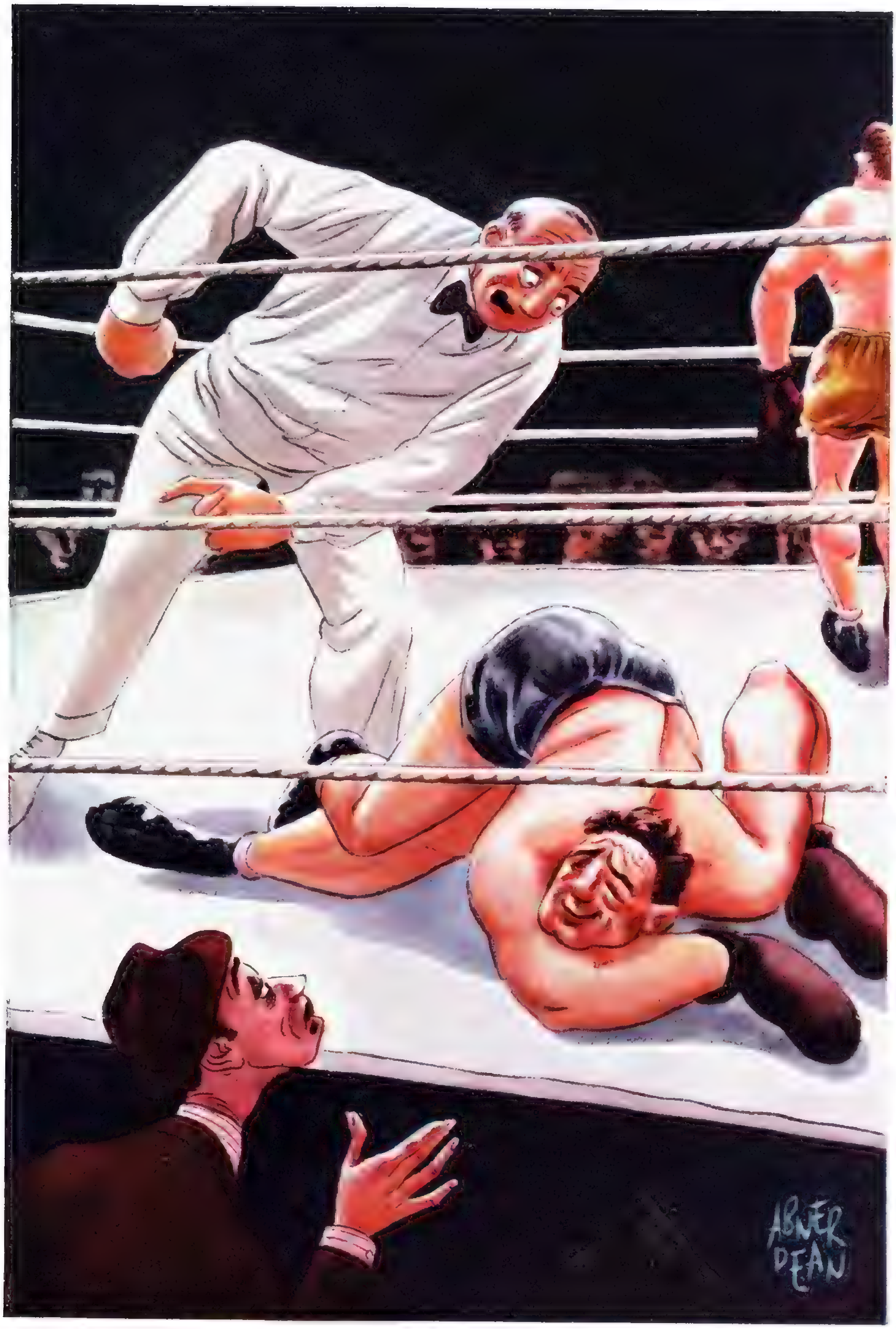
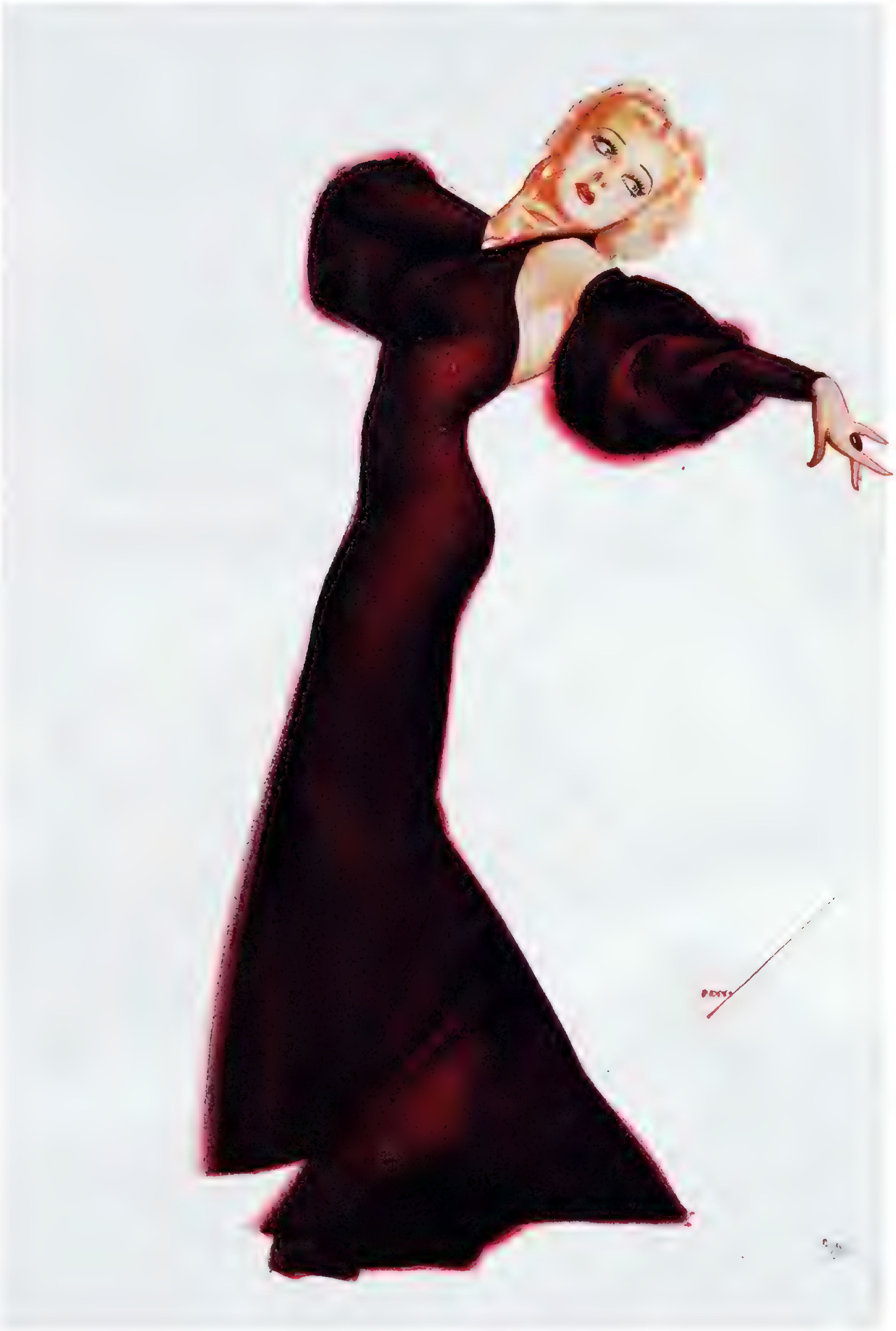


"C'mon champ—quit clowning"



"They're very glamorous, Colonel, but where are the trousers?"

The Class B Bust

Managing a bush-league baseball team isn't as much fun as it might appear from the bleachers

by STANLEY FITZGERALD

▪ ARTICLE ▪

WHILE the economists and the statesmen are marshalling their tangled tables of figures and giving out detailed analyses of obscure factors affecting domestic and foreign trade in an effort to show that happy days are here again, I just look in the *Baseball Guide*, observe that there are more minor leagues in operation now than at any time since 1930, and know in my heart that Judge Landis is in his Chicago office and all's right with the world. I don't know the current price of gold or wheat; I wouldn't know *Dow's Index* from Carl Hubbell's batting average. But I can read in the *Baseball Guide* the batting averages and the standings of clubs in organized baseball in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, Opelousas, Louisiana, and Pocatello, Idaho; and I know from that that there has been an upward swing from those dire days of three or four years ago when there was not a successful Class D league in operation, and even Class B clubs were finding it difficult to get by.

And don't think I don't know just how tough it was. If you don't think it was a struggle to make a success of a Class B club during those dark days, just ask the man who owned one. In short, ask me. I owned one, and I found it hard going—so hard, to be entirely frank, that I finally gave up the ghost and fell by the wayside.

My first and biggest mistake in my Class B venture was in the selection of a manager. There were swarms of baseball players out of jobs in those days, when fully half of the minor leagues had shut up shop, and I was deluged with applications for the job of manager, by telegraph, telephone and letter. Some of the applicants were unknown to me; some I had heard of as players in some other league. Nearly all of them had some fatal shortcoming. One, however, seemed to be the ideal man for the job. He was a former big league first baseman, with a reputation as a home-run hitter. He had played the preceding year with a Class AA club; but he lived in the town where I had got the franchise, and he said that he would prefer a job as playing manager in his home town to being a player in the ranks in a higher classification. He claimed (as all ball players always do) that he was in A1 condition in every way. Investigation revealed that he had been released outright by the Class AA club, which should have been a warning—but it wasn't. I knew he was totally untried as a manager, and I felt sure he had deteriorated as a player since I had seen him play five years before. He had a dull and torpid manner about him and had the reputation of being a nonchalant player; but I thought of all those home runs he would hit and of the drawing power at the turnstile of a local boy as manager—and so I signed Eddie to a player-manager's contract.

After the contract was signed (a week before our brief training season was to start), knowing that he had always had a tendency to put on extra poundage during the winter, I complimented him on the fact that he did not seem to be much overweight.

"No," he replied gravely, "I'm in the old pink right now. Not a pound too heavy, and nothing to work off. You see, I did put on about twenty pounds during the winter, as I usually do, but my uncle has been sick and I've been sitting up nights with him for two or three weeks and I've lost so much sleep that I've dropped about twenty pounds. I'm at my playing weight right now and I'm all ready to go."

So that explained those dark rings under his eyes. I knew Eddie had never been given to dissipation, and I was wondering what could have caused them. Cautiously I expressed the hope that his long bedside vigils had not dimmed his batting eye.

"Oh no, that's all right," Eddie assured me. "Things broke just right. Uncle died night before last, and I'm sleeping regular now. I'll be right in there when the season starts. Don't you worry. I'm going to be all right."

Signing Eddie gave us a manager and a first baseman, but we still had before us the man-sized job of getting together all the other necessary members of our prospective entry into the pennant race. Assembling a team presented numerous and intricate problems. It was a good deal like putting a jig-saw puzzle together. There was a player limit of fifteen and a club salary limit of $1800 per month. Furthermore, our league had a so-called "rookie rule." We were allowed to have as many as four players who had had experience in leagues of higher classification than ours; four of them must have played no higher than Class B; and the remainder must be rookies—semi-pros or amateurs, playing in organized baseball for the first time.

There was no shortage of the "Class" men. The woods were full of unemployed baseball players, owing to the collapse of so many leagues during the depression; and they were willing to work for fairly modest wages, too. We could have put a really good ball club on the field if we had not been hedged in with all the limitations. As it was, we carefully selected our Class men for strengthening the strategic points. We pieced out the rest of the club with men who had played in the league the year before, and with amateurs recruited from nearby country-town teams and colleges. Eddie selected most of these rookies, as he claimed to know the local talent, and I was perfectly willing to leave that part of it to him.

Accustomed to the salaries paid in Class A and higher, I was a little ashamed at the contracts we had to offer some of these rookies—but they were anxious to break into professional baseball, and none of them seemed to object to the meagre remuneration. Our four Class men demanded and received $200 a month each (with Eddie getting $100 a month on the side for managing); the Class B men we paid from $100 to $150 each. So that left but a small residue of the $1800 to be divided among the rookies. I remember that I blushed when I wrote in the figures "$60" in the space left for monthly salary in the first contract I signed with one of the young players, but the plow-boy who laboriously attached his name to the contract had himself suggested that he was willing to work for nothing, just to get a chance to show his stuff and maybe attract the attention of some scout; and, anyhow, $60 a month was more than he had ever before earned.

With the contracts all signed, I felt that we had pieced together a club which ought to give a good account of itself in that league—a well-balanced combination of experience and youth. But arranging for the personnel of the team was just one of the many things that had to be done. There was a myriad of details which had to be worked out before the training season started, and Eddie and I got to work on these at once.

Having hired a lot of ball players, we still weren't ready to play until we supplied them with balls and bats and uniforms. Fortunately, the balls presented no problem. The

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A Moment in the Sea

Death comes soon when there is no oxygen, but you die a thousand times in your mind

by IVAN SANDROF

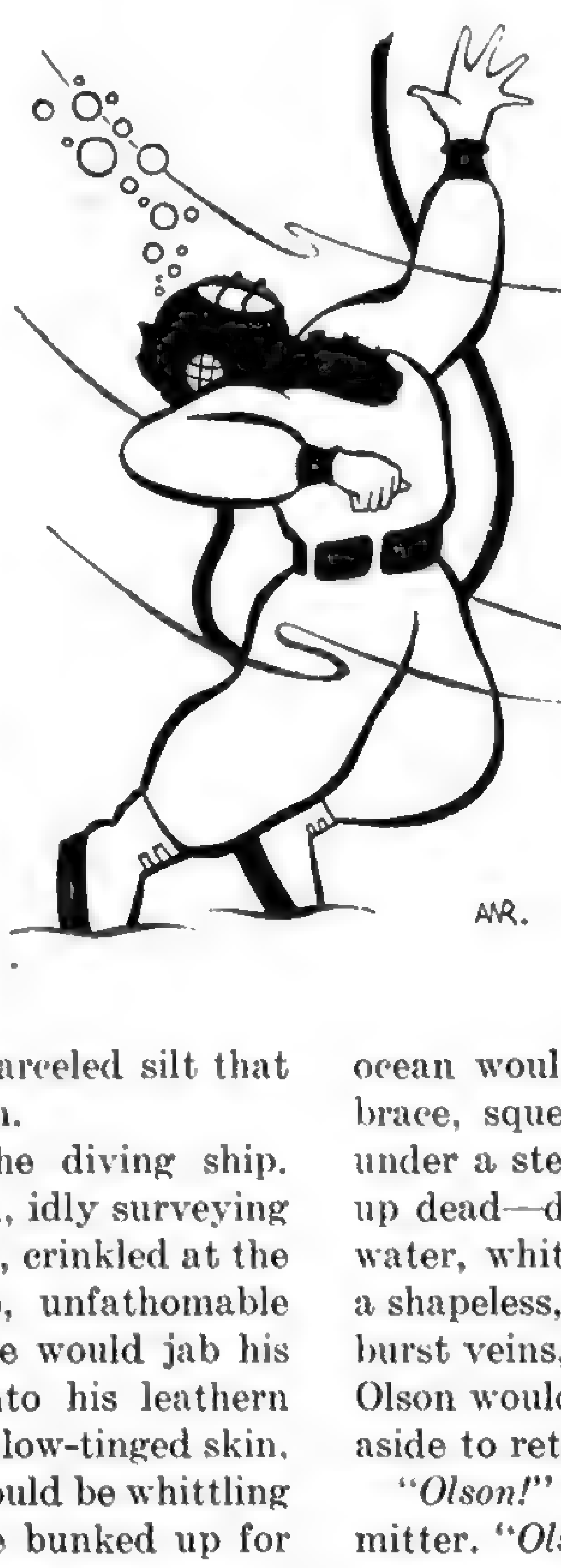
• FICTION •

One isn't supposed to think here, he thought as he slid down through the softness of the dim Atlantic, but I'll be crucified if I can help it.

He reached ninety feet. Olson, at the other end, brought him up with a suddenness that rammed an "Ugh!" through his teeth. He turned the air valve to balance pressure. The slip-stream of bubbles, gurgling and swirling out of the helmet, roared in his ears. After a while his feet, swollen in leaden-weights, touched the soft bottom, sending a cloud of fine silt billowing about him so that visibility was impossible.

"On the bottom!" he signaled Olson. The slack on his air line spread slowly behind him in a descending curve as he leaned forward and clumsily penetrated the sea wall.

When he switched on his lamp the light scissored out a wide swath through the blackness and limned the dark green water so that the fine silt particles gleamed like pin heads in the sun.



Jailed as tightly as in a straight-jacket, he had taught himself to fight panic. He thought a great deal in spite of himself; wanted to shout and swear, or something. Sometimes he even talked to the fish. Now he wondered only what the men were doing above him. Olson wore the ear-phones and a dirty brown sweater that had almost shed itself through salt corrosion. Jameson kept an eye on the air-compressor.

Funny how he felt this trip down—like a green diver on his first trip to the bottom. The drag of his heavy shoes persisted in raising skeins of finely parceled silt that clung tenaciously about him.

He thought again of the diving ship. Olson would be at the stern, idly surveying the north, his eyes thin slits, crinkled at the corners, his face immobile, unfathomable and stolid. After a while he would jab his teeth-bruised pipe back into his leathern jaws. Jameson, he of the yellow-tinged skin, blond hair and blue eyes, would be whittling the legs of a toy. When he bunked up for the night and took off his wooden leg, he turned red if you looked at the stump too long.

Up there, the sun would be boiling in the sky like the flames of a gas-burner, and small choppy waves would glow like broken mirrors. The Captain would be below deck, probably mending the gold salvaging apparatus.

A long narrow fish with yellow blotches near the tail appeared and paused to gape with stupid eyes at the thing within the iron ball. A quick flip of the valve and it scurried off, scared stiff by the flow of bubbles hissing behind it. He almost smiled at the way the fish slid off at the least indication of danger.

The Captain would stroll on deck about this time and look about.

"How long he been down, Olson?"

"Half-hour, maybe twenty-fife minits, Captin."

"Will that damn thing run itself?" he would ask, kicking his foot in the direction of the air-compressor.

"Ya," Olson would reply. "Only she ban apt to stop sometime. She be not a new one, Captin."

"We'll take a chance, Olson, for a minute. You come below. You, too, Jameson. I'm short-handed."

Olson would remove the phones. As he laid them on the deckboards they would click. A slight click like ticked fingernails.

The diver's hands tightened nervously as he thought he heard the click. Murder, that's what it was! The air-compressor would stop—but his mind wouldn't—oh, God!—there would be that moment when the air stopped coming through, and his lungs wheezed for oxygen. *Christ!* As the air went stale, the weight of the ocean would hug him in a monstrous embrace, squeeze him flatter than a tin can under a steam-roller. They would pull him up dead—dead as a herring floating in the water, white belly up—pour him on deck, a shapeless, formless mass of exploded flesh, burst veins, cracked bone and popped eyes. Olson would look at him, then turn his face aside to retch.

"*Olson!*" he screamed through his transmitter. "*Olson!*" His throat gagged in sheer terror.

"Yah?" came the slow, bland answer.

He suddenly felt exceedingly foolish. "Christ!" he shuddered. He could feel the salt sweat beads chilling his face in the constant flow of air, rushing air, beautiful air, and he felt wildly relieved. "God!" he muttered, feeling his tense muscles and thudding pulse relaxing. He laughed nervously with relief.

"How long I been down?" he shouted, pressing his lips against the cold transmitter.

"Yust fifteen minits." He strained his ears to hear. The constant flow of air through his helmet made hearing difficult. But he would rather have the air than hear well, he grimly thought.

His legs still quivered from the strain of the past twenty seconds. He wouldn't have minded quitting, but his pride was stronger than his fear. Slightly to his left he vaguely glimpsed a dark hulk that might be what he was looking for, and as a small procession of weakfish swam with him, he slowly advanced, like a stuffed coffin dragged by finny pallbearers.

The exhaust bubbles trailed up in clicking, sucking silver balls. His air line stretched and lingered behind him, an elongated intestine.

On deck Swen Olson glanced aft and nudged Jameson, who was smoothing down a leg on a wooden doll.

"Captin's coming."

Jameson folded up his jackknife, and both of them wiped their hands on their dungareed thighs and saluted. They waited patiently. The Captain sauntered closer. A cold wind sprang out of the north and touseled Jameson's hair. The Captain paused.

"How long he been down, Olson?"

"Half-hour, maybe twenty-fife minits."

"Will that damn thing run itself?" he asked, kicking his foot in the direction of the whirling pump.

"Ya," Olson replied. "Only she ban apt to stop sometime. She be not a new one, Captin." He looked uneasy.

"We'll take a chance, Olson, for a minute. You come below with me. You, too, Jameson. I'm short-handed."

Olson and Jameson glanced at each other.

"Are ye comin'?" roared the Captain, his face purpling and spitting. "What in hell is this—insubordination?" He choked on the last word. "Come below!"

They wiped their fingers again and obediently pulled their fingers in a grave salute. "Aye, aye, Captin."

Olson removed the phones from his head and put them down slowly. They clicked ever so slightly as they touched the deckboards and turned up like two accusing eyes. Olson glanced anxiously at the pump, then he, Jameson and the Captain, went below.

The pump ran giddily, its large and dirty wheel flashing and sinking, flashing and sinking in monotonous consistency. Then it

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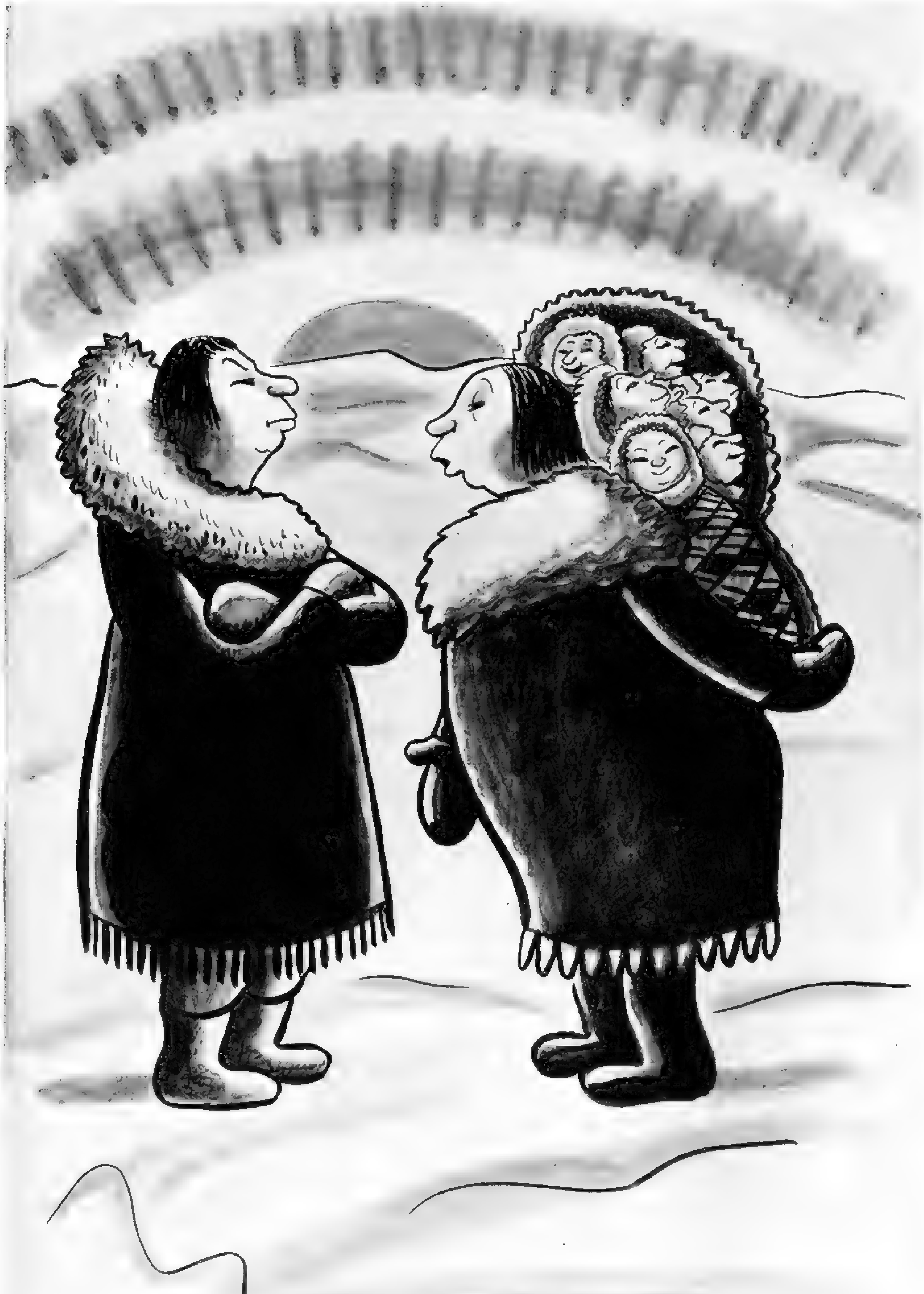

"Igwok, enough is enough—I can't carry the world around on my shoulders"

Case of Convict 1174

After twenty-four years within prison walls, he figured he had sixteen good years left

by JIM TULLY

• FICTION •

The State Prison Board was in session. Seated about a long mahogany table with a glass top, they resembled the directors of a steel corporation. A row of filing cabinets was at one end of the room, from the windows of which could be seen the rolling and beautiful water of San Francisco Bay.

A large picture of Abraham Lincoln, with eyes of haunting sadness, hung upon the wall.

Clerks known as trusties moved softly about the room.

The new warden, now chairman of the board, arrived. A square built man, about fifty, his face was broad and firm. His unruly hair was a mass of gray.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said, handing his brief case to a trusty. "My apologies."

The clerk of the board, a weather-worn man, stood near the row of files that contained the records of six thousand men.

The board exchanged a few pleasantries. Then with papers strewn before them, they disposed of hopes and dreams rapidly.

The clerk came to file No. 883, prisoner 1174. He might have known the words by heart, he read so swiftly. ". . . he has been here twenty-four years. Arrived when thirty. Embezzlement. High living. Corporation lawyer. Absconded with one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Thirty thousand recovered. Presumed to have hidden the rest. No trace of it ever found. Taciturn. Up for pardon or parole eleven times in fourteen years. Dismissed each time. Woman in the case . . ."

The clerk looked up from the paper. The faces of the board were turned toward him. Seeming to feel that more was expected, he read, "Powerful influences have fought every move in his favor, unless secret of lost money divulged. Allen of Bankers' Exchange in line against him, now dead."

"Show him in," commanded the warden.

The prisoner entered.

His thin hands were behind his back. The muscles of his throat were contracted. He swallowed as he walked. The gray prison uniform covered his tall sparse body like a faded moth-eaten shroud. His legs were bent at the knees. His lifeless eyes were fixed. One strand of gray hair straggled backward on his head. His forehead projected far out. His nose was beaked and sharp as the blade of a knife at the bridge. His lips were thin and sensitive. The corners of his large mouth drooped. His cheeks had the watery blue color of a freshly shaven corpse. His tongue constantly touched the edges of his lips.

He halted for a moment, stumbled a few steps more, and stood before his keepers.

A member of the board dropped his pencil on the table. The silence of the room accentuated the noise made by the metal tip striking the glass top.

"Prisoner 1174," said the warden, as the member recovered the pencil.

"Yes, sir," returned the convict in a hoarse whisper. He tried to say more, and stopped in a gesture of despair.

The warden continued, "You have been here twenty-four years. May we ask what you did with the hundred and fifty thousand? So long as you keep us in ignorance of that it shows that you are not contrite at heart."

"Your Honor," stuttered weakly the man whom more than two dozen years of prison discipline had made obsequious, "I—I—I—"

"Lead him out," said the warden.

The door closed.

The warden continued, "Allen of the Bankers' Trust is dead . . . the papers he controlled will make no fight on his release now. The governor has granted my request. A man should not be punished forever—for vengeance."

"But the money," said a member, "and justice."

"I've thought of both. We are not here to punish the insane."

The member fingered his pencil.

"But we can't allow him to defeat justice."

The warden sighed. "It's too large a question for this room. He's already served twenty-four years."

Passing with the guard through the steel corridors, Convict 1174 reached his cell in time to fall in line for the noonday meal. His mind in turmoil over what the next day would bring, he was unable to touch the coarse food.

. . . Twenty-four years . . . the same place at the table for eleven years . . . the same cell for nineteen years . . . the oldest man in the prison in point of time served except a derelict Chinaman . . .

There was time enough yet . . . he came of a long lifed crew . . . his father had died at nearly ninety-five . . . his mother, long past eighty. He would still have good meals . . . and know women . . . a hundred and fifty thousand . . . they could never take it from him . . . he had served twenty-four years for it . . . no use to tell now. Would the warden ask him questions as had the other wardens?

A dazed automaton in dirty crumpled gray, he marched from the dining room and fell on his cot face forward like a man shot in the back. His pulse throbbed swiftly. His heart beat hard. "In six years I'll be sixty. Sixteen good years yet, anyhow."

He rose from the cot and looked out of his barred window toward the bay. A few sea gulls circled through the bright blue weather. For years he had watched the sea gulls. They gave him vicarious freedom and revived the dying poet in his soul. For the first year they had all looked alike, but now he could tell the difference between them. Long ago when fog clouds scurried across the bay as though driven from the bellows of a mile-high giant, a sea gull had perched on an iron cross piece outside his window. It came to his cell for many weeks, then flew away forever. Its disappearance made him more lonely. Once he thought he saw it flying in the midst of many other gulls. He strained his eyes but could not distinguish it more clearly.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

"That was fourteen—or seventeen—years ago."

Her letter came three days later. "Of course I know you will not forgive but I am weary. Thing will be better in Brazi . . . perhaps."

"Oh, well," he thought "who could expect her t wait twenty-four years?

The night dragged i utter weariness away.

A guard called for hir at ten o'clock the nex morning. A tremor wen through his body. H might be free at last.

The warden leaned on his desk, his heav jaw in a heavy hand. Through his stron brain rumbled many thoughts. He compare Convict 1174 with the man from whom th money had been stolen. He was more powe ful than laws. He had committed man crimes . . . Convict 1174 but one.

He recalled the prisoner's name—Jona than Fletcher. The horror of his career wa too vivid. He rubbed his eyes.

A knock came to the door. Convict 117

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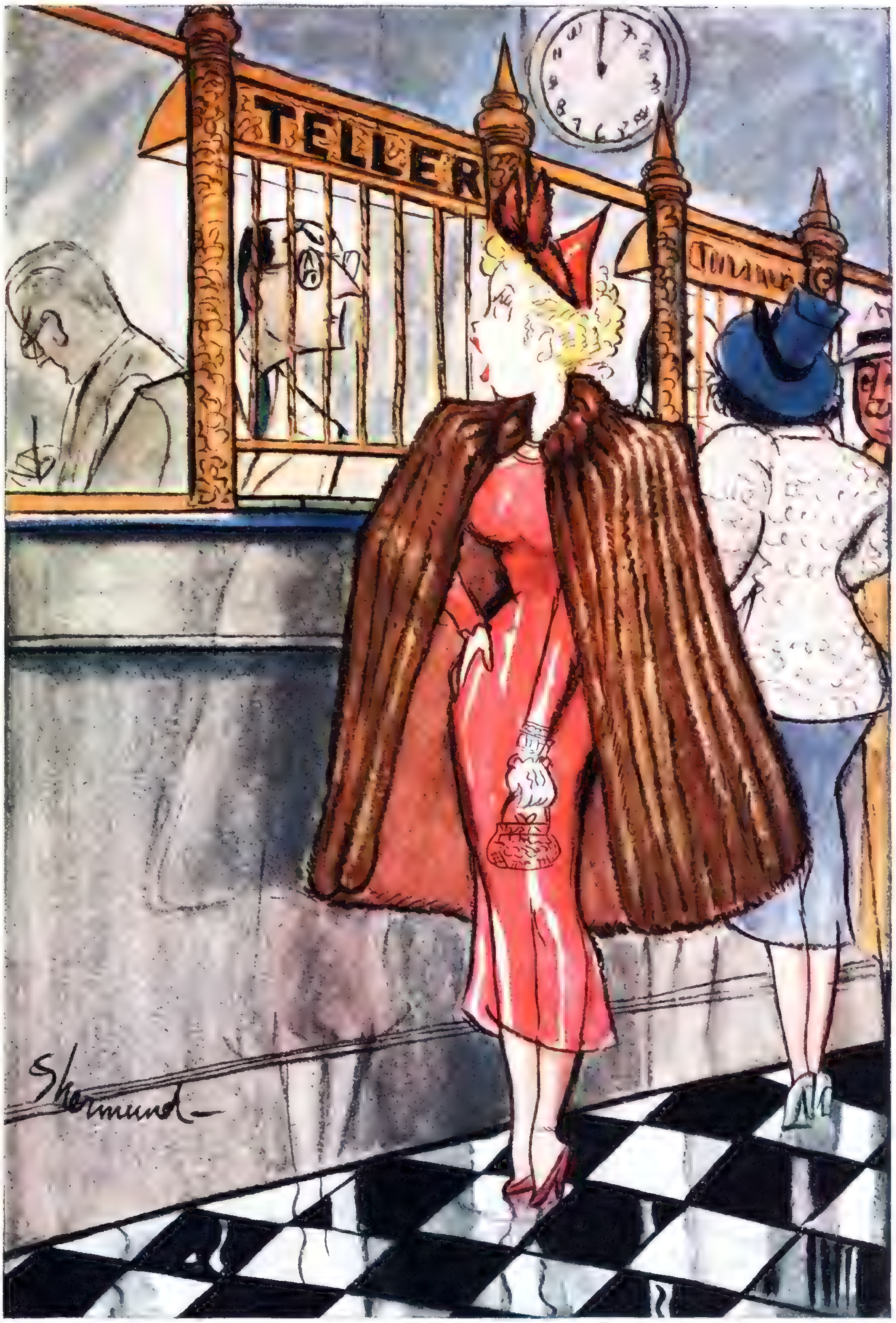
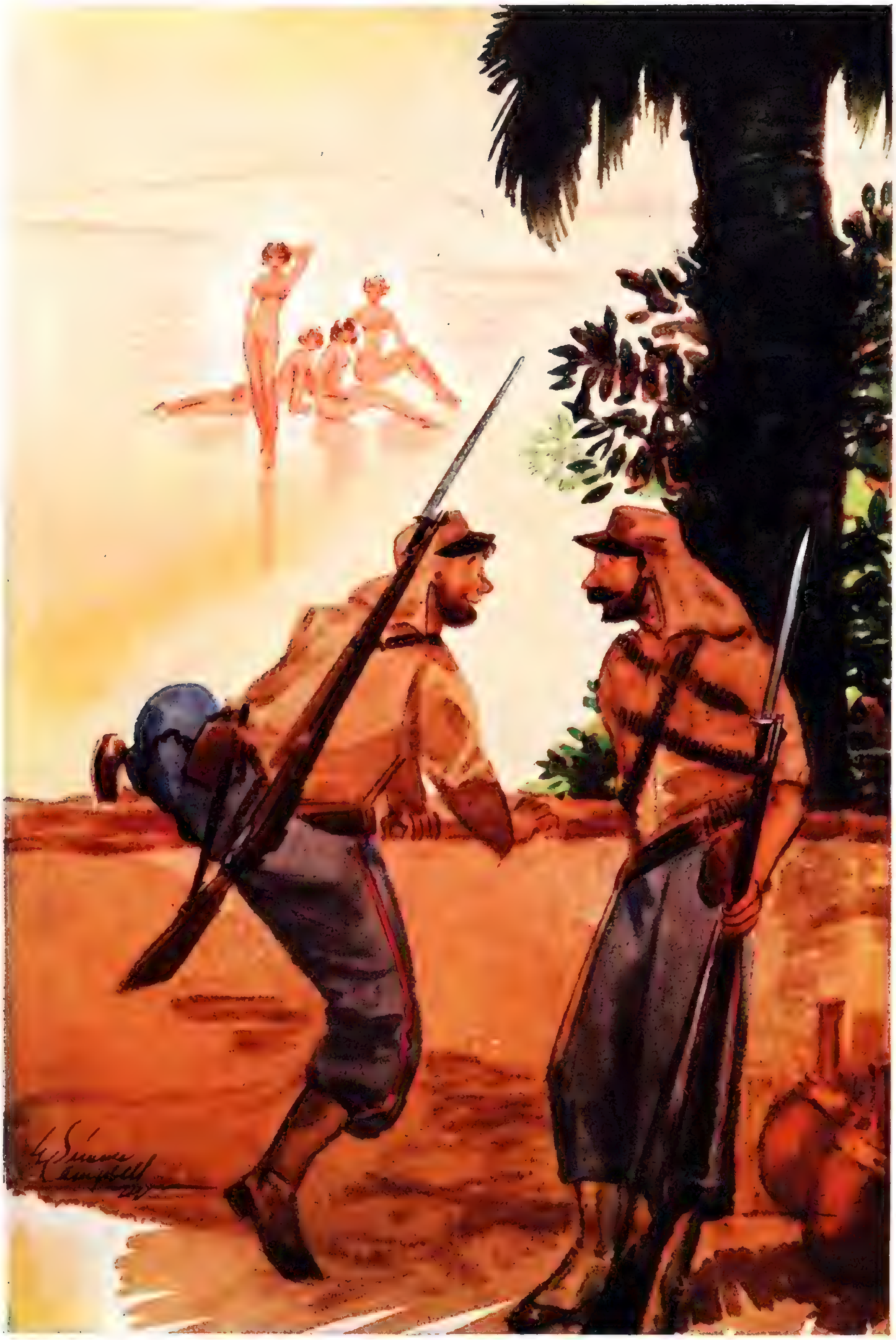

TELLER
Shermund

"But Mr. Norman said I could open a charge account wherever I liked!"


E. Simms Campbell

"I know it's a mirage, but I'm not taking any chances"

Welcome Home, Pretty Pigeon!

It's no sport for a nervous man, waiting for a stubborn bird to pop into its cote

by KENNETH RIPLEY

• SPORTS •

The Rathlooney Cross Pigeon Club of Cork City was proceeding in full force towards the railway station in MacCurtain Street. The occasion was the departure within a few minutes of the Irish Railway's north bound goods train. Each member of the unique organization bore a white bundle, the contents of which showed signs of restlessness not unusual when a voyager of the misty Irish skyways finds its horizon limited to the confines of a flour bag.

The goods train, drawn up on a siding, was about to pull out. A crate stood ready on the platform and, with the air of conjurers mildly surprised at their own skill, the members of the Rathlooney Cross Pigeon Club produced from their flour bags their fond hopes for the weekly classic, the flight from Navan in the far County Meath back home to the city of Cork.

The birds, some sixty of them, were entrusted to the crate with much tenderness and last-minute exhortation.

"Come home to me now, darlin'. 'Tis I that will be waitin' for ye wid the love o' the world!"

"Saint Anthony ride wid ye, me lovely little hen!"

The crate was then entrusted to a preoccupied conductor, a man who failed by a wide margin to evince as much wholesome interest in pigeon racing as the devotees thought fitting. A lumpish lot, these railwaymen. No time for anything but trains. God be with the old days when there was some sport in Ireland!

"Good-day Mr. Grogan. Would ye be so kind as to set these loose at the Navan Station at eight o'clock tomorrow morning?" This with heavy accent on the mister from the Honorable Secretary of the club.

"Faith and will ye do it noo? And not wait until ye've had yer dinner either! 'Tis a small favor entirely and isn't it how we're all friends o' yours anyway?"

"Dear God, Mr. Grogan, will ye do it as we ask ye? All at the wan time, do ye understand? We'll see ye have as much porter as ye can drink on the Tuesday when ye come home. All ye want of it indade!"

"Thank ye, noo. Ye're the dacent gentleman altogether!"

The crate was lifted aboard and the train pulled out for the distant north, leaving the Pigeon Club standing uneasily on the platform nursing some serious misgivings.

Mr. Grogan waved a limp hand as he swung aboard. The bird fanciers responded with all the appearances of hearty regard.

"The hare-brained son of a wild Irish ass, if it's him that doesn't lave out them pigeons on the hour I'll have his sacred life," quoth Mr. Jack Sheehan as he showed his teeth to the departing conductor.

"Amen," chorused the boys from Rathlooney Cross.

In perfect accord on that matter they set out forthwith for their favorite pub in that city which, though it huddles hopefully around a statue of the Apostle of Temperance, would, by its breath towards night, cause that reverend gentleman to dash headlong into the murky waters of the River Lee.

Throughout the evening over innumerable pints of stout the supermen talked of their great flights of other years, actually clothing themselves, by dint of their good Celtic imaginations, in the feathers of the Blue Rocks, the Magpies, the Grey Rocks and the Speckled Hens until closing time sent them singing out into the dusk.

By midnight there was comparative calm in Cork and out around Rathlooney Cross a warm summer moon shining down on empty pigeon cotes and crowded whitewashed cottages lighted the faces of brawny Irishmen who dreamt that they were winging it high over MacGuillycuddy's Reeks towards foaming pints and bundles of five pound notes.

This was on a Saturday; any Saturday from April to August, for pigeon racing is a popular sport in the County Cork. It is a pastime within the reach of everyone for pigeons cost but very little and often can be had from unenlightened people for the asking. It is a good sport on which to gamble, no method yet being known, even to the Irish, of persuading a bird to do less than his best or his worst. The breeding of the birds is a subject for neighborly discussion during the long winter and for much speculation, usually backed with hard cash and often with swinging fists. By the time the season opens each of the numerous clubs in the environs of Cork has a number of birds which are trained performers, all of them having been sent out several times to accustom them to returning to their own cotes. Early in April the pigeons are ready and so are the men. Let the scoffer string along with the boys whose birds are already aboard the northbound train.

On Sunday morning a time clock is set up in the middle of Rathlooney Cross. Then comes the difficult business of handicapping. The birds can be counted upon to come home with all possible speed from the point of their liberation but further than that no man can foretell their actions. Therein lies the agonizing catch. Each contestant is identified by means of a numbered ring, the property of the club, which is attached to one leg. The object is to produce that ring at the time clock at the earliest possible moment. A bird may arrive home before any of the others are visible on the horizon but all the curses in Ireland may not be potent enough to force him to enter the cote where he can be captured and the ring removed. Bad luck to the breed but the heartaches that a stubborn bird can cause as he sits proudly cooing on the roof after a brilliant dash of one hundred and fifty miles! It is no sport for the nervous man, this pigeon racing!

The distances from the clock to the houses of the various contestants are carefully paced off and a certain number of seconds' handicap allotted to those who live farthest away to allow for the transportation of the ring once it is snatched from the leg of the little wanderer. This transportation can be accomplished by any means whatever but it is usually entrusted to the fastest runner in the family who removes his boots when the pigeon arrives to be ready for a desperate sprint through dooryards and over fences for the glory of his own pigeon cote and the financial gain of himself and his relatives.

Once the handicapping has been accomplished a sweepstake is formed and a door-to-door campaign is launched to sell tickets. By starting time every house in the vicinity has a mercenary interest in the order of arrival of the birds. Rathlooney Cross is set. For the moment full responsibility rests upon the stooped shoulders of one man and that man mournfully chewing the ends of his walrus mustache in the caboose of a goods train somewhere in the County Kildare. The day dawns overcast and there are

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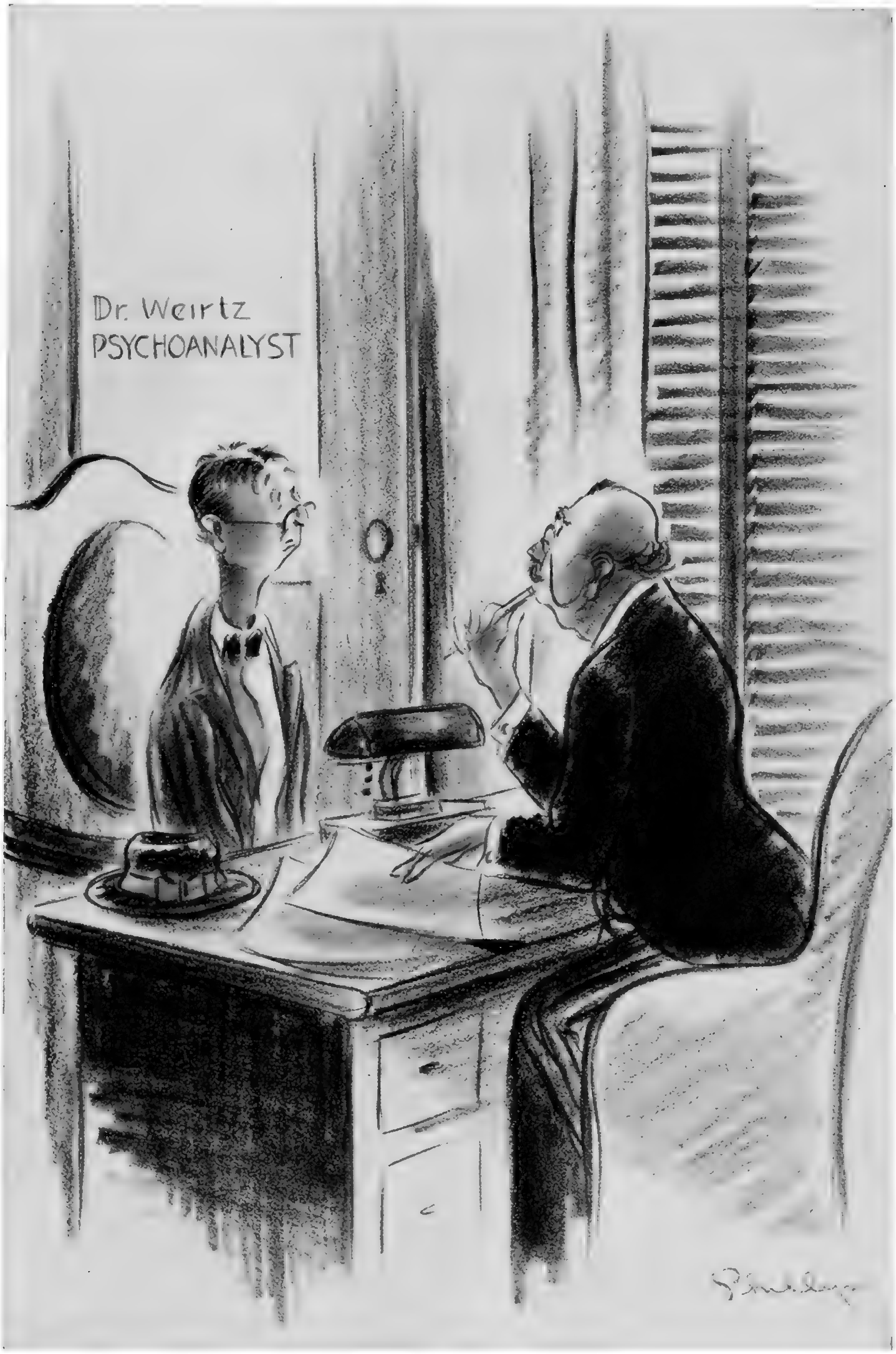

Dr. Weirtz
PSYCHOANALYST

"Now your first step in conquering your inferiority complex is to destroy all your mirrors"

obert Henri: Maker of Masters

With rare understanding he taught each of his students to be true to his own vision

by HARRY SALPETER

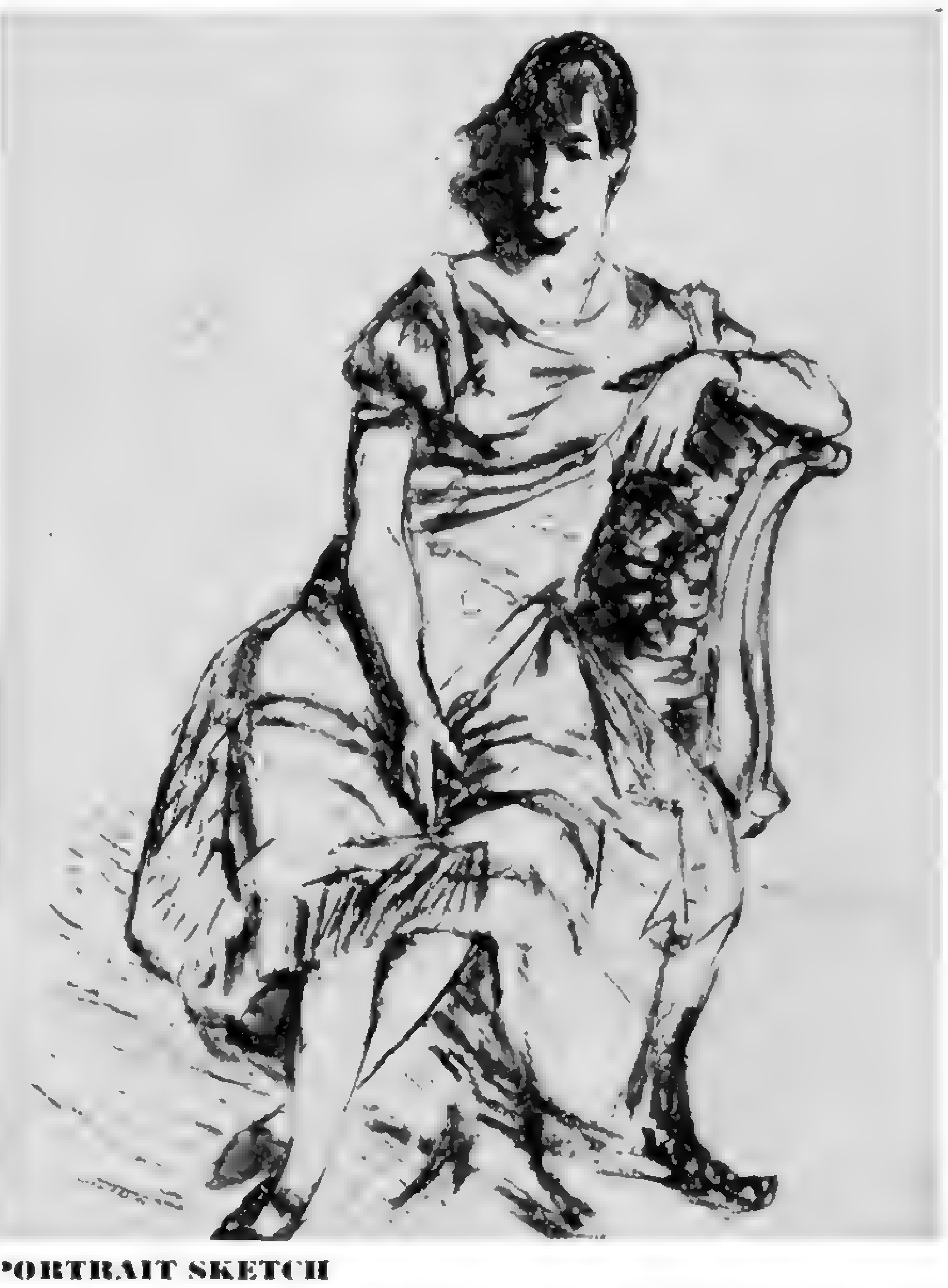
▪ ARTICLE ▪

nnot make even a perfunctory ex- on into the story of American art beginning of this century without ⁊ stumbling over the life, the work, nce of Robert Henri.

g research further, one learns that enri put his mark indelibly upon . of art in this country and in this Ie did it by his own painting, his is teaching, his fighting. He did it he men whom he influenced. He n by the almost passive ı of those rays of per- hich were Robert Henri. s own paintings ever go ue, it will still remain an e conclusion that he set t artists of this genera- ir courses than any other

ainter has had a teacher ime or other and every es to preen himself upon his students who have ugh, even if his teaching ng to do with it. But a teacher with a differ- as an inspiring influence. men to be true to their n. In the average art , Carbon Copy is Teach- ıd men who paint alike ng together. He encour- ger men to paint not like ıt like themselves—like Bellows, du Bois, Glenn Edward Hopper, Rock- , and these are only a men who listened to the ıis grave, deep voice at Lincoln Arcade school.

n his New York career a little before the begin- e century, at the school h had been founded by . Chase. After conducting his own several years and then turning it group of students, he taught for iods at the Art Students' League. er East Side there was an insti- he radical poor called the Ferrer med after the Spanish anarchist e Catholic saint. Henri was no ınd he was no Socialist but he in the right of the individual to to fulfill himself in the art forms e he felt he might help some of oung men and women at the the highroad to self-realization, here too and made Bellows teach t was from one of these students, ıty years ago, long before I could painting from a poster or knew the name of a single American artist, that I first heard the name of Robert Henri. He taught even in Madrid, during the year he lived in Spain, conducting a class with Randall Davey. But beyond the rows and rows of eager faces who drank in the words of the man who was teaching art because it meant something to all of them, there were those rows and rows beyond who were poring over his book, *The Art Spirit*, and reading the things they could not hear. There were students by day and students by night. There were bright young men who had remittances from Dad to keep them while they were studying—and others. And what Henri meant to them as a teacher is perhaps best conveyed in these two sentences from Forbes Watson's introduction to the fifth edition of *The Art Spirit:*


PORTRAIT SKETCH

"I can still remember sitting on a bench in Union Square listening to some Henri students in a heated discussion of what Henri had said that evening to his Night School students. The discussion was so ardent that no one hearing it could have believed that these young men, who had worked all day at manual labor, and painted for hours at the Henri School, were about to sleep on a bench in a park because they could not afford to hire a room for the night." He *must* have been a teacher in the spirit in which only one man is a teacher out of ten thousand who teach and even now, almost eight years after his death, I have seen strong men of few words go almost moist-eyed at the mention of his name.

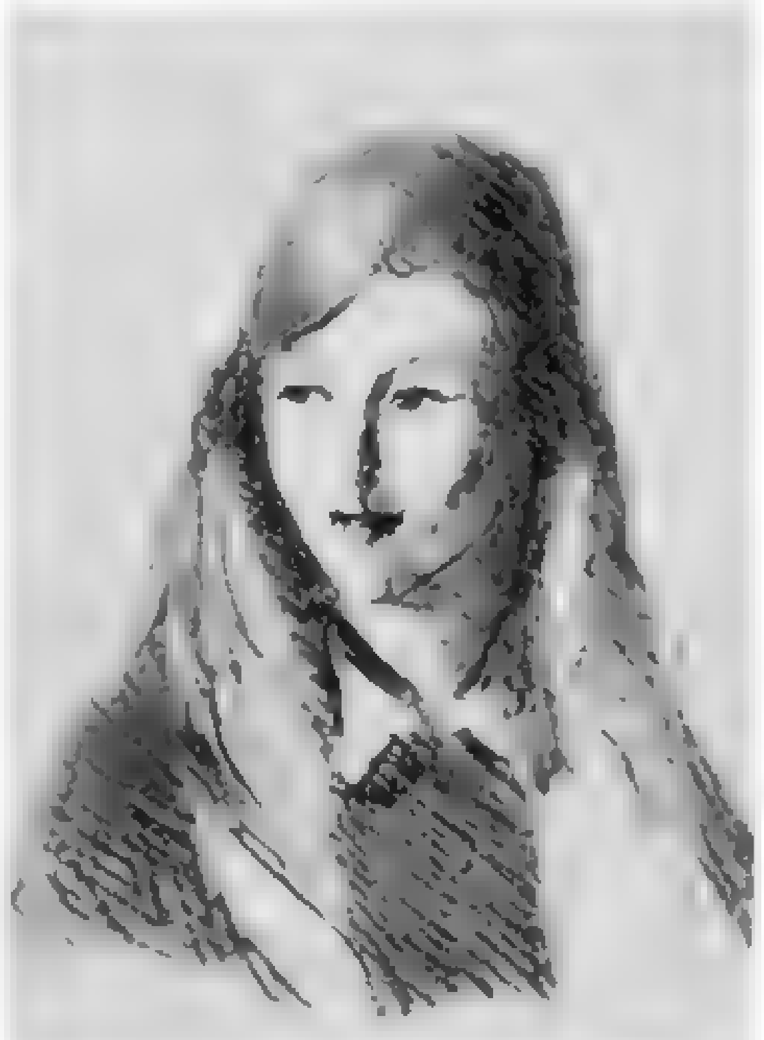
He was a breaker of new paths. He forced open studio windows and let in the light and air, and even the noise and tumult, of the city. He was the leaven of the whole loaf. He fought for certain inalienable rights of artists against the entrenched authority of Academy and Museum until his selfless ardor brought fellow-fighters to his banner. There was something of the chivalrous about him. If he took up a cause, it was for the cause and not for the spotlight and the long Sunday article which might follow. If museums today buy the works of modern painters and the National Academy is a little less hidebound than it was and aware of fresh currents in art, that is because Henri fought for certain issues way back in 1907 and '08.

He made "No Jury, No Prizes" the rallying cry of his generation. Out of that cry developed the Society of Independent Artists and the Armory Show of 1913. That the Society has survived its necessity is simply one of the consequences of continuing to shout the battle cry after the victory has been virtually won. His own place as a painter was secure long before he began any of his campaigns and how secure he was in it may be gathered from the fact that shortly after his death the Metropolitan Museum of Art gave him a memorial show. It is a hackneyed truism which applies to him, that he left the world a better place than he found it—certainly for artists. He wasn't the kind of artist who made people suffer—because he was an artist. A rebel, he was not shrill; a fighter, he sheathed an iron hand in a velvet glove—but knew his purpose.

There has been a great pother recently about the obligation of the American painter to paint the American Scene. Almost a lifetime before the American Scene painters—Thomas Benton, John S. Curry, Grant Wood, Reginald Marsh—Henri was telling his students to forsake the studio and go out into the city streets. "Henri," I am informed by Mr. Speicher, "was a very early encourager of the artist reacting to his immediate environment," advising students in

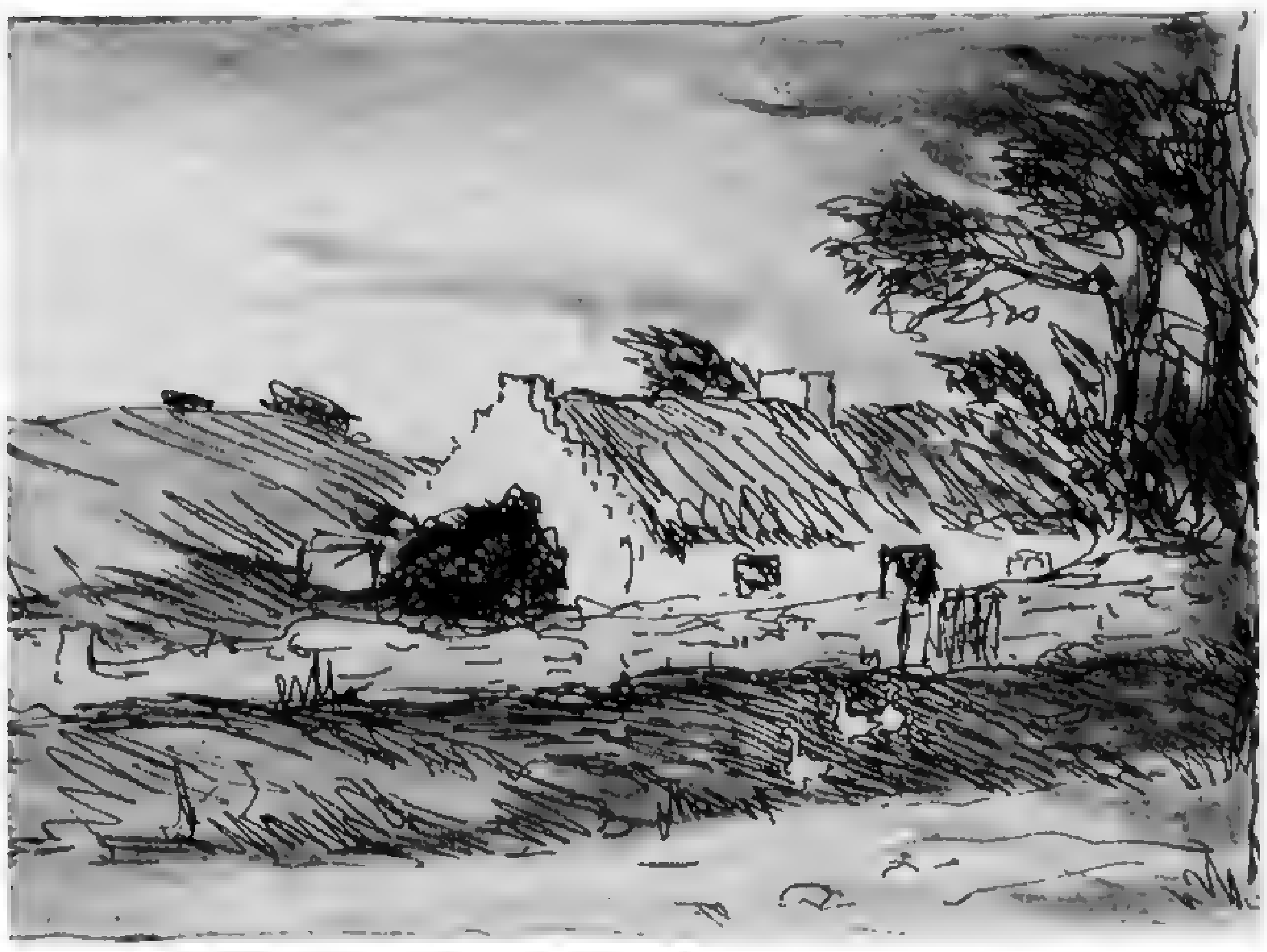
Continued on next page

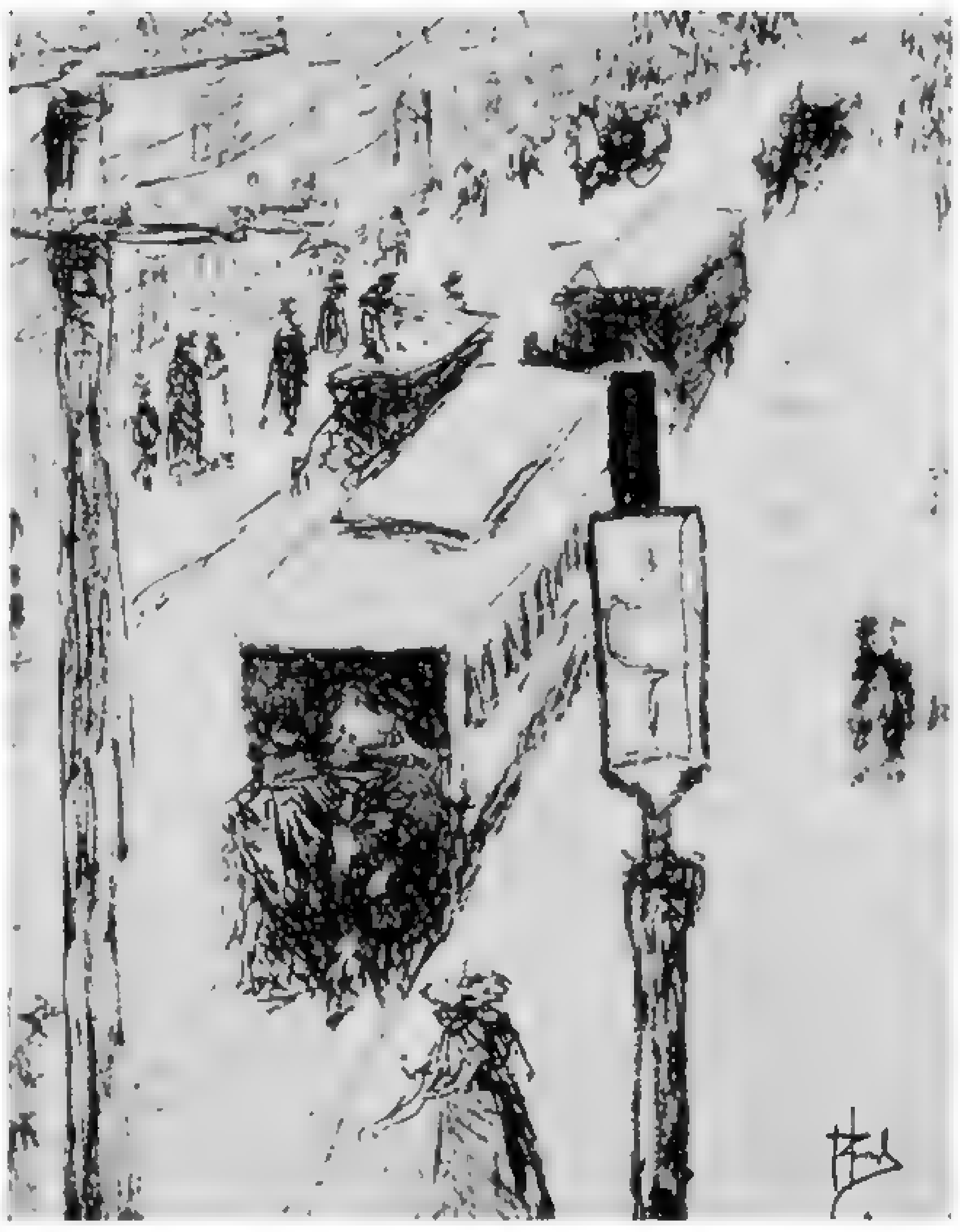
his composition classes of thirty years ago to paint Child's restaurant interiors, tenement houses, the "El" and subway scenes, Central Park crowds, the waterfront. Bellows and Hopper and du Bois responded to this, Bellows especially finding himself and fulfilling himself by following this instruction in the spirit and letter. Had Bellows, under any other teacher of that time, ventured to paint naked waterfront kids or a bruiser in the prize ring he would in all probability have been reminded that the province of art was the studio arrangement of live and dead matter and the rural landscape.


KATHERINE

For his own early pictures, Henri definitely went outside the studio, bringing back the rough notes for what became the canvasses of his first period. There was *La Neige*, a Paris winter scene which the French government bought for the Luxembourg. There was also his slightly similar treatment of New York's 57th Street and other street settings and many café scenes and the country and seashore, in peace and in storm. There is no doubt that at some time or other Sloan, if not du Bois, looked at, for example, Henri's *Café Terrace*. For his own part Sloan admits his indebtedness to the early Henri. After awhile, however, Henri came back to the studio to devote himself exclusively to the painting of people on the model stand, just as Sloan, later, was to pull down the blinds of his windows, forsaking the rooftops of Greenwich Village to give himself up to the quest of the cross-hatched nude. Henri allowed others to be faithful to his teaching; he sought to be consistent to his own development and the justification of his inconsistency is that he will stand or fall by his portraits of people, of children mainly, canvasses in which he claims affinity with none other than Franz Hals.

He was not narrowly patriotic. He traveled over many places of the earth and learned to love many kinds of people, of many colors and many languages. In his own veins there were French, English and Irish bloods and he spoke Spanish and French almost as fluently as English. He proclaimed a universal patriotism which would be in damned bad odor today. He had a winter home in New York and, during the last four years of his life, a summer home in Ireland. He was mad about Spain and traveled a good deal through Holland, France and Italy. Marooned within the wide spaces of the U. S. A. during the war, he went to Santa Fe, where he discovered the Indians and the Mexicans and by proclaiming his discovery set going a literary and artistic trek toward the Southwest. He went also to California and looked upon the sea-roughened faces of the Maine and Massachusetts coasts. But always he was seeking the people, the common people, the vital people, the people of character. The Spanish people, and the gypsies among them, were obviously a joy to him, as his canvasses show, for that flash of aliveness for which Henri was constantly looking


IRISH SCENE


PHILADELPHIA STREET IN 90'S

was not too far beneath the surface. He used to say that one of the reasons he liked to travel was that whereas in America, except for such places as the Southwest, he was confined to professional models generally, abroad he could choose among the people. That could not have been the whole reason, for much as he liked to paint the Irish, he enjoyed not one whit less the ardors and the joys of trout fishing in that lake behind his house.

Such pictures of his as *Young Woman in Black* (portrait of his first wife) and *Young Woman in White* indicate that he might have employed the Whistler style, which he discarded soon enough, in fashionable, although dignified, portraiture, and he could be even a little theatrical, as in his oils of Fay Bainter, Roshanara and Ruth St. Denis, ingratiating as the last two are. He painted at least one child and one infant in swaddling clothes in the conventional studio manner, but the tough looking kid called Skipper, with the peak of his cap turned, is more in the style and in the vivacity and vitality that mark the typical Henri painting.

His canvasses include a whole classroom of boys and girls of character. They may be gentle as the hauntingly beautiful *Imaginative Boy*, or tough, as is *Dutch Joe*, with the smile that shows his missing tooth. There are quite a number of Dutch children in this classroom, although some of the most successful children's portraits are of Negro kids, including Sylvester, Willie Gee and Eva Green. *Cinco Centimo*, the picture of a beggar child, indicates his feeling for Spanish character, whose vividness and intensity —and pathos also—he notes as well in portraits of the fathers and mothers of these children. But whether he was painting Americans or Indians, Mexicans or Spaniards, Irish or Dutch, he was attempting to capture the essential human being at the instant that life lit up in mouth and eyes. He painted not the dormant person, but the person at the moment of awareness and expression, at the moment of coming to life. It is not always easy. Some of his more cultivated sitters, perhaps a prissy female art critic, would not be drawn out; they were too cultivated. That is why he sought out peasants and children and the untamed ones, Mexicans, gypsies and Indians. To

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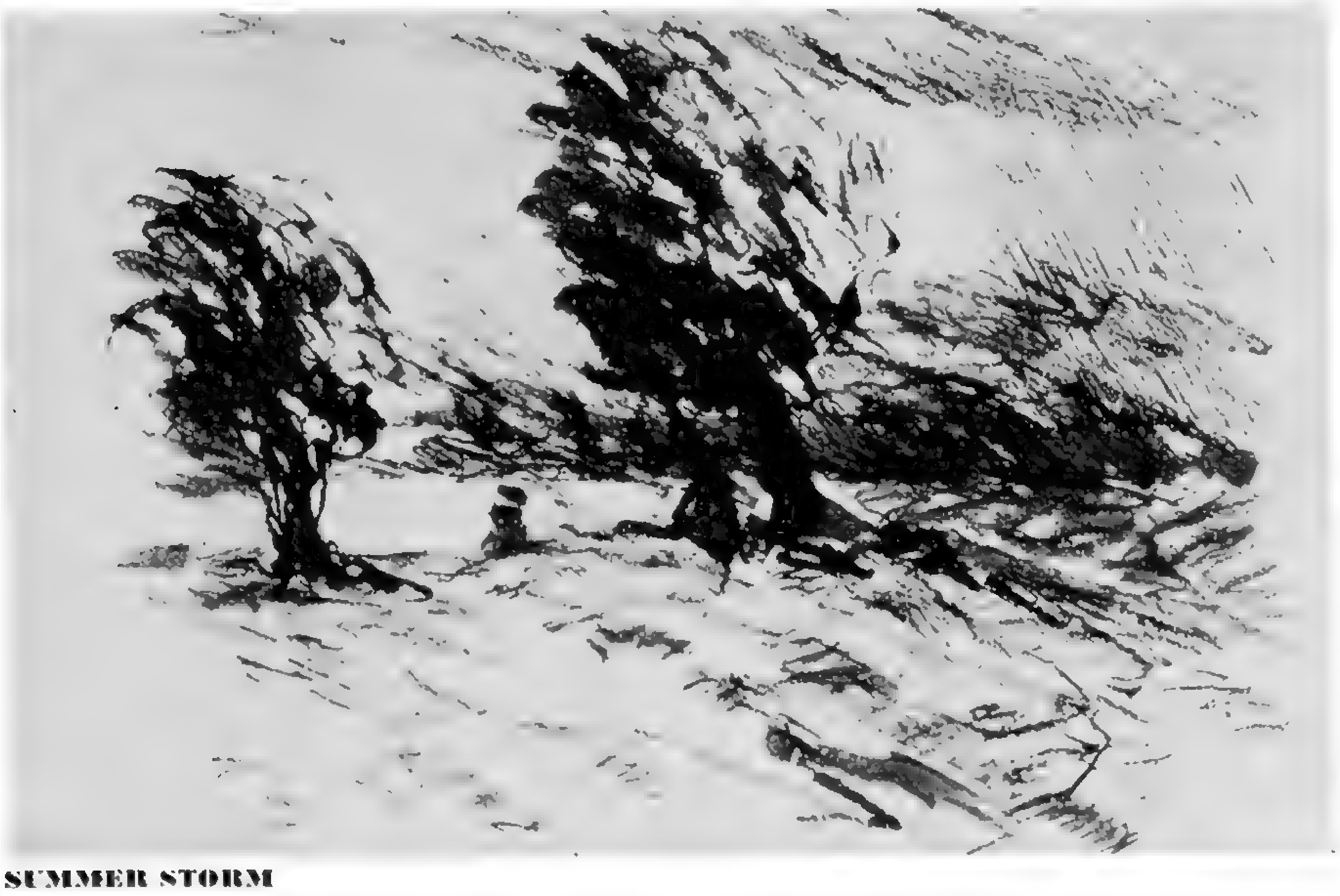
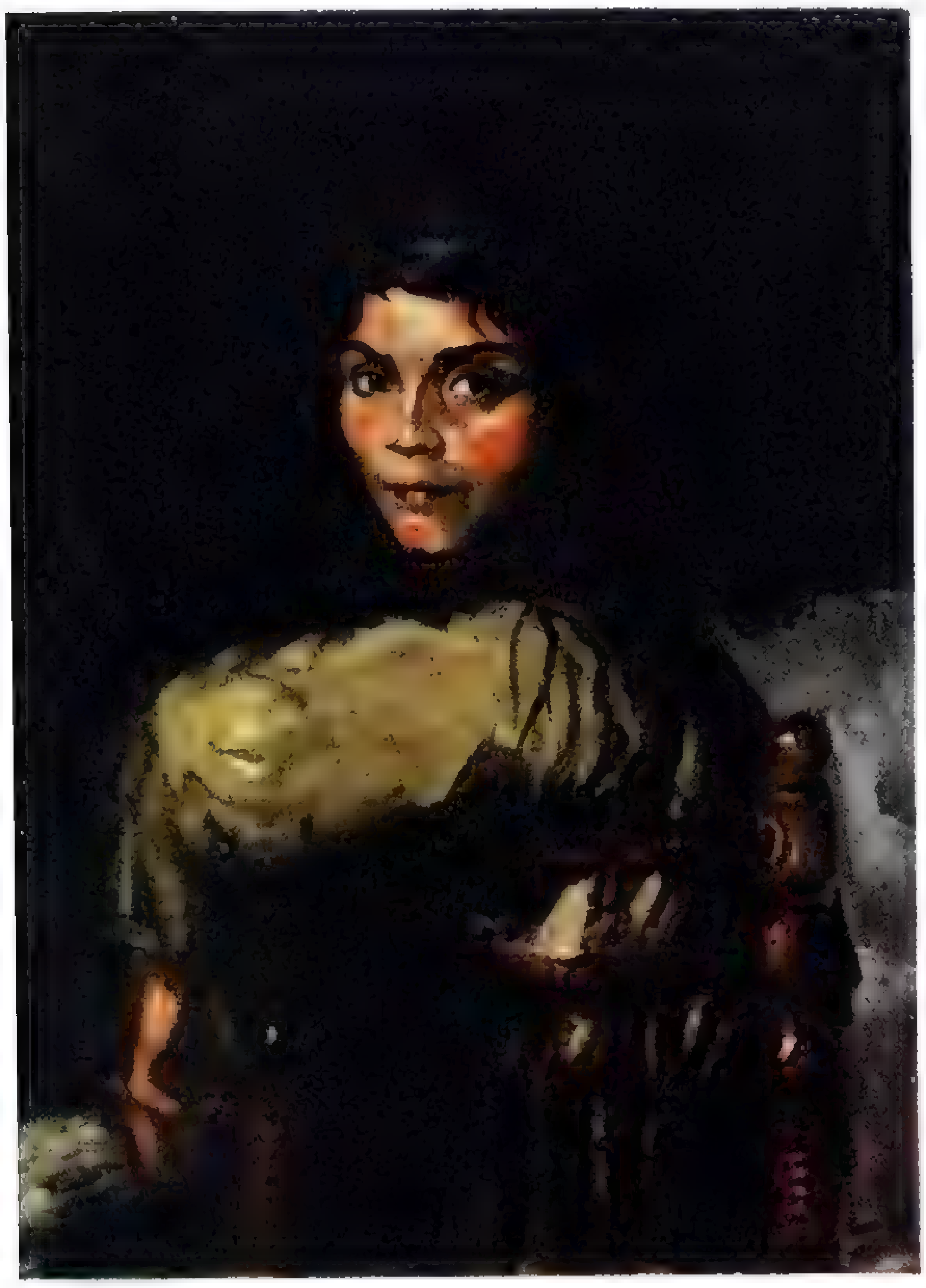

SUMMER STORM

Five Paintings

by ROBERT HENRI



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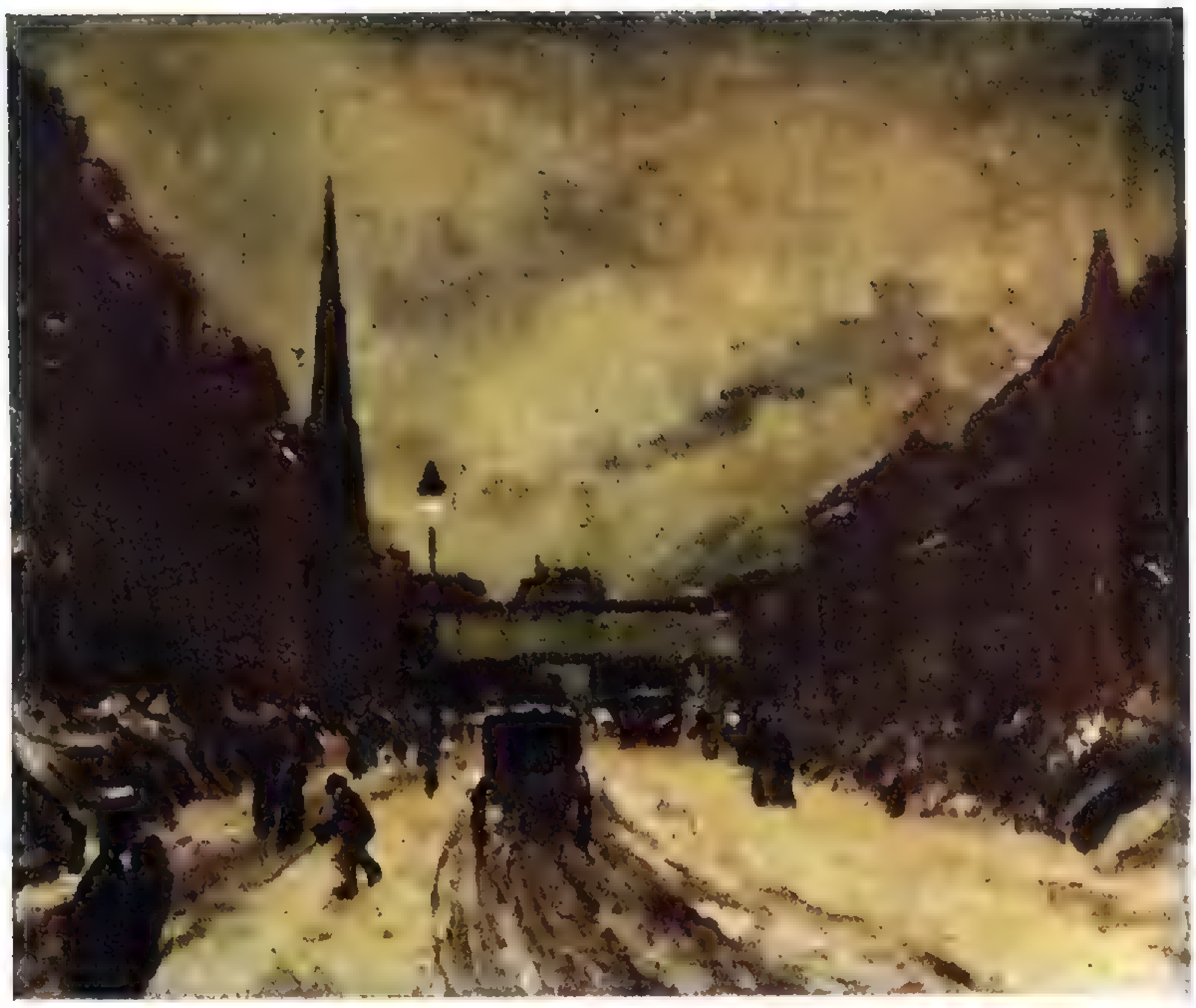
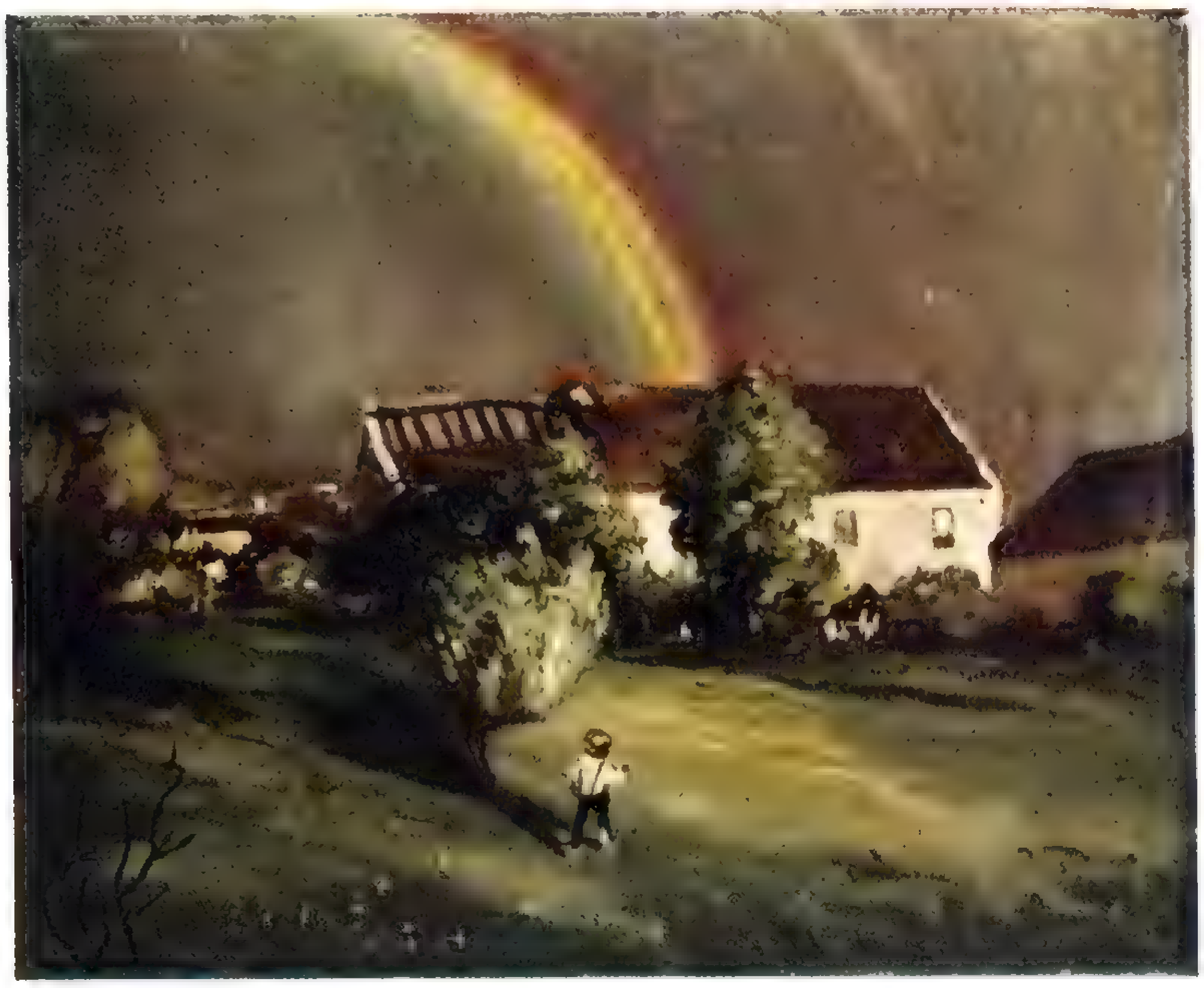
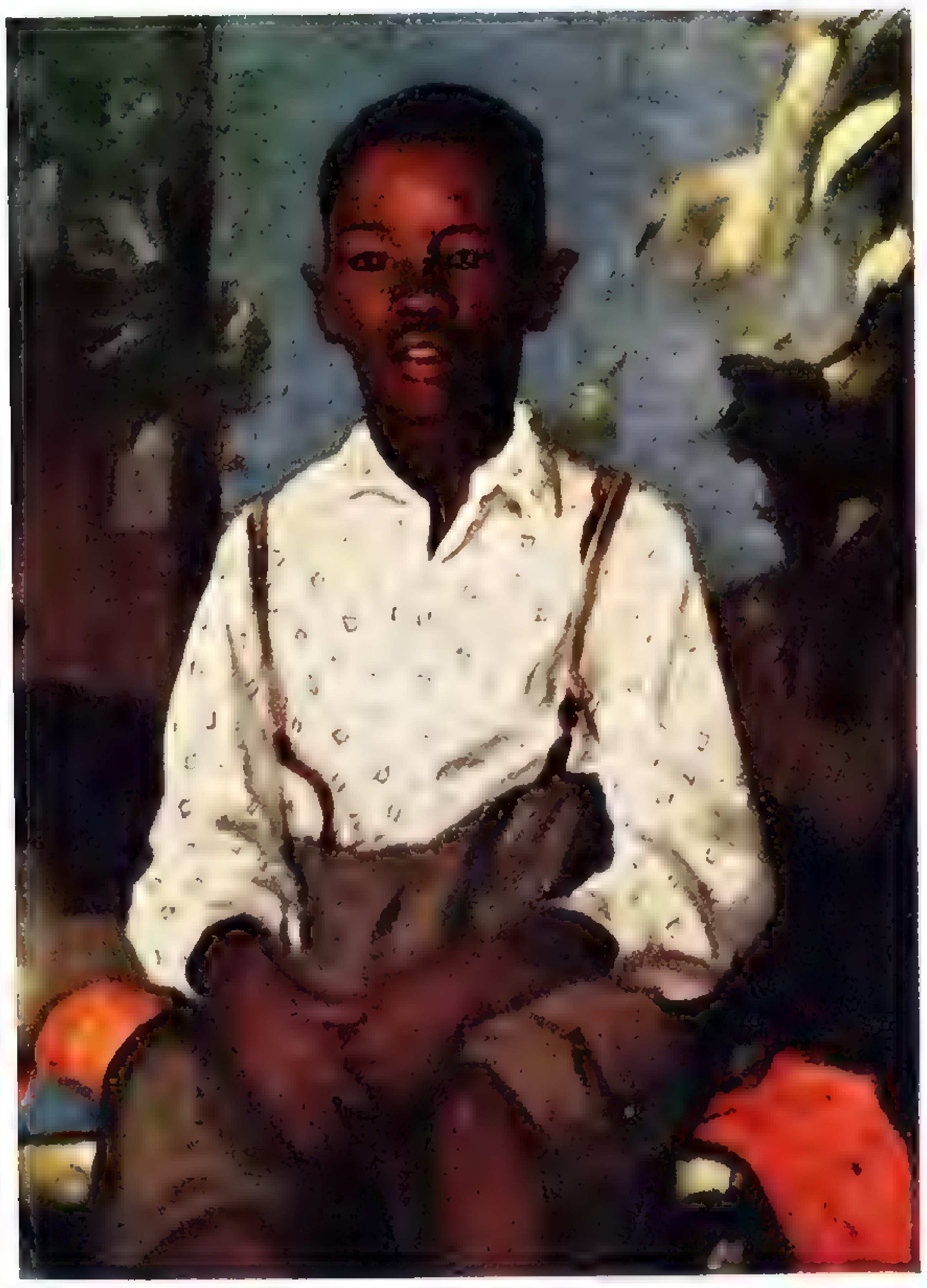


57TH STREET IN WINTER

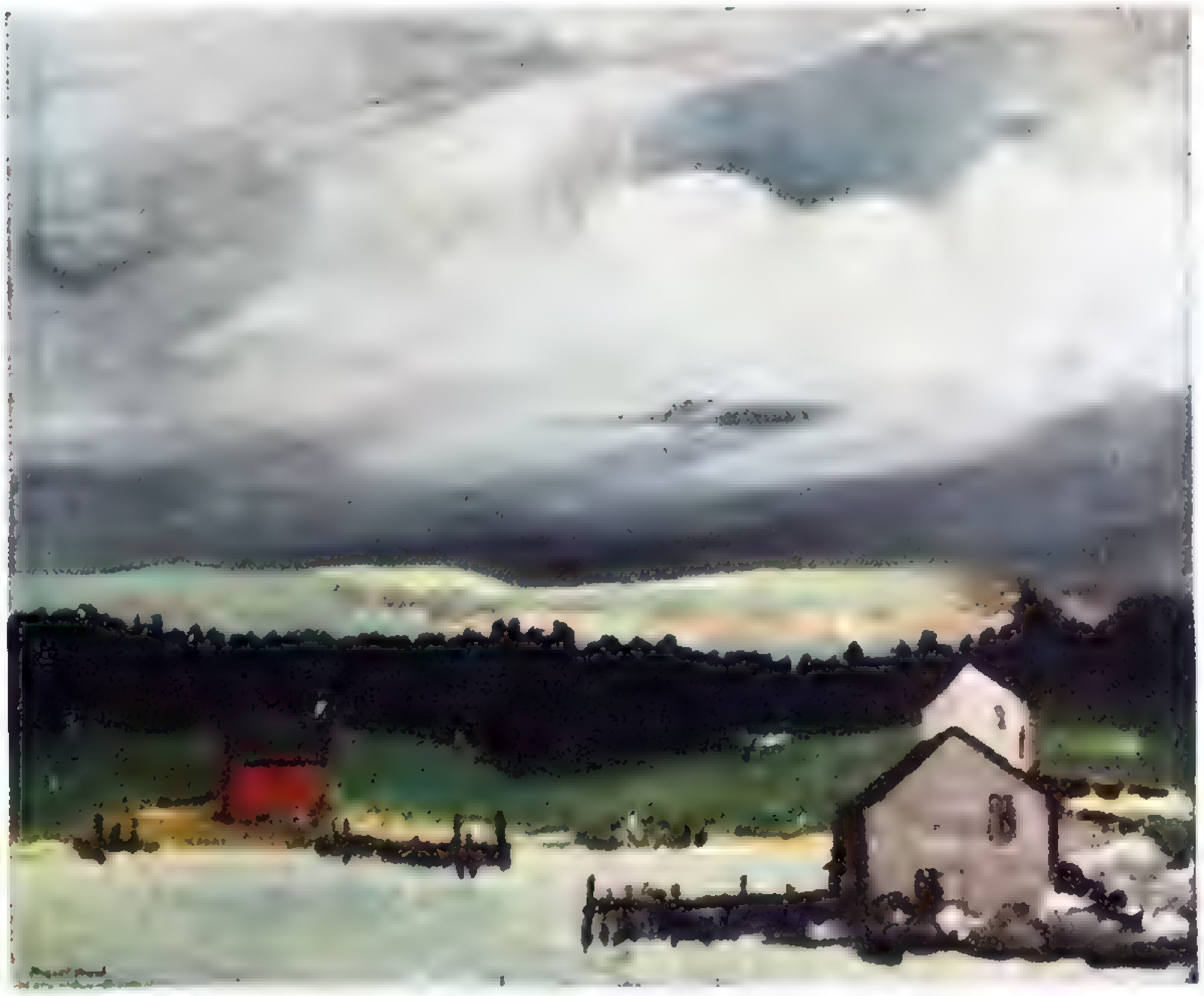


THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW

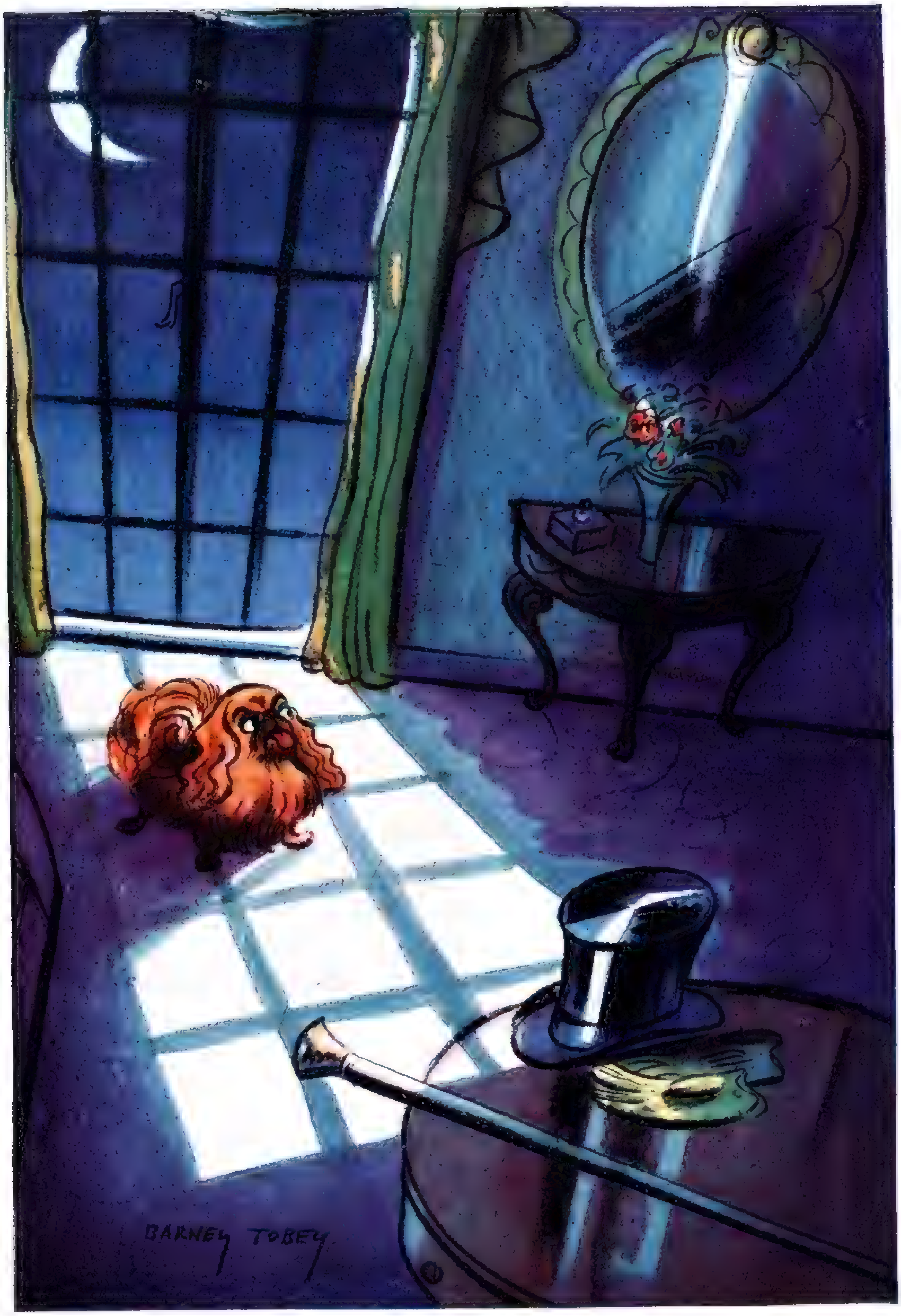


STER

The paintings shown on this page were reproduced in Chicago for Esquire from the original paintings loaned for reproduction through the courtesy of Robert Henri's sister-in-law, Miss Violet Organ.



BOOTHBAY


BARNEY TOBEY

"I guess I better send out after a bone to keep Fifi quiet"

The Tom Cat

How one man broke the symbol which was growing upon his wife, and strangling marriage

by R. B. SULLIVAN

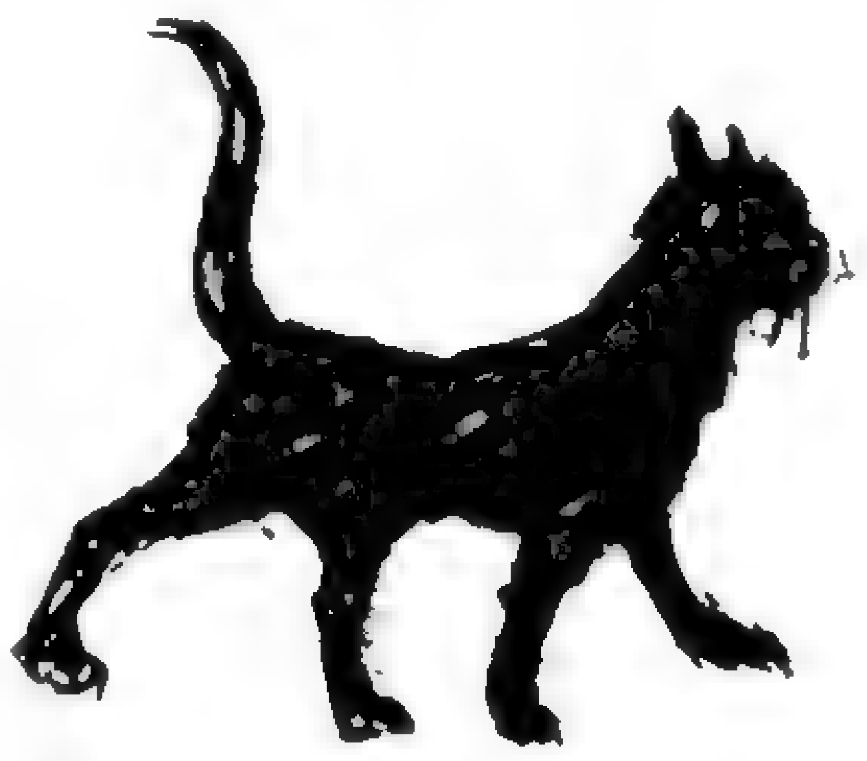
▪ FICTION ▪

HERE. Sit right here. No, wait. Wait'll I get Tom off that chair. He sits around all day as if he was stuffed. I guess he is, from all he eats. Weighs close to thirty pounds and getting fatter all the time. And lazier.

A while back I wouldn't have dared to pick him up like that. He would have had the hand off me. But sometimes I feel kind of sorry for him now.

I've never told anybody about it. Made me feel too queer. Still does, for that matter, when I run across him all of a sudden around the house like one of those Sukiyaki prints or whatever that Jap's name was.

You know my wife, don't you? Never met her? That's right, you didn't. Well, she'll be in soon, but don't let on about this. It'll do me good to get it unloaded, and as long as you don't know her, that's all the better. I wouldn't dare tell any of the people we mix around with out here.



Well, you know I'm her second husband, or don't you? Her first husband died about eight years ago. Pneumonia. That's him over there in the silver frame. Good-looking devil, especially in that picture. I knew him years ago, but I never knew Fran. Funny, isn't it? In fact, I knew him before they were married. Tall man with black hair and a fine set of teeth he liked to flash at the girls. Good dancer, too, and a regular heller in those days.

Anyway, after he died, Fran and I met, and sooner or later it was bound to happen. I've never regretted it. She's a great little girl and nobody could get along better than we do and we've been going along for six, pretty near seven, years.

We'd been married I guess about four months when one night—she works, too, you know; she's in a real estate office across town; been there for years—one night she came in a little after me and she had a black kitten with her. She'd found it, or it found her, on the way home. Ran along in front of her until she noticed it and then she couldn't bear to leave it. She brought it along in. She fed it out in the kitchen and it purred all around, rubbing up against her ankles. It was about six or eight months old, I suppose. Just past the fuzzy stage and beginning to string out a little. It was all bony and ragged looking, as if it had never had a home.

She made a great fuss over it. Gave it cream and went out to the delicatessen for some of the best salmon. The cat nearly went crazy over that. Swarmed all over the place while she was opening the can.

Now, I like dogs, but I don't care much about cats. Can't stand them, as a matter of fact, except when they're kittens and they'll chase a string or something. But ordinary cats, no. And do you know, right from the first that cat wouldn't let me come near him. Stiffened up and hissed as soon as I reached out a finger. Of course, I tried right away to be nice to the animal because she seemed to like it so. But when I tried to rub its back it scrooched away and made a pass at me. So I snatched my hand back. I thought it was making strange because of mistreatment.

"Well," I said to Fran, "what are you going to do with it? We haven't got much room in the apartment and we're both away all day. We can't keep a cat. Better let me call up the SPCA."

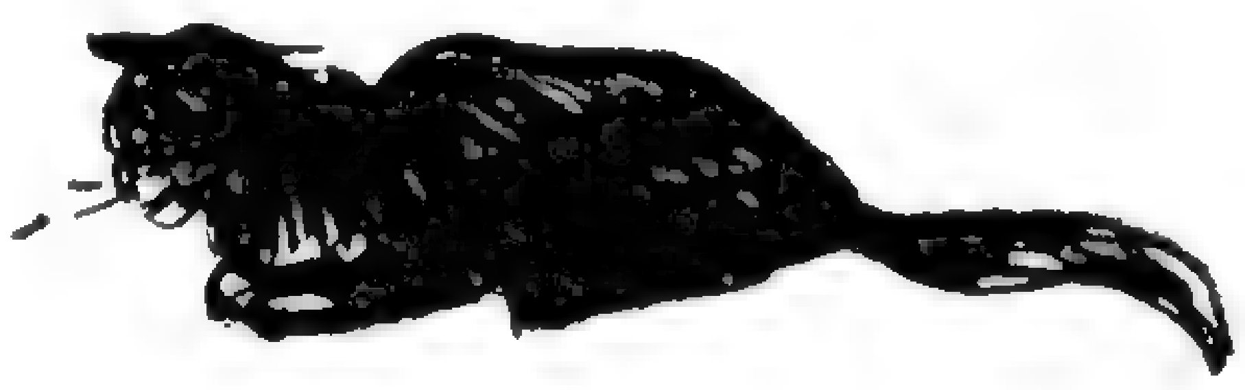
Say, do you know, her eyes filled right up with tears and she said No! She almost yelled it. Scared me. She grabbed up the cat and held him to her breast and rubbed her face on that mangy black fur.

"No!" she said, and she looked at me as if I'd struck her. I've never hit a woman in my life. "No!" she said. "Tommy is going to stay here."

Tommy, mind you. She had a name for him already. And I can't even tell what a cat's sex is until it has kittens. Tommy. I was sort of taken aback. I didn't know what to say. But I hemmed and hawed around and finally said that if she felt that strongly about it, why all right, keep the damn cat.

So she did, and there he is to prove it. It was all right for a while. He didn't make any trouble around the house. No messes or anything, and that sort of surprised me, he being a street cat and all. But he seemed to be housebroken, even though we had to leave him alone in the apartment all day.

She would put out some fish in a dish for him last thing before she left in the morning and tell him that was for lunch. Of course, I know very well he'd wolf it down the minute her back was turned. Cats are opportunists that way. They never save a thing for the next meal. They know somebody will be fool enough to provide it for them. And did she provide! And did he gobble it! He's eaten some of the damndest messes of food I've ever seen, even at a woman's bridge lunch.



So, as I said, it was all right for a while, until Tommy began to get used to the place and had himself pretty well established. He filled out nicely and got sleek and shiny and fat.

Then, one night I came in before she she did and Tommy was in my chair. That's my chair you're in now. No, stay right where you are. I only mention it to give you the picture. Well, he was in it.

"Out," I said while I was taking off my coat. He just looked at me and I noticed for the first time that he had a mean eye. When I came in I only turned on the reading lamp at the chair and the room was pretty dim. You could hardly see him against that dark brown stuff, but his eyes were glittering in the shadow. Sort of creepy.

"Come on," I said. "Get out. I'm ready for that chair."

And I reached out my hand for him. He didn't move a hair, but when my hand was about six inches away from him he let out a shriek that went through me like a knife. I landed clear across the living room. I thought you ess of a bee. Scaring me like that. So I went back and reached for him again. This time he didn't make a sound. Just flashed out one paw and laid open the back of my hand. I bled like a stuck pig. I was still doctoring myself in the bathroom when she came in.

"You've got to get rid of that damn cat," I said, sore as I could be. "He like to killed me just now when I wanted to get him out of my chair."

Well, she broke right down and sobbed until pretty soon I began to feel like a fool.

"You must have done something to him," she said. "He never would have scratched you if you hadn't." And nothing I could say would convince her I hadn't been swinging him around by the tail or something. So nothing came of it after all, except I grumped around a little bit. But I saw she really was fond of that cat, so I shut up. It really wasn't much of a scratch.

That was only the first. He'd sit in that chair every day. He must have spent all his time there in the daytime while we were working. There were black cat hairs all over

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Never Play Cards with Strangers

They have nothing up their sleeves but a good memory and an idea of percentages

by F. GREGORY HARTSWICK

▪ ARTICLE ▪

A WHOLE lot of attention has recently been directed to the activities of various firms which manufacture gambling apparatus. Holdouts, marked cards, crooked dice, palming devices, and similar mechanical iniquities, are featured as the favored accessories of the professional gambler. When such a character sits down to play with you he carries a bristling arsenal of lazy-tongs operated by chest expansion or forearm-flexion, with which he can exchange an innocent deck for one ready-stocked (not "stacked," by the way: "stocked" is the correct word) with four straight flushes and a Royal for himself; his ring contains a mirror with which he can read the cards as he deals; his eyeshade is of such material that when he looks through it he can read the values of cards marked on their backs in ink invisible under ordinary light; the high cards in the deck are marked with tiny roughnesses which betray their values to his sensitive thumb; and moreover he is such a sleight-of-hand artist that he is able to pick up the deck after it has been cut and "make the pass" in an absolutely undetectable manner, so as to restore the cards to their former position. This is the picture of the professional held by most of the gullible human race. It is immensely helped by the fact that such apparatus is really manufactured, and sold, too, at good high prices. The only difficulty is that the professional gambler very rarely—almost never, in fact—employs such apparatus. For the excellent reason that he doesn't have to.

I am speaking of cards now, not dice. Professional dice-players invariably employ dice which are crooked in one manner or another, because they can't be certain of winning if they don't; and a professional must always be certain of winning. Perfectly honest dice *can* be juggled to some extent when thrown on a level surface; but with the restrictions existing in most games (requiring that the dice be thrown so as to bounce off a wall, for instance) the ordinary laws of chance operate, if the dice are true, to the exclusion of sleight-of-hand, unless the audience be unbelievably unobservant.

But with cards—well!

You are playing stud-poker. How would you like to know positively what even one of your opponents has in the hole every time you deal? Think of the edge you'd have! The professional can tell the values of probably three hole-cards each time he deals, and occasionally one or two when he doesn't. Do you want a better percentage?

You are playing bridge. How would you like to be reasonably certain of the values of three or four high cards in your partner's hand as soon as you pick up your own? Or let us say your opponents get the contract, you lead, and dummy is spread. Wouldn't it be nice if a glance at dummy told you fairly accurately what honors were held by declarer? Your chances of setting adverse bids or making your own would be glamorously increased, wouldn't they? Well, a professional can do that.

You are playing two-handed casino. Your opponent is keeping score. How splendid if that opponent never, or almost never, obtained "cards" or "spades," and so automatically credited you with three points almost every time! Can do, says the professional, and does. (This last is a pip—you'd think nobody could be fooled by it, and yet its very boldness lets it get away.)

I should state at once that the enjoyment of the advantages listed above requires no sleight-of-hand whatever. Nor are the cards marked, nor do expensive delicate steel machines work wiggly wonders under the table. I almost hate to reveal the deadly secrets, they are so simple and may prove such character-wreckers:

You are playing stud. On the hand before your deal, stay in the pot as long as possible, and memorize the cards as they come to you. Then, when you pick up the cards, sweep your hand to the top of the deck and keep it there while riffling. (Nothing simpler in the world, as you will find if you try it with a deck on the top of your desk.) Then deal, and of course you know the first five hole-cards . . . did I hear someone say "cut"? Of course; but memorize your hand anyway. If one card appears you know the position of four others, and can regulate your betting accordingly. This is brazen. This is crude. Undoubtedly; but it is also simple and effective. A person who knows the order of even three cards during a deal of stud has a tremendous edge on the rest of the players. And this is all that your true professional asks. Percentage will do his business in the long run, and meanwhile he is doing nothing whatever that could cause the slightest suspicion. *Anyone* can memorize a hand. *Anyone*, in the course of picking up the cards preparatory to dealing, can put a selected group of cards on top of the deck, or on the bottom, or anywhere else, without making it look funny. When the deck is swept together and squared up the last cards collected are on top, naturally. "Oh, then," one murmurs, "all I have to do is watch for a person who habitually puts his own hand on top of the deck when dealing." Well, it isn't quite so simple as all that; it's just as easy to memorize someone else's hand as one's own; or for that matter to memorize any group of cards as they lie on the table.

The professional doesn't even have to take note of the suits unless he wants to. He can select some easily-remembered card, say the Ace of Hearts, and observe two or three cards on each side of it; the usual careless shuffle of the poker game does not disturb the order (remember that the professional is doing the shuffling); and the cut, if any, naturally leaves things as they were. The appearance of that Heart Ace immediately locates the other cards—and there you are.

"But those other cards needn't be hole-cards!"

Certainly not; nor does the professional expect that they shall always be. Once in awhile is plenty for him. There are hours and hours of play, and the memorized cards are certain to turn up in a strategic position every once in so often. Consider an example, admittedly extreme but certainly illustrative of the terrific advantage to be gained from knowing the order of a few cards:

It is a five-handed stud-game, and you are dealing. You have memorized six cards: four, Jack, nine, three, seven, Ace. You have dealt four rounds, and you yourself have an Ace in the hole and a pair of sixes showing. Some pretty heavy betting has been going on, and several opponents have shown not the slightest awe of your sixes. It is apparent that there is at least one high pair around the table, and other possibilities. Very well; the last card you have dealt yourself is the fateful four, the first of your series. What do you know? You know—

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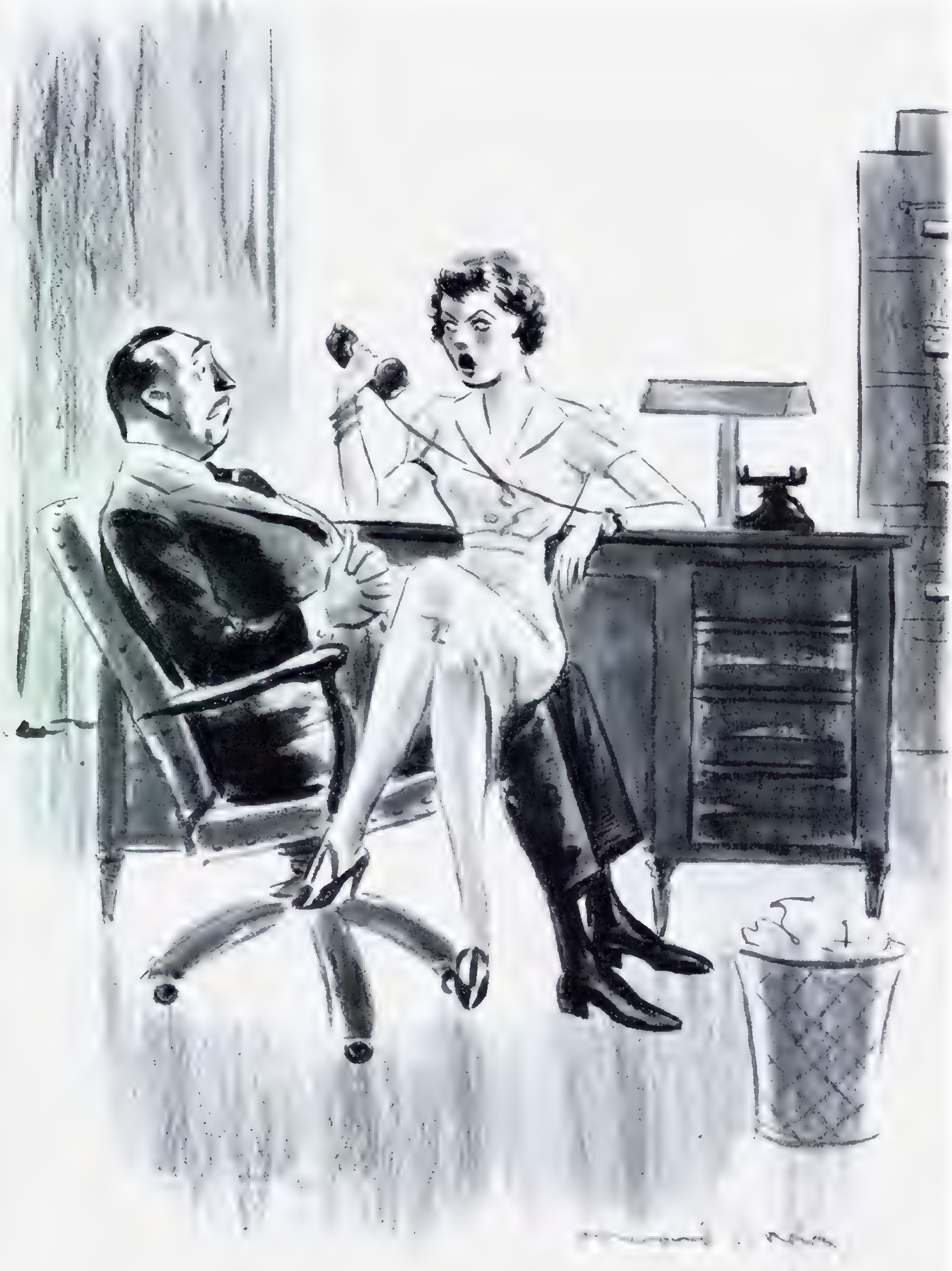


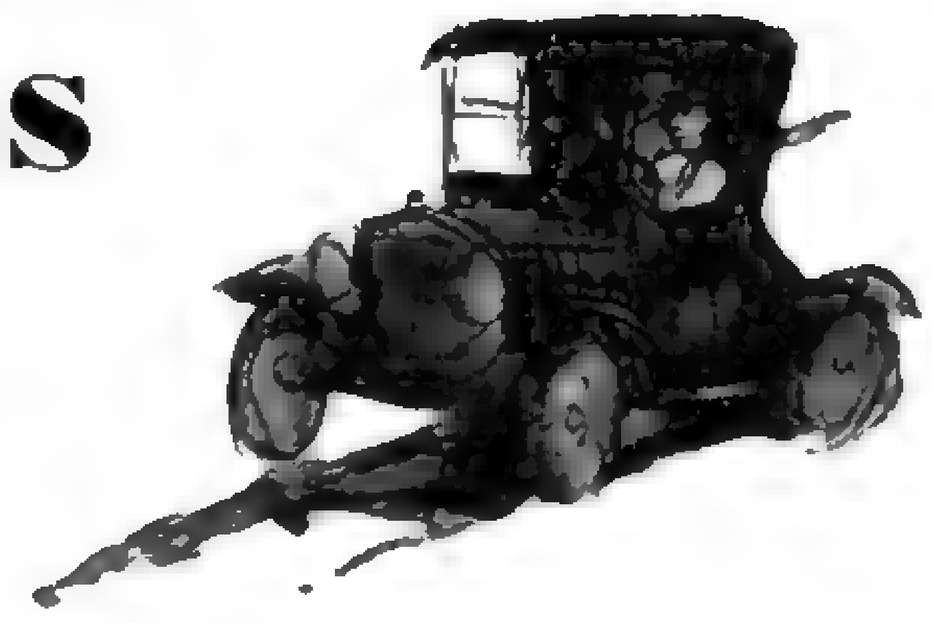
"Here! Talk to my husband—he doesn't believe I have to work late"

The Otter River

Now the son evaluates the romance that brought his mother and father together

by GROSVENOR M. CROSS

• FICTION •



THIS is the story of how I came to be. Came to be born, that is; as a child. It is Romance, of course. I am the only piece of realism in it; something that was left behind, like the grounds in a cup of coffee. Some day I shall grow tired too, I suppose, and become romantic in my turn, just for the sweet rest of it, for the peace and forgetfulness; and then out of revenge for that brief respite there will be another life created, to pay for it a thousand times. I suppose it will go on that way forever, with the debt never completely cancelled; for some day my own son will also tire, or perhaps it will be a daughter; and there will be rest and Romance again, and a great red debit mark on the books of eternity, with interest payable at a rate beyond the powers of any human debtor.

As a reward for great assiduity in her hammering at the keys, my mother, who, as the moralists say, wore no wedding-ring, was granted, about twenty years ago and some time before I was born, a week's relief from her typewriter and notebook. Work had been heavy, and she was tired, so instead of going to Atlantic City as she had the year before, or taking the boat trip to Bangor, as on the year before that, she decided to go somewhere where she could be alone. Aunt Bessie had a good job in the library, and owned a car. This my mother easily borrowed, and, happy in her solitude, drove up through the soft green mountains of Vermont.

She hardly knew just what she wanted, but the farther from the traveled highways she found herself, the nearer to her goal she felt herself to be; and so she turned off farther and farther into the hills, often coming to the end of a road, and then going back a little to find another that would carry her farther towards what she thought, with some justification, must be the solution, on the far side, to the problem proposed by the next immediate mountain; or towards the source and explanation of the gradually steeper slope of the next ravine. There had been a good deal of rain, and the countless streams that she crossed, on trembling bridges, were very full, a few even overflowing their banks. Often she stopped and looked at them, and sometimes shut off the engine to hear more clearly the thousand voices of the water.

There was a larger valley, and through its heart a bigger stream deep down, and across it a red iron bridge with splintered planking that spanked at the steel below as the wheels of her car passed over. At the middle of the bridge she stopped, and got out. She went to the edge and looked down at the exuberant turmoil some forty feet below. The flow of the water was black, with a long, straight grain in it, and the faster rapids were white, and there were deep pools behind rocks where yellow pillows of foam turned slowly, rocking ceaselessly to wavelets that came in from the rushing water as steadily as the beating of a pulse. A little farther up the stream the rapids grew so fast and white as almost to make a falls, and then, above, there must have been a turn in the river, for it disappeared into the solid bank of the woods, with a few scattered bits of spray shooting up here and there against the green.

From side to side and up and down this stretch of water my mother's eyes traveled. She stood there for a very long time, she didn't know how long, looking and listening, and feeling the change come across her that perhaps she had been looking for; at least there was a sharp tingling along her nerves, and a growing sense of joy—a kind of solemn ecstasy.

All this happened a long time ago. I know about it only from fragments told to Aunt Bessie by my mother. And of course my imagination must have added a great deal of detail, in the course of years; but I am not concerned with that, or ashamed of it, as it would seem that a realist should be; for there is little in Romance that could be imagined wrongly, except by those who have never been tired. Always, Romance must be the same, from the outside, though from the inside it is always different, as men are different.

Well, the important thing is that the flow of the river had aroused in my mother this great fervor, this strong sense of her own timelessness, of being in some way a part of the eternal movement of the water; when through her exaltation she heard abruptly the rap-rap-rap of the boards of the bridge under approaching feet. The interruption annoyed her; she resolved not to look up, to let this person pass and then pick up her ecstasy again where it had been broken off; and yet she knew that even now it was dying away, and that it would never come back again exactly as she had felt it.

The feet did not pass by. Instead, my father hesitated, then stopped and came to the railing beside her. She could feel him there, leaning over and looking at the water. At last he spoke.

"Nice, isn't it?"

She glanced at him, and her resentment lessened. She saw that his face was lightly lined, and his hair was graying; he was some ten or twelve years older than herself. And she liked the way his blue eyes looked down at the river.

"I hope you don't mind my stopping. I always stop here."

"That's all right."

He studied her for a moment, then smiled a little and looked back to the water. He spoke slowly, thoughtfully.

"I interrupted you. I'm sorry. I really should have kept off the bridge. I should have waited for you. I know."

"It's so grand," she said, almost with a sigh.

"Yes," he said. "It is. There isn't another river like it. I don't know why. It's just water, going downhill, like all the others. But it's different. It's the Otter River."

"Is that the name of it?"

"Yes."

"Otter River," she said, trying it on her own tongue.

"I could see from the end of the bridge you were talking with it. I used to do that when I was a boy, before I went away, fifteen years ago. I was brought up here, you see."

"Oh, then you know all about it—"

"Well, not exactly. I know the banks and pools and falls and all that; but the river itself—I guess you know it better than I do now. Only sometimes you want to learn it over again. That's why I came back. But things are never the same. You can't go back and feel the same, after fifteen years."

"Maybe you shouldn't," she said slowly. "Do you want to?"

"I don't know." he sighed. "There isn't time anyway. I've only been here a day, and I've only got two days more."

"You have to go back?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Abruptly, he looked at her and laughed. It was a short laugh, and the unexpected bitterness in it startled her, gave her a sudden sharp awareness, like a dash of cold water in her face.

"We can forget that," he said.

Then his words flowed on again; more smoothly and softly now, as if they were coming up one by one from some dark place deep underground. And she was listening far more to him than to the river.

"You know, I watched you from the end of the bridge for a long time. I knew what you were doing. I knew how you felt. I knew I shouldn't bother you. I could see you were still young, just as I used to be when I stood here. Young, and you could look over the edge and meet the river. I remember what it

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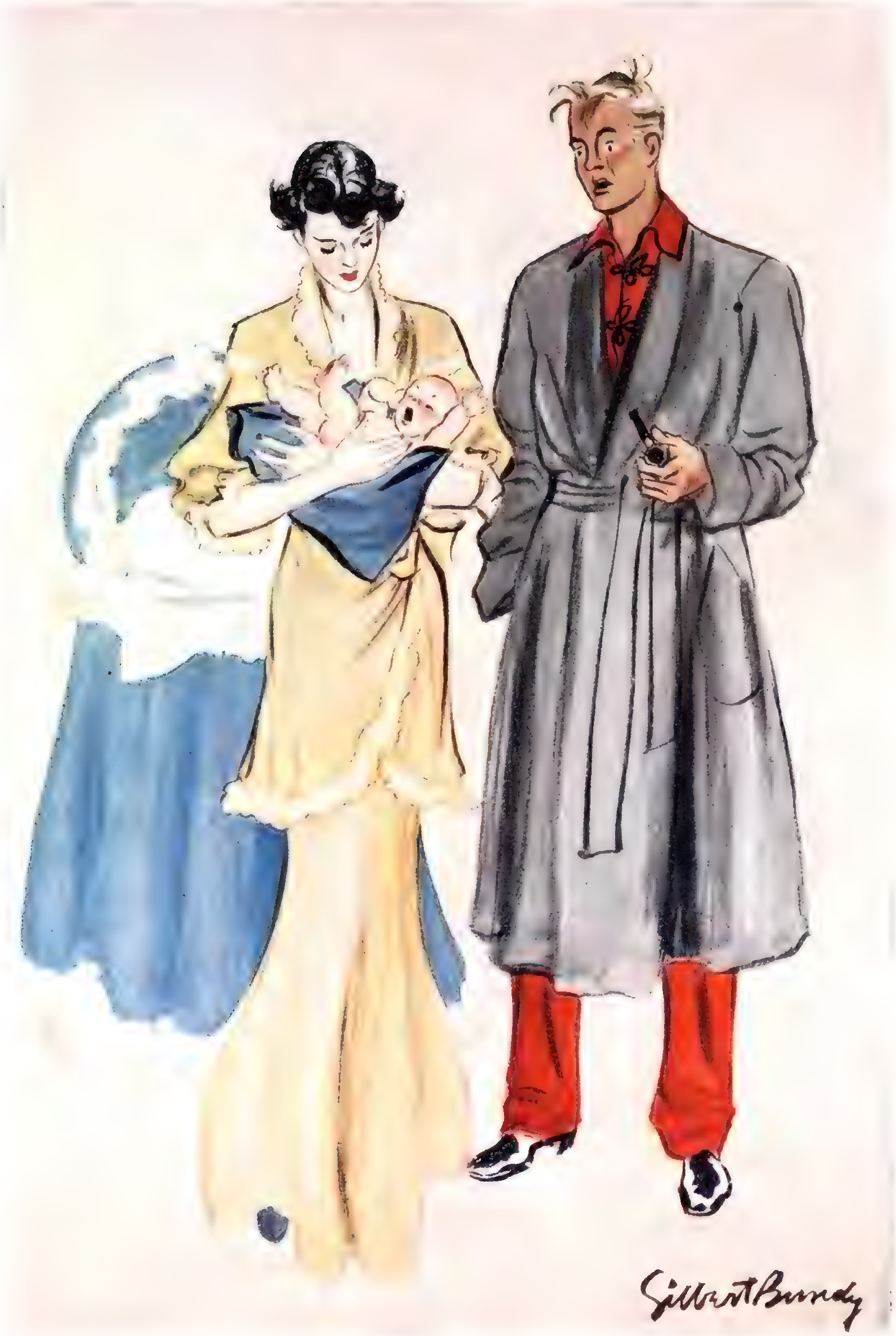
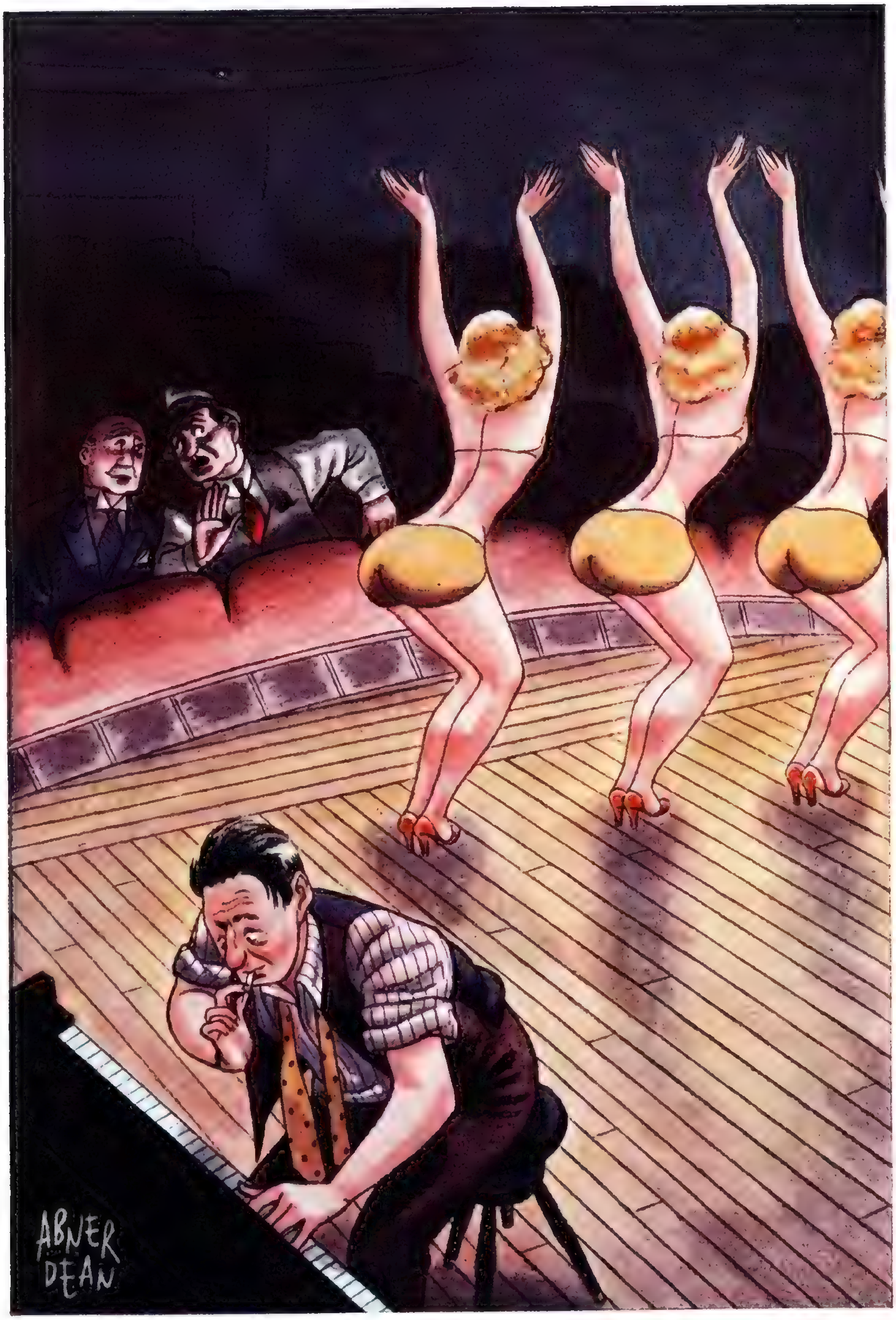

Gilbert Bundy

"It's going to be much more difficult now—keeping our marriage a secret"



"The hands don't express anything!"

You'll Meet 'em All

Just like Nate said, if he did say so, one thing he wasn't, he wasn't stubborn

by WOLFE KAUFMAN

▪ SATIRE ▪

WELL, I'll tell you, little man, you've only been here a couple hours, you just came here, you don't know Hollywood like I know it. It's the nuts.

You young fellows come out here from nowhere and you move right in and you think you're big shots and you own the joint. Well, listen to me. I been here for years. I know. I was here before you ever heard of Hollywood and I'm gonna still be here when they take your pants down for you in a couple of months. And that's kidding on the square, baby.

You take the case of Mimi Boles. I found her and I made her what she was and I broke her. What the hell. They all come and go. It don't make any never-mind to me. If you think you're any different, or any better, you're just plain out of your head, sucker.

I been around. I know. Why, I remember the first time I brought Mimi out to Hollywood. Nobody figured she had anything, but I can see talent when I look at it. I knew. I been around this lousy racket a long time and there ain't nobody kidding me. I took one look at her and I knew.

Funny about the way she got to Hollywood. I can remember it clear, like as if it happened yesterday. First time I ever thought of Mimi for pictures it wasn't really me who thought of her. Our scout in the East submitted her and I said no right away, without thinking. I don't mind admitting it. I can take it. When I make a mistake, it ain't often, but when I do I just as soon admit it. I muffed that one.

The guy in the East sent her name out as a prospect and I said no, automatic like, if you know what I mean, because he's a dope, and I knew it, and he never has sent out anyone who meant anything or who could do anything or who could even be taught to do anything. So as soon as I looked at the report on her I said no and told Sadie, that's Miss Rosen, my secretary, you'll meet her, I said, "Sadie," I said, "file it."

Well, then, a couple months later, I guess it was maybe three or four months later, I saw her at the Tivoli and I took one look at her and I said, "That's my meat. This baby's got what it takes."

I spotted her right like that.

And I'll say this for myself, if I do say so, one thing I ain't, I ain't stubborn. I still figured there must be something wrong with her or the guy in the East wouldn't have submitted her, but then, too, I figured, that was a couple or three months ago and maybe she's improved, maybe she's got something now that she didn't have then.

So I looked her up and I ordered her a test.

And that's how Mimi Boles got into pictures. I discovered her.

I had an awful time selling Mimi to the studio, too. They couldn't see her at first but I went to town on her.

"This kid's got what it takes," I told them. "She's the real stuff. She's got that thing. She's the kind of dame every guy in town wants to make a pass at the first time he looks at her."

"And does it do any good?" Milton asks. Milton is the boss's son, he's a sap about that stuff, a pushover, you'll meet him.

Of course, it wasn't as if she was a totally unknown. Mimi had plenty of experience in vaude and legit so when you talked about her the guys you were talking to at least knew the name.

That helped a little, although, of course, one thing you're gonna find out when you're in this lousy racket as long as I am is it don't make any difference where they come from or what they ever did, this is a new world.

Some of 'em's got it and some of 'em ain't. And there ain't no way of telling if they have or not. You just kind of have to feel it.

And I felt it.

I knew Mimi had it.

And that's why I worked so hard to sell her in the first place and to put her over after I sold her.

Funny thing about that. I almost got fooled by her at first. I don't know why, but I figured her for a comedienne. That's the way I sold her to the mob upstairs and it's a lucky thing I caught on and straightened her out or she would've been a flop right there and then. But I caught on quick. I saw her in her first two pictures, where she did only bits, and right away I knew there was something wrong, it wasn't kosher. Then I saw her in her third picture, and she had a bit in that, too, but it was a different kind of a bit, a little heavier like, and right away I knew I had it. That was it. She was a natural heavy.

So I told Frank Weiner about it. Frank's a producer, you'll meet him. I told him, I said, "This is the ticket, Frank," I said. "Give her that and she'll get places. And big."

Just goes to show what experience can do. I was right, wasn't I? She turned out to be the best little tart Hollywood ever had, didn't she? She brought in more coin that way than any other tough dame Hollywood ever had, didn't she? Well, the mob upstairs found that out, later, but I knew it. I knew it all the time, I knew it the minute I looked at her.

That's what experience does in this racket.

Of course, the whole mob was taking bends, every mother's son of 'em, all claiming they discovered her, but L. S., he knew.

L. S. is what I call the boss. I know him pretty good, that's why I can do that. If you ever meet him you better call him Mr. Saltz, but I just call him L. S.

L. S. knew I was the one who really discovered Mimi. He had full confidence in me and my judgment, I'll say that for him, although that's what makes it so much tougher for me to figure out why he went sour on me later. He should've understood.

But that's another one of those things, like I told you before. That's picture business. You mustn't get too prominent in it and when I discovered Mimi I didn't realize how prominent that would make me or maybe I might not even have bothered.

Because it sure ain't worth it. The guy who gets prominent in Hollywood is only prominent until he wakes up with a bellyache and then they take him to the hospital and open him up and out comes a whole hardware store full of knives.

Well, to get back to what I was telling you, about Mimi. Everything went fine and she was in the pennies and I was in the pennies, and the studio was in the pennies.

And then she went screwy on me.

She comes in to see me one day and she says, "Nate," she says, "I'm sick and tired of the whole thing and you gotta get me out of it."

Of course, it was all kind of sudden like and I was surprised and I didn't know what to say to her.

"What the hell, Mimi," I says. "You're

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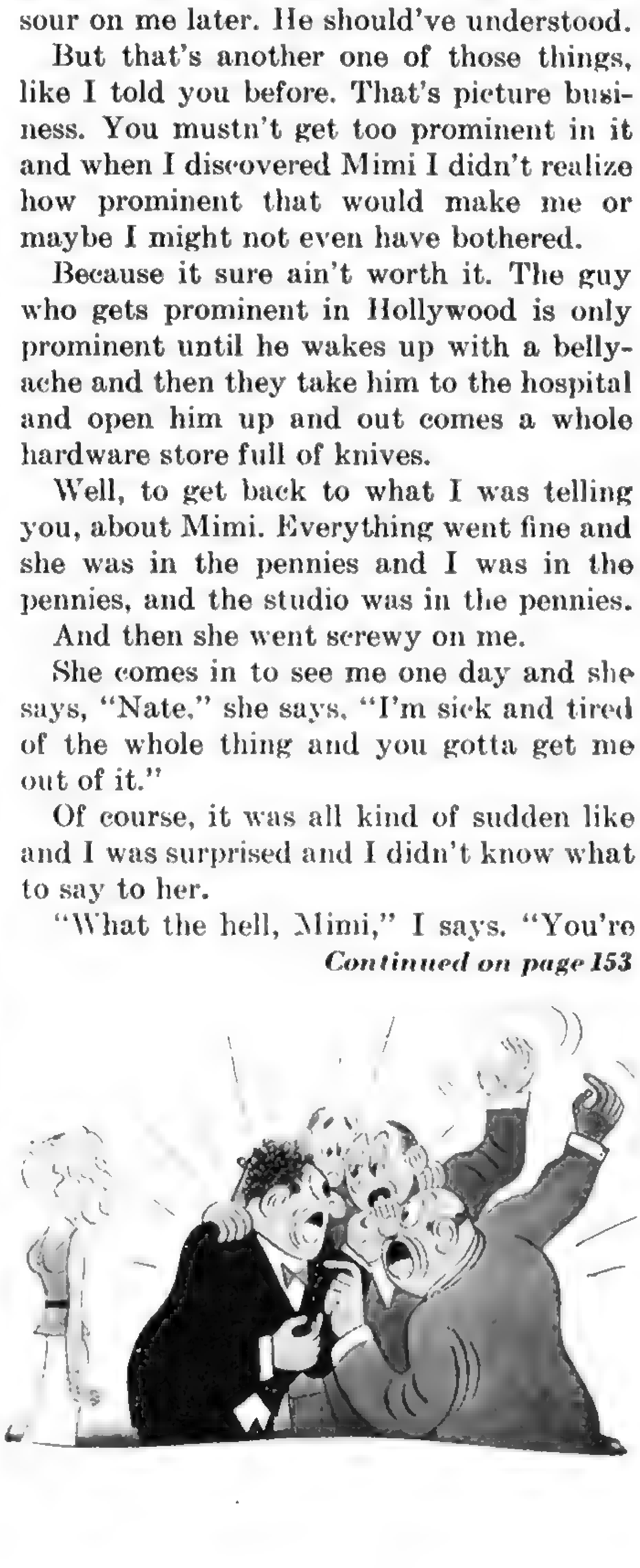

To Philander or Not—

Some men follow their animal instincts and others sublimate them but no one ever bursts

by LOUIS E. BISCH, M. D., PH. D.

• ARTICLE •

Only two kinds of men exist: those who philander and those who won't take a chance.

Too categorical a statement? Not if there be excluded, as should be, certain persons of male gender—their number, unfortunately for the ladies, being on the increase—who take no interest in the opposite sex whatsoever. Barring such pathological cases every HE-man, without exception, is an actual or potential flirt.

Philandering does not necessarily imply sex transgressions. Nor should the term be confined to married men alone. Any male from eighteen to seventy-plus, who interests himself in more than one woman—seriously or flippantly, successfully or hopefully, in a perfunctory manner or to the limit, or while a bachelor, a husband, a father or a widower—any or all of these—is engaged in philandering. So much for definition.

Consider the physical basis that produces masculine desire and the reason for the prevalence of philandering becomes clear. In fact, mental correlates for our organic needs can always be found. If the stomach craves water, the mind registers thirst. What's more, the mind, as a protective as well as a correlative mechanism of the body as a whole, impels the individual to bestir himself to supply the water, that quenches the thirst, that satisfies the stomach. Figure out the analogy in the realm of sex for yourself. It leads to the urge to philander.

Why not *one* woman? If you will pardon a commonplace, men and women are constituted differently.

The reproductive period in the female of the species extends, roughly, from thirteen to forty-five. In the male it starts at about the same age and may extend to the grave. You display neither sophistication nor scientific insight if you wink knowingly when hearing that an aged gentleman has opened a bottle of Veuve Cliquot in celebration of a "blessed event." Besides, intimacy is interdicted during the later months of pregnancy and, unfortunately, cold showers don't help a man much. Indeed, many an otherwise decent fellow has done no more than play with the idea of "stepping out" until his wife was middle-aged or he was about to become a father.

The anatomy and physiology of the male reproductive factor, as compared to the female, also definitely motivate philandering. The spermatozoön is a tiny, restless, swimming organism while the ovum in comparison is large and static, nor can it propel itself. Anyway, man is more active than woman. His body and musculature are stronger and more agile, built primarily for aggressiveness; hers is less sturdy, more passive, built primarily for squatting. Again, whereas the human female matures only about 360 ova during her entire life, in the male the number of sperm cells runs into the billions. It would seem as though Dame Nature *believed* in philandering.

Furthermore, let us not forget that the human being is an animal. Civilization and the repressions that go with it modify animal instincts to a degree, but we have only to read the newspapers to realize how primitive we still really are. My point, of course, is that nowhere in the entire animal kingdom, except in that species oddly labeled *homo sapiens*, is the male supposed to consort only with *one* female and *more* than once. The connection with philandering is plain.

Then consider the risks all animals take to gratify the sex urge. A lion or a dog will stake his very life; man, in such a frenzy, forgets wife, children, business and reputation. Suffice it to say that the reproductive urge is probably the strongest, most nagging urge that exists. Nor need one be a Freudian to believe it. Whether hunger, thirst or the self-preservation urge is stronger still is purely an academic question fit for a high school debate. So much for argument intended to prove that man is by nature a polygamous, philandering creature—that his physical structure, activating his mental and emotional make-up, impels him so to be—in contrast to the female who is . . . Well, with a show of deference, let us admit that woman is always so idealistically constituted, also in *contrast* to man, that she invariably tries to merge sex with love and hence automatically attempts to become a "one-man woman."

Notwithstanding all that has gone before, cannot a man *curb* his sex appetite, even though it be one that logically craves variety? Is there no such thing as a man being so much in love with a woman that he wants to give of his affection *only* to that woman? Cannot he sublimate his nastiness by means of selected reading, a burlesque show, or by buying a rowing machine and using it? After all, *must* the bounder let off steam? Will he burst if he doesn't?

Permit me to refer to the first sentence of this article. I plainly stated that not all men philander. I said that those who do not, barring the inverted types, somehow won't take a chance. Many of them actually *do* sublimate. Some do not succeed very well. A few get rather sick over it. But *none* bursts!

Those of you who invite women to lunch and the night clubs, who think nothing of telephoning home the last minute that business will prevent your taking dinner, who consider a stenographer an "office wife," or who maintain a separate establishment for cocktails and whatnot—*you* who might be termed "emancipated" or in possession of a loose conscience (take your choice)—you are the lucky ones, although more of this anon!

But what of the other virile fellows who are obsessed by what I am pleased to call the "How Would It Be" complex but who don't?

Strangely enough, these boys are in the majority. Nor are they necessarily henpecked, cowardly, married, nor members of a church, nor suffering from a mother fixation. They simply happen to subscribe to a moral and social code they feel they must uphold and often for no better reason than that they believe such a code spells the greatest good to the greatest numbers.

Stranger still, they cling tenaciously to such ideals, no matter how much they suffer. If their history reveals one "slip," perhaps on a business trip, in Paris or Havana, or when alcohol rendered them defenseless, they think and worry about it no end. There are cases where a neurosis has developed on such a basis. There are cases where, for a similar reason, the men send flowers to the wife, buy the sister a diamond bracelet or endow a college. And, mind you, the philandering might not actually be “cheating” in the popular sense or, if cheating, the attempt may not have been successful.

To be sure, marked individual differences are to be noted as regards the strength and insistence of a man’s inherent sex urge. But that does not mean that a strongly-gaited individual will want to philander more than his less-strongly-sexed brother. In fact, it may work the other way ’round. Often the desire to philander is caused by a weak sex urge, a wish to prove potency to the individual’s own satisfaction. Why is it proverbial that old fellows wait at stage doors for chorus girls? Because a waning, weakening impulse requires a strong stimulus to keep it alive.

Apropos of which it should likewise be noted that a man may be afraid to take a chance, not for high-minded reasons at all, but for fear he won’t make good. Nothing could possibly be more humiliating to a man, even in prospect, than that.

Guilt, you may already have guessed, is usually at the bottom of why some particular male, who instinctively is a philanderer, actually is *not*. It is the sense of guilt, of self-accusation, that consciously or unconsciously thwarts him. And this guilt may be engendered by a variety of reasons: loyalty to a principle or person, childhood training, religion, vows, social taboos, etc., etc. Therefore, the potential philanderer need not exactly pat himself on the back. For is not the *thought* as bad as the *deed?*

Which brings us to the gist of the philandering problem. In the last analysis, society being constituted as it is, individual desire, even when deeply and logically rooted in the organic structure, cannot possibly be allowed to gratify itself at the expense of others without paying a price. Society will not allow you to lift a steak from the butcher’s without your taking the risk of a jail sentence, nor will it allow you to express yourself sexually with freedom except at your own peril.

The price of philandering need not be stressed. A married man either carries on clandestinely, and then his self-respect is involved, or his wife “winks” at his escapades but feels personally humiliated and suffers at the hands of gossips. The bachelor, on the other hand, is scarcely better off. Designing females, breach of promise suits and gold diggers must always be considered. Even though the theory that it is justifiable to gratify a physiological urge whenever possible, provided it brings no harm to those near and dear, sounds logical and is attractive, in practice it doesn’t work so well. For the philanderer becomes bolder and bolder. The first thing you know the secret is out!

Any psychiatrist will tell you, to be sure, that the frequency of frigidity in women, partial or complete, is appalling. Is a husband with such a wife *entitled* to philander with or without her consent?

Let me hasten to add that, first of all, complete response on the part of the female is not necessary, although it heightens the gratification, for a man’s physiological requirements.

Secondly, man is often to blame for the way a woman reacts because he, himself, is ignorant of the female’s emotional structure or he is too indolent to bring about the proper and necessary activation. Thirdly, men vary greatly one from the other as to their individual requirements in the sex life. Lastly, let it not be forgotten that the more frequent the stimulation of desire—be it through physical contact, pornographic literature or day-dreaming—the more often is satisfaction sought, the reverse likewise being true.

The trouble, too, is that the average husband as well as wife altogether too often allow their mutual love to stale without putting forth any special or intelligent effort to freshen it. Sex and love are not identical but sex compatibility cements love and love invites sexual expression. Waning love interests naturally are compensated for by ideas of philandering.

Yet there are few cases where, if the contracting parties really care for each other, a psychiatric study of the emotional make-up will not revivify desire.

After all, most of the difficulty is purely mental. The physical side may be normal but the mental side warped, repressed and resistive. And, where sex trouble exists among the married, the man is usually to blame, not the woman, and altering his point of view as suggested above, quickly brings the desired response from the female partner. Women, you see, are more readily changed than men. Instinctively do they seek to submerge their personality and to dovetail it with a man’s. Scarcely ever, therefore, is a philanderer justified in blaming his philandering on his mistress or his wife.

Frankly, a woman is like a fine musical instrument. Learn how to play it and you get the music you desire. But what do most men know about sex anyway? Scarcely more than what they have picked up in the club or, in earlier days, from street corner vulgarity.

The believe that sex is *purely* physical; yet the mental and emotional correlates are decidedly more important. Small wonder then that men run around chasing and wishing and kidding themselves generally in a wild-goose philandering search, when all the while the solution of their problem is at home and right under their very noses, or the solution could so readily be worked out by settling down to one woman and concentrating on her.

If a man philanders his wife or sweetheart is bound to become devaluated in his own eyes. It doesn’t matter whether a woman deserves adoration and idealization or not. What counts is what is *in the mind*, the way you look at it. Even if artificially you make yourself believe that she is beautiful and irresistible—at least, if you deliberately stress her fine points—she actually will develop that way for you. Thus, sooner or later, the wish to philander grows less insistent. Page Pirandello if this is not clear!

Women as well as men should understand the mental and physical motivations that give rise to philandering. It is surprising how even a jealous woman will respond if the matter is explained scientifically. At least she is not so likely to feel hurt when her beloved no more than *thinks* about other women. So far as the man goes, such knowledge produces a commonsense viewpoint which removes guilt, shame, self-accusation and all the rest of the neurotic traits that may go with it.

Let me emphasize that it is *natural* for a man to want to philander. However, by recognizing the urge for what it really is—that physiologically and psychologically it is *not* wrong although morally it is—actual “playing around” with women (“petting” and “necking” alone are merely vicarious expressions at best and a bit adolescent) ceases to be so attractive.

But if you say you musn’t philander, that you must not even allow yourself to speculate about it, that even to conceive of it *mentally* is wrong, your appetite in this particular will increase instead of disappear. It’s the old story of Prohibition all over again. Men are children at heart. What is illegal or frowned down upon they want to do. Give them plenty of rope and they don’t hang themselves, they just throw it away because they don’t want to play any more. If, therefore, justification for philandering be established in their minds, they begin to think they have passed that stage and that they should settle down to being a good husband who also is a good lover.

Let it be emphasized, too, that there is a marked distinction between the exercise of *conscious control* and *repression*. In the former the individual knows what he wants and why he wants it but he knows likewise why it is best for him to hold himself in check. In the latter the individual denies his own needs, pretends they do not exist and in the end he may succeed so well that sex desire disappears entirely.

In my own experience in psychiatric practice I have yet to find a philanderer who really enjoyed it. Running from one woman to another merely makes for dissatisfaction and a burning desire that is never satisfied, not to mention the cynicism and callousness that usually follow in its wake. In other words, philandering may be looked upon as an escape mechanism, an escape from emotional conflicts within the individual that he should try to straighten out and, if unsuccessful, get an expert to straighten out for him.

My answer to the question “TO PHILANDER OR NOT TO PHILANDER” is an emphatic *NO!* Philandering is *not* what it is cracked up to be! #

The Dive-Bomber

by LIEUT. HORACE S. MAZET

Isolation! . . . Far below, the earth
Appears to be quite flat, as on a map.
Beneath the man-made craft astride the wings
Of wind there lies a stratum of a cloud
Through which appear brown fields, the greener woods,
And then a river, somnolent and gray,
So treacherously peaceful in its bed
That stretches downward to the sea. Above
And to the left and right extends the vast
Inverted bowl of heaven, piercing blue,
Whose horizon is but the limitless
White cloudbank lying like an endless field
Of pack ice. Brilliant silence and the chill
Of upper sky produce a solitude
Invigorating, keen, unknown below.
Slapping at the tingling pilot's cheeks
Is an unnatural wind, quivering
The jowls and tearing at the helmet strap,
Snatching at the breath and whirling on
To twist in tortured shape the trackless path.
A silver airscrew bites its lambent way
Through frosty atmosphere without a chart;
A giant corkscrew at infinite speed,
It glints reflection from the chilly sun
In flickers of cold light.
The needles on
The dial board insure what eager ears
Have sensed; they signify the enginebeat
Is transcendental liferoar without pause:
Mechanical perfection. Now the thrill
Seeps into fingertips alert upon
The stick—nervecenter of the flying craft.
The pilot draws a breath of icy air
And grins with pleasure at the empty sky—
For only God has spied him on his ride.
In just a moment more the little ship
Stands upward on its tail, then pirouettes
And gracefully turns headlong as a gull
Precipitates itself into the sea.
Straight downward points the nose! It's headed for
The rupture in the cloudbank, and it sings
A mounting engineroar which fills the vast
Celestial hemisphere with hellish noise.
And now the speeding plane parts savagely
The air as from the heights it plunges down,
And screams a loud defiance at the wind
Which snatches potently with jealous claws
At wings and body in a vain attempt
To utterly destroy this shameless thing.
Split particles of air clap close behind
The fleeting tail group; in the cockpit swirls
An insane gale of currents; instruments
And windshield vibrate like a thing alive.
The seat proves strangely ineffectual
As in the straining belt the pilot hangs,
His head bent to the crashpad to escape
The blast.
The airspeed meter needle points
To better than two hundred miles per hour,
And keeps on moving!
Humming madly now,
Insistent, louder, drowning out the wind,
The engine's shriek is like a wail from Hell
With overtones drawn from the silver disc
Of whirling prop blades and the high-pitched song
That's strummed on tautened wires by those claws
Which cause the pilot's face to lose its smile
From apprehension.
The controls are stiff—
The stick is rigid. Downward drops the ship,
Plunging faster, faster, toward a small
Objective on the field—the enemy!
Beyond three hundred twenty miles per hour
The needle cannot register increase
Although the plane has not reached terminal
Velocity. The craft twists in its flight,
Desperately aiming at its mark
Now suddenly aware of Jove's approach.
Flying specks of dirt insinuate
Themselves into the goggles, nose and mouth
Belonging to the plummet's guiding soul.
The altimeter lags in recording—
A looming earth is yawning for its prey!
But then a fumbling hand, in awkward gloves,
Secures a grip upon the toggle.
Now!
And in a desperate jerk upon the cord
The horrible egg-cargo is released
To plunge down, weaving, shivering, to the earth
Which never looked as close as it does now!
But at the instant of delivery,
The very birth of death, the stick is yanked!
And with a shriek unholy to all ears
Within a ten mile radius from there
The little bomber curves up from its dive,
Rushing through the air at breakneck speed,
And points its snarling nose up toward the stars
To climb into the blue from whence it came . . .
It leaves its echo ringing still across
The devastated target, hollowly,
Menacingly, but diminishing
Its threat, for now its mission is fulfilled,
And Mars, omnipotent, has been appeased!

DRAWING BY
ARNOLD W. RYAN

Sea Going Suicide

Giving you a rough idea of the thrills and dangers in a dive-bomber's working day

by JAMES CRAIG

• ARTICLE •

There is a group of men living and working in this world today whose lives are as colorful, as full of action and danger and thrill-packed days and nights, as any of the legendary figures of land or sea or sky. They are contemptuous of danger, they have nerves of steel, or perhaps none at all. Nonchalant, unassuming, loyal in every fiber to their flag and to the traditions of the Navy.

I refer to the men who man the dive-bombing planes of our Navy's carriers, one branch of our Naval Air Service which is conceded even by the foreign experts to be the finest in the world. It has always seemed an unfortunate condition to me that more of the American public can't have a first hand knowledge of the Navy and its air arm. For every dollar of the taxpayer's money that goes into the Navy he gets one hundred cents worth of security and service in return. A refreshing thought, it seems to me, in these days of revolution, rebellion and world wide unrest.

Professional man-o-war's-men, devoting their entire lives to the arts of destruction, they are as a class as ardent in their desire for peace as any group of citizens under the American flag. They know how much glory there is in the smoking remains of a charred fuselage, they know the loneliness of a room from which a roommate has suddenly departed never to return, they know the misery of that first meeting ashore between the wives or mothers and the shipmates of some departed pal. They know all these things and more and they know that war would bring as a routine what they are called on to face only occasionally in peace.

Having been privileged, as a reserve officer on active duty with the aircraft squadrons of the battle fleet, to observe at first hand these men in action, it is my intention to recount herein some of the experiences of my shipmates and myself. Some of the articles of equipment and methods of operating are considered as confidential but they are for the most part so technical that they would prove of little general interest.

I'll never forget my first look at a carrier from the air. I'd spent several days ashore practicing carrier landings on a deck marked out on a field. After the first few landings it had seemed like child's play. But this time it was the real thing and as we flew along over the water to intercept the carrier, my hands began to get moist and my mouth a little dry.

We were to pick the *Lexington* up about seventy miles to the seaward of the Santa Barbaras and when one arrives at that point after coming out of North Island in a tiny fighting plane, there is only one thing to do, and that's land. There won't be enough gasoline left to clean the spots off your necktie and it's a long way back. I felt not unlike I used to imagine Pearl White felt when they tied her to the front end of a box car and started it downhill with an open drawbridge at the bottom. Only this couldn't be continued next week. In fact it couldn't be continued at all for at that moment the skipper gave the signal to close up and I knew we had arrived. I took a hasty peek over the side and saw a little matchstick down there on the water with a black stripe around its stack and a soap bubble for a wake under its stern.

The skipper gave the signal to form the landing circle and I'd have sold out right then and there for what a seaman first class has left after a night ashore. No chance for this though and I went aboard when my turn came.

Take the average size city street, cut it in half, and keep it moving, and by moving I mean forward, up and down and from side to side, and you have a carrier pilot's idea of home sweet home. They don't use mirrors, but they do have a very effective means of stopping them on a dime. Every thousandth landing is the occasion for a little celebration and the pilot making the landing is presented with a very imposing cake, and his picture is hung in the ready room alongside the pictures of those who have preceded him. The total number of landings made on all the Navy's carriers reads like the war debt and the fatal accidents can be counted on the fingers of one hand. A nice tribute to the skill of these pilots.

My first landing over, I stood by to watch the fun. A little fighting plane came in over the stern, failed to make the proper connections and wrapped itself around the ———. (The Navy doesn't like to have this called by its technical name, but it is enough to give you the idea to say that it is much like an ordinary fence but it's considerably more effective, sort of the last straw, if nothing else works you can rely on it to snag you.) They have a movie camera all set up to record the mishaps and they say that the cameraman is so expert that once he starts to grind you might just as well sit on your hands because you're going to crash. He's never wasted a foot of film yet. The reels thus taken are shown frequently to all pilots so they can avoid the mistakes which lead to trouble. They also have two sailors clothed from head to foot in heavy asbestos suits; it's their job to jump into a burning crash and pull the pilot out before he gets uncomfortably warm.

The real excitement for the day began when a squadron of battleship planes started to make landings. The battleship planes are normally equipped as seaplanes, but this particular outfit had been issued amphibian gear to replace their floats. After exhaustive tests ashore they had come out to the carrier for the final acid test. The acid must have been in the manufacturer's mouth on that day though, for that gear just couldn't take it. Wheels, struts, wires and miscellaneous bits of equipment popped all over the place, more like soda crackers than landing gears. Before they got them stopped the skipper of the *Lexington*, the then Captain King, had torn practically all the hair out of his head at the way those battleship pilots were scratching up his teakwood deck. The same company that made those landing gears is today turning out one of the most formidable fighting planes in the world, so perhaps the experience was of some avail.

Occasionally planes drop over the side and in one case at least this gave evidence of the heroism which is never far beneath the surface with these men. A plane had crashed on landing and dropped over the side into the water on its back. We all knew that the pilot of that plane, although not seriously injured, would undoubtedly be stunned and trapped underneath the water in his cockpit. Before any of us could move, Lt. Al Morehouse had stripped off most of his clothing and dived over the side; it's seventy feet from the flight deck to the water and the ship was making about twenty knots. But he succeeded in reaching the plane and pulling the pilot to safety not an instant before the plane disappeared beneath the waves. The plane guard, a destroyer which always trails the carrier about five hundred yards to stern, picked them both up hardly the worse for the experience. Lt. Morehouse was decorated for this and only his complete disregard of personal safety and his instant action were responsible for the happy outcome.

Lots of strange things happen in this life on a carrier, some of them humorous, some of them seem like miracles, and of course

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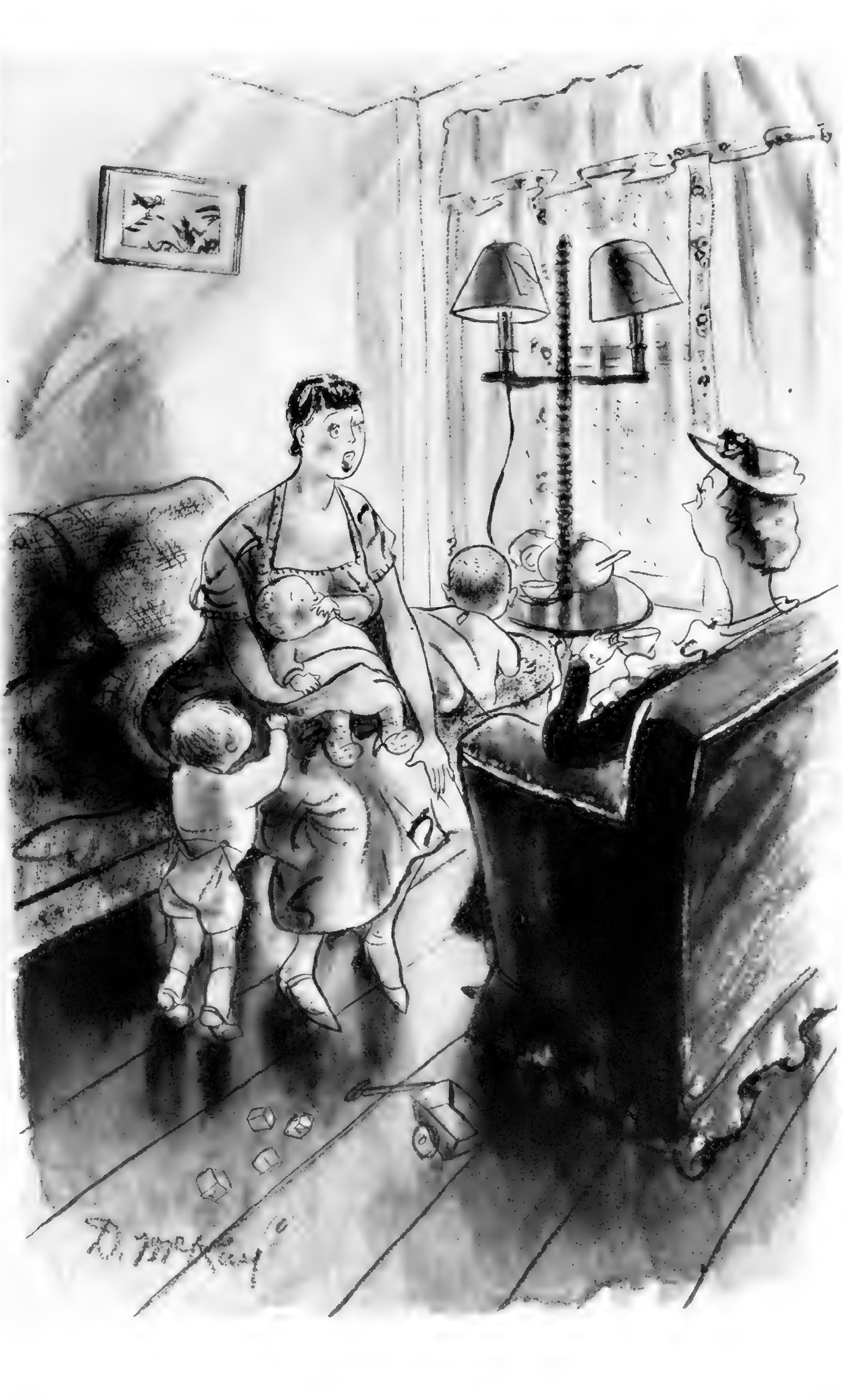


"I get so lonesome sometimes. My husband has been on an archeological expedition for over four years"

Faith, Hope and Charity

Concerning a worm that did not turn, but pursued its course in a rather oblique fashion

by JAMESON FIELD

• FICTION •

The man stood in the doorway. He scuffed one foot against the other, the movement swaying him toward the jamb. Ellie's shrewd glance went downward to his shoes. The shoes decided her. They were split in the uppers and run down, warped by many weathers but scrupulously shined. The heavy lines of Ellie's face grew softer.

"You keep 'em clean," she said. "I mean your shoes. That's something."

The man's eyes avoided her. His shoulders sagged. It was not logical for her to feel a suggestion of furtive defiance in his attitude. But she did. It was the defiance of a cowed animal licking its wounds—and pitting all the strength of its will against a master. The woman felt a little anticipatory thrill pass through her.

He mumbled indistinctly: "... got pride," was all she heard. "I got my pride."

"I might find a job for you," Ellie said. "Do you think you could make a seed bed?"

The man inclined his head mutely. "Speak up," she said sharply.

"Guess I could"—stammeringly.

She led him through the house to the tool shed at the bottom of the garden. It was a grey day in early spring when an untouched garden is a desolate spot. The man looked at the pile of rough, broken cement Ellie had once bought to make a rockery and never started, at the unturned flower beds and the dragging lines of dead creeper hanging on the trellises. Into his pale eyes a contemplative look settled, not acquisitive or envious but wondering, a shade hopefully.

"You'll find what you need in here," the woman said as she unlocked the door of the shed. "If you're thinking of running off with any—"

His face lifted to her in mild apprehension. "Yes, missus?"

"—I'll be watching you from the window."

He picked out a spade and turned away. She felt without understanding it his fastidious avoidance of conflict. Some urge impelled her to touch him and she called him back. He came submissively. She was holding out a paper sack of powdered fertilizer.

"Here, scatter this in while you're digging. Don't waste any."

As he took the bag from her his fumbling fingers brushed her own. He had a hard, dry skin and his hands an unmoist warmth. She went back to the house without speaking again.

During what was left of the afternoon she went often to window or door to watch him. He worked slowly, with care, turning over the soil with slanting, even drives of the spade, pausing regularly to sprinkle the fertilizer over the broken earth and knead it in with the rake. About his feet on the border of the plot he accumulated a rubble of stones from the bed in ordered heaps. Once or twice he looked up to find her eyes on him speculatively and would bend more attentively to his work.

She thought stolidly: "I'll make him a good meal. Men like a good meal. He don't look strong. He'll be tired and hungry. I wonder how old he is. Fifty, maybe."

With a glow of planning a meal for a man she forgot the uncomplaining ache of her loneliness since her husband had died three years before. She was forty years old. Her husband, a good provider, had left her comfortably endowed. She owned the house she lived in and a small cottage on one of the nearby streets. The district was a suburb, an adjunct of the town split into factory sites never developed. The property was not valuable but she had no worries. She had an income sufficient for her wants and with few needs, few friends, inertia had obscured whatever impulses she may have once felt. It was queer that the man had stirred her interest. It had never happened before.

She made a meal quickly, competently, her unhurried hands peeling, mixing, in the routines of cooking. Her preparations over, she turned to the mirror beside the clock on the shelf over the sink and examined herself closely. She pushed the hair back from her temples, parted her lips and looked at her teeth. A step outside made her turn quickly.

The man was waiting for her to open the door. "I'm finished now, missus." He did not notice how red her face was. "I put the things away."

"You hungry?" she asked. Her voice was kinder now. He nodded. "You can wash here. Take your coat off if you want," she added as he hesitated. She seemed to understand his shyness. Her husband had been a shy man.

The measured ticking of the clock paced the meal. The woman piled his plate with food—creamy scalloped potatoes, buttered beans and pink slices of sugar-cured ham, gave him bread of her own baking, fruit conserve and cored apples preserved in cinnamon syrup. The man ate as quietly as he had worked, pushed back his chair and looked at her.

"Smoke if you want," she said. "I don't mind."

Obediently the man lit a charred briar and the pungent odor of tobacco filling the room mellowed and pleased her. Outside the early darkness crept about the windows and cast shadows to the corners of the kitchen.

"Have you got a place to stay?"

"Nowheres, missus." His voice steadied, divined her offer. "You'll find me grateful, missus."

"There's a couch down in the cellar you could sleep on. It's dry and you'll be warm enough. What's your name?"

"Dan. Could I go down now? I'm tired, missus."

Perversely she felt the desire to hold him with her a little longer. Company for her was a rarity. She wanted more time to enjoy the feeling of power it gave her to have him dependent on her fancy. She felt, too, his silent opposition; timid lest she turn him out; obstinate in resisting the impress of her will.

"You don't talk much. A woman likes to hear a man talk sometimes. I want to know more about you." Deliberately her voice grew chill with accusation. "How do I know you won't get up in the night to rob me?"

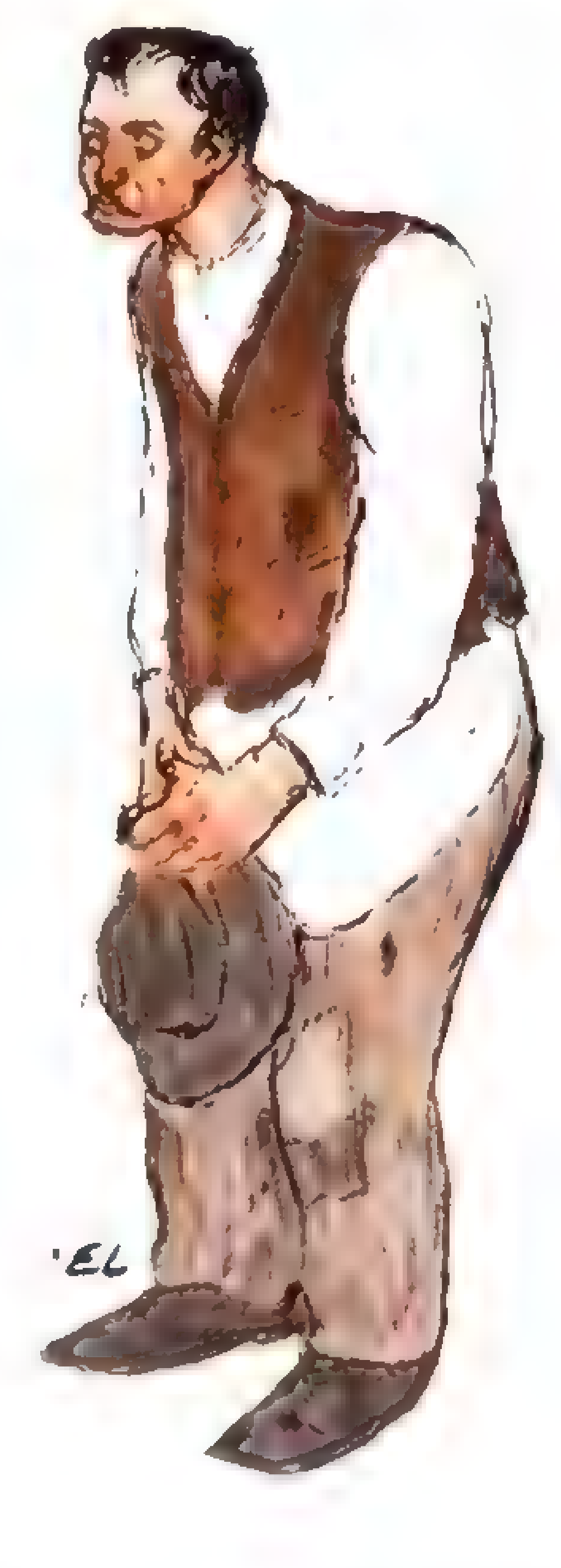
"You could lock the door, missus."

The hand holding his pipe trembled as he removed it to speak. She was sorry once the allegation was made. She had not experienced the least fear at the prospect of being alone in the house with the man. She knew already he was afraid of her. Her sole motive had been to provoke him to reply. Somehow her silence, an appreciable lessening of the tension between them, gave him permission to go. She heard him creak down the stairs after shutting the door firmly, and shuffle across the cellar to the couch.

"He didn't thank me," she said aloud. "He didn't even say goodnight."

The door was still unlocked after she washed the dishes, laid out some sewing for the next day and went up to bed. She paused in her undressing to remember the touch of his hand on hers. From the window she tried to see down to the garden where he had worked. A restless wind pressed the drapes against her. She felt no cold.

It was good to have a man in the house once more.



Continued in center of page 160

Trick Shots on the Ice

A hockey player can make his opponents feel silly but they're the only ones that know it

by TRAVIS HOKE

• SPORTS •

A few days ago, having nothing else to wonder about at the moment, I wondered why I had never heard of a trick shot expert in that tricky and shooty game, ice hockey. Nobody I knew of could drive the puck off the face of a watch or carom it against three other pucks or keep five or six of them in the air with the stick—nobody, in short, was celebrated for such fancy doings on the ice. And it seemed strange, for there are and always have been trick shots in other pastimes—specialists, usually, more noted for their feats in exhibitions than for winning tournaments. There is Joe Kirkwood in golf and Charlie Peterson in billiards; there were Annie Oakley, of course, and Willie Tell, the original apple knocker; and no doubt in Robin Hood's mob there was some torpedo named the Sherwood Kid or the Nottingham Astonisher who could make a Thompson sub-caliber yew bow tell funny stories.

But no hockey player I could think of seemed to fit in the same category with these exhibition heroes. Frank Boucher and Aurel Joliat can shuttle the puck through a forest of legs and sticks, Charlie Conacher and Didier Pitre could crack a board with it, Doc Roberts could shoot a curve a foot wide, but somehow it seemed that neither they nor any other hockey immortal could justly be called a trick shot specialist.

Which, as I say, was strange—so strange that I decided to find out whether such a thing could be.

To find out, I thought up the unusual dodge of asking. I asked a Mr. Jersey Jones, who is the press agent of a hockey team, I asked Lester Patrick, who manages one, I asked Frank Boucher, who plays on one. They all said the same thing. They said that such a thing not only couldn't be but wasn't, that there was a trick shot right under my nose, that he was the greatest hockey had ever seen, and that he was Mr. Bun Cook now with Boston but for ten years with the New York Rangers. They also said, quite nicely, that probably the reason I hadn't spotted Bun was because he did his fancy work right out there on the ice in the game, where it counted, instead of in exhibitions, where it didn't.

Now Messrs. Jones, Patrick and Boucher are all attached to that same team, the Rangers, and they might therefore have been a trifle biased in their opinion of their old friend, Bun Cook. But a remark of Boucher's made me think they might be speaking the truth.

"Sometimes in practice Bun has us in stitches with his tricks," Frank said, "especially that one where he looks one way and actually shoots another."

And then I remembered that in game after game Bun, rushing toward the goal with his head up and the puck close to his feet, had done just that, with an effect of innocence that was indescribably comic. I remembered how he skates backward to take a pass and whips around and shoots, all in the same motion, and I remembered, too, that when the Rangers were on the defensive, with a man in the penalty box, it was Bun who "ragged" the puck—kept it away from opponents by deft manipulation of skate and stick until his teammate had served his two minutes and was back on the ice—ragged it better than any player I had seen. I remembered all this and it seemed that indeed Bun might be the trick shot of hockey. But nobody would say what his trick shots were. "You have to see them for yourself," Lester Patrick said. "You can't describe them." (He added, politely, "Not even you.")

So I was a bit on the skeptical side when I went to Madison Square Garden one morning when Bun was in New York to watch him during a practice session.

The Rangers, divided into two squads, played a full sixty minute match and Bun, with his jersey on backwards—he's very superstitious about practice games—obligingly skated with one squad and crowded in more trick shots than he'd be likely to use in a dozen regular games, and I saw why they called him the greatest trick shot in the game, and why they must be right. I saw, too, what they meant when they said you couldn't describe his tricks.

There are too many factors involved to make description easy, and the factors are such that unless they are understood, the tricks seem far from spectacular.

When Kirkwood plays a golf shot, the factors are the ball and the club, and sometimes certain hazards. The problem may be complicated, but the ball and Kirkwood are stationary before he swings, and the hazards don't move and his feet stay put. The billiard balls are at rest before Peterson starts stroking them and he banks them against the immovable edge of the table, and his footwork doesn't count. Annie Oakley and her target might both be moving, but there were only two components, the weapon and the target. And for neither Kirkwood, Peterson nor Oakley is there any human opposing factor—nobody to stop swing, stroke, or trigger-pull.

But a hockey shot, a combination of acrobatics and juggling, is vastly more complex. There are at least four components—the skates, the stick and the puck—and each is in motion before the shot begins. There are hazards, many of them—the skates and sticks of other players—all moving, and the brains and skill of opposing players to contend with.

Then too, the nature of the factors involved in the simplest hockey shot make it a comparatively difficult matter. Your implement is a long stick with a flat blade set on it at an angle—comparable, perhaps, to a golf club, but one that you strike with from both sides of your body and from whatever stance you can manage to take. The puck isn't a ball, but a three-inch disc of vulcanized rubber intended to slide, not roll. And you're neither standing nor running, you're skating, and skating is an entirely unnatural means of locomotion so far as the body is concerned. It is so unnatural a use of the muscles that you have to skate several months each year from childhood on before they will behave as a hockey player's muscles must. And you must skate so well that every gyration is instant and automatic; you can't keep your thoughts on your feet, like a figure skater, because you have the puck and your stick and a lot of other players to look out for.

All this was in Lester Patrick's mind when he said that Bun's trick shots were indescribable. But none of it seemed to be worrying Bun. He was just out there playing hockey, making a trick shot for me whenever

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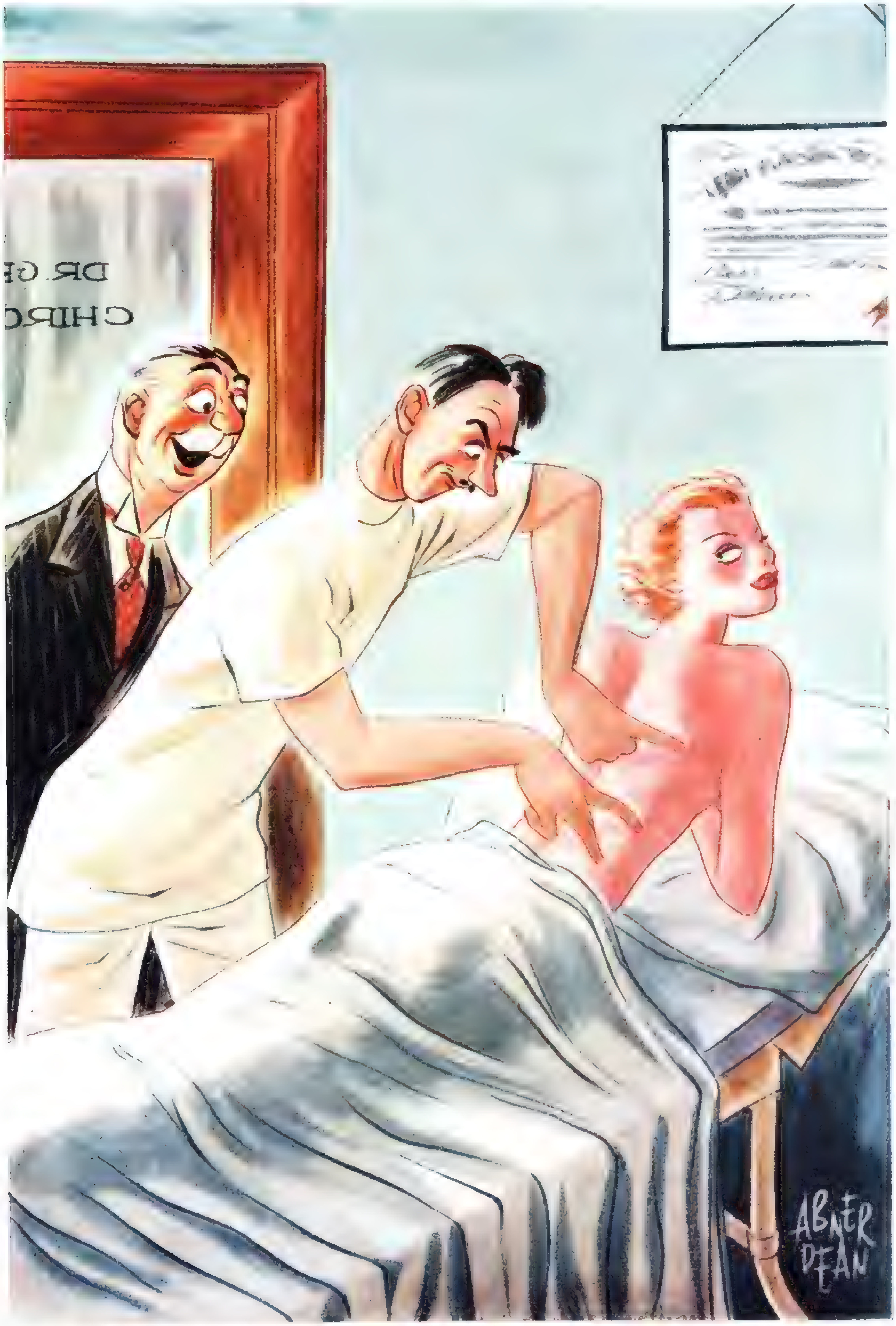
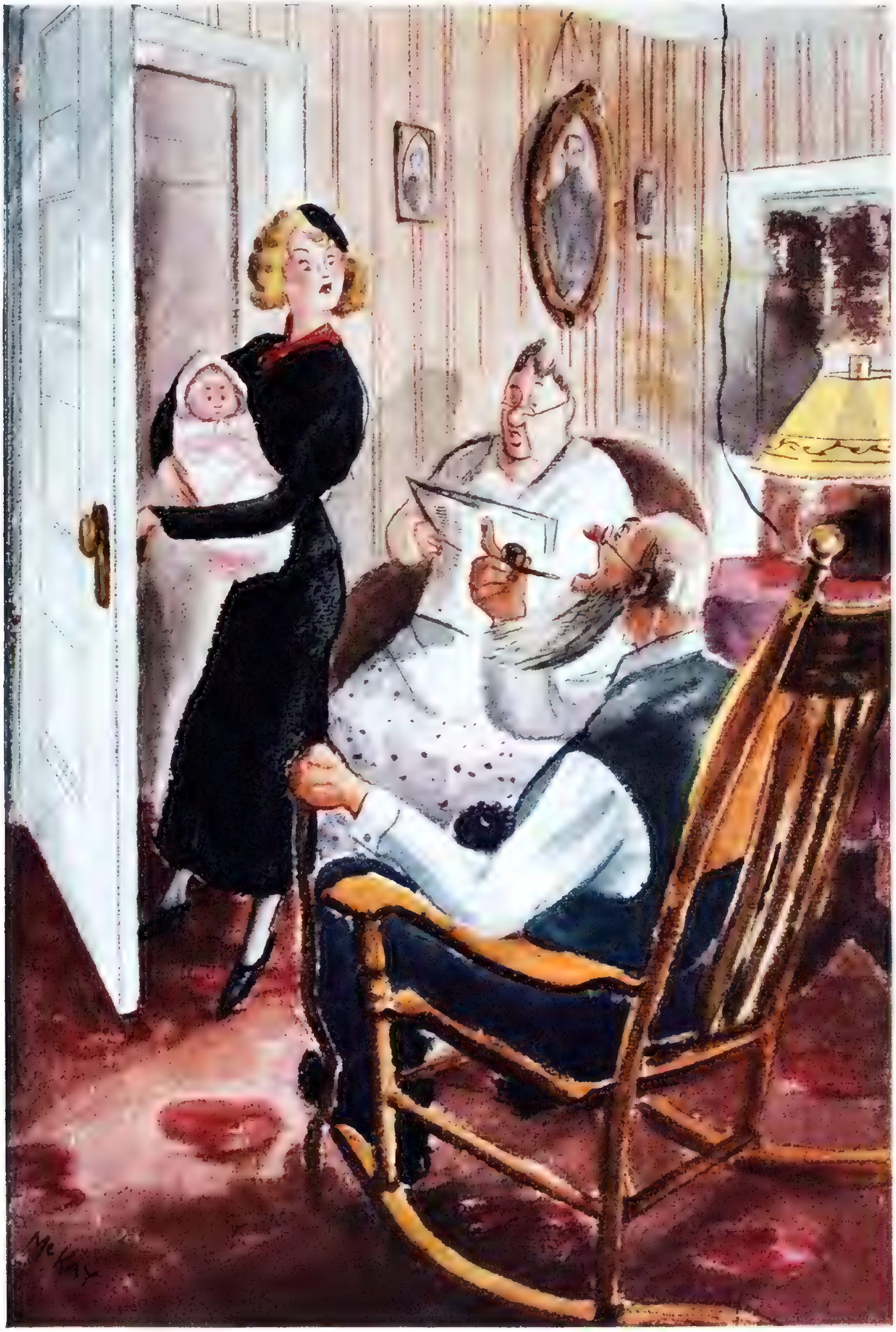

DR. GE
CHIRO
ABNER DEAN

"Interesting work—isn't it, Doctor?"



"If he doesn't marry you it'll be a reflection on your character!"

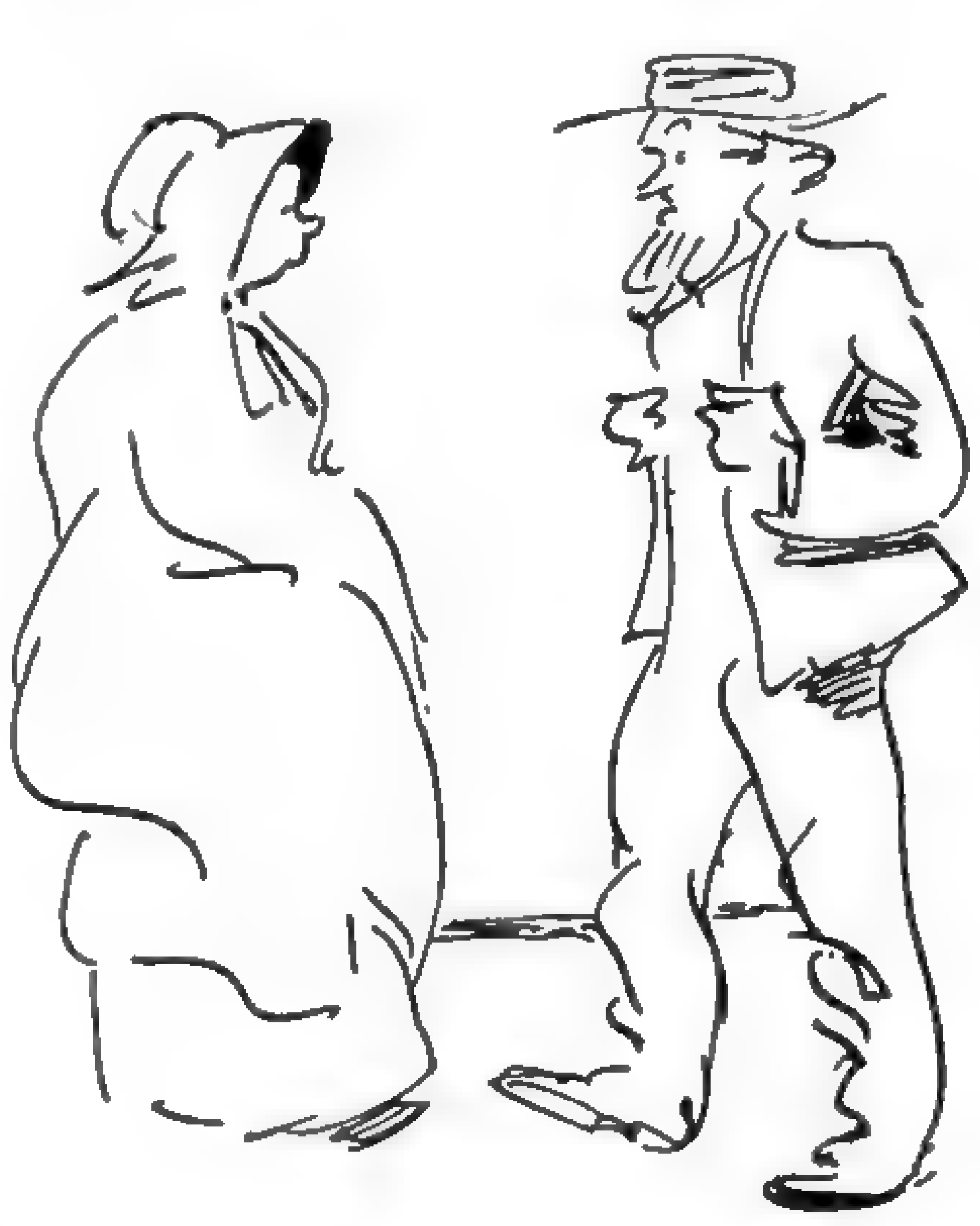
Der Bell Don't Make Bump

They deny themselves worldly pleasures but have great zest for eating, mating and worship

by EDW. JEROME VOGELER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Customs vary in various parts of these United States—and you may lay to that! Take the case of the Virginian who penetrated the Pennsylvania Dutch portion of the Keystone State and perpetrated a social blunder that nearly proved fatal.



The young man made the error of taking a Pennsylvania Dutch lassie to the movies—and bringing her straight home. The girl was so incensed at the lack of appreciation of her buxom charms that she told papa, who in turn called three sturdy sons and the quartette proceeded to give the "foreigner" a good old-fashioned Pennsylvania Dutch beating.

"For vhy did he vant to take our Lena oudt?" asked Papa Amish, his bushy beard bristling with indignation. "Couldn't he seen how nice undt rount she been, da blint rumlefer! Undt, couldn't he seen dot unzer dahlie ist blaue ge-paintet?"

In all probability, the Southerner had noticed how "nice and round" and otherwise desirable Lena was, and the term "blint rumlefer" (Pennsylvania Dutch for "blind bum") was unjustified. And it was hardly fair to expect him to understand the significance of the "blaue ge-paintet dahlie" (blue painted gate), which is the quaint and exclusive method employed by an Amish household of informing the wide world that they have a daughter arrived at the "bundling" age.

In Bucks, Berks, Lehigh, Northampton, Carbon, Lancaster and Schuylkill Counties, which constitute the boundaries of the "pow-wow" and "hexerei" region of the famous Pennsylvania Dutch, River Brother, Anabaptist, Dunkard and Amish live their God fearing, industrious and bizarre lives. The Amish, strangest of them all, cling most tenaciously to customs that continue to baffle the outer world. Perhaps the most widely publicized of these, during recent years, is the time-honored practice of "bundling."

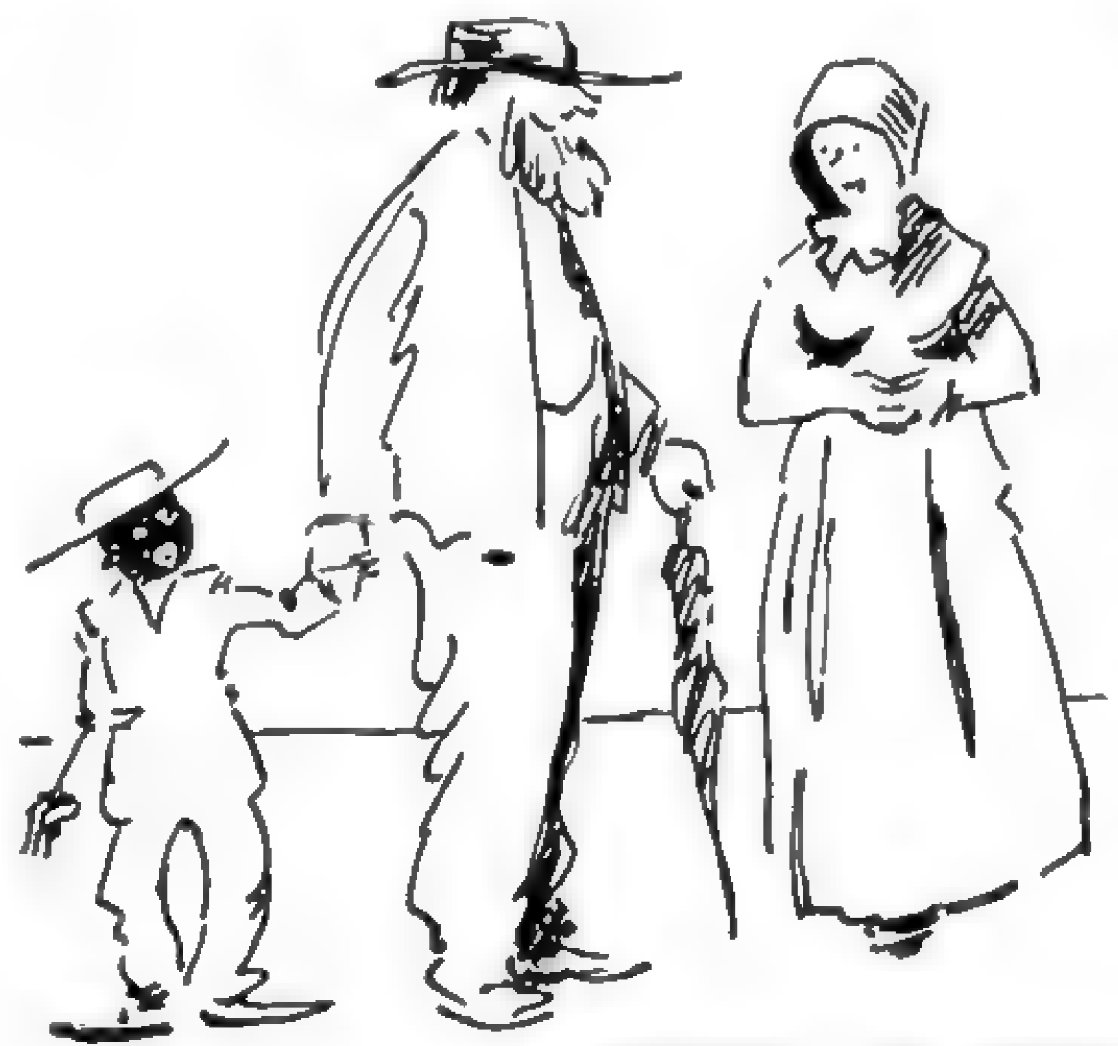
This consists in not only permitting, but actually compelling an interested couple to try out the business of being "man and woman" before the preacher man is called. The word "bundling" originated from the custom of sewing the boy and girl together in a huge bag—providing no escape for either in the event of a sudden change of mind.

Of late, the practice has been strictly supervised by Amish elders, not because of the moral aspect—as the buttonless clan have a definite code of their own—but because too great interest in both sexes was shown in bundling and not enough in the more serious matter of assuming the duties and obligations of marriage. Too many, in short, bungled their bundling and lived to bundle another day. Nevertheless—when an Amish papa, such as the aforementioned, goes to the trouble and expense of painting his gate a bright blue, it remains a fair warning to one and all that the daughter of the house is no mere package to be taken lightly to the movies—and brought straight home.

Strangely enough, in view of their tolerant attitude towards such matters, the strong denominational spirit of the Amish is based upon a rigid application of the practice of "avoidance" or "shunning"—a doctrine that must have been thoroughly expounded to their ancestors by one Jacob Amman, a Mennonite preacher in the Canton of Berne in Switzerland. Certain it is that the descendants of those early immigrants who settled in Lancaster and Berks Counties about 1715, have conscientiously "avoided" most things that the average person would welcome with open arms. Among things to be shunned are education, music, art, advanced thought and entertainment of every nature.

The objective of the sect is to be "unwordly"—which, to the Amish mind, means virtually and virtuously to be unlike other people. And it must be admitted that they succeed in their goal.

Many of the women still wear the severe Shaker hat of the seventeenth century, predecessor of the bonnet, tied under the chin and fashioned of heavy material that may serve an excellent purpose in shedding the sun on a Pennsylvania tobacco field, but which would hardly inspire enthusiasm in the soul of a designer of women's styles. Homemade dresses are plain and tight-fitting, except at the base, which is of the voluminous pattern seen in very old prints.



SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

Men's clothes are also homemade and possess that distinctive charm so often observed in homemade apparel. These are invariably of a dull, black cloth and hooks and eyes take the place of buttons—which are considered entirely too modern. Suspenders are "verboten" as too worldly by the majority of the sect, but the "Peacheyites," considered by their brothers in the inner circles of the Amish to be pretty gay fellows, have compromised with the devil to the point of permitting their males to wear one single suspender—providing it be homemade.

Young Amish blades grow beards as soon as they are able, but moustaches are strictly forbidden. To sport both beard and moustache would mean to incur the strong disapproval of the elders, while to flash a rakish moustache without chin whiskers would mean excommunication—the sternest penalty known to the Amish. So severe is the attitude against hirsute adornment of the upper lip that a true Amishman of the old order would not attend the funeral of his own brother who had shaved his chin and permitted his moustache to flourish.

The result of this restricting self-denial is that the Pennsylvania Dutch mind finds an abnormal outlet for the expression of the libido in the three fields still open—mating, eating and worship. And the thought suddenly obtrudes that this bears a striking similarity to the sphere for German women proscribed by the former Kaiser—*kirche, kuche, kinder*.

The Amish Church is as singular as its congregation. Not a dime is expended in the erection of an edifice, but services are held each week at alternating farm houses, where entertainment and food are featured fully as strongly as ritual. One of the foremost attractions at such gatherings is the "confessional," at which erring sheep narrate their transgressions, not for the sole audience of the pastor or the elders, but in a shouting voice sufficiently loud for every eager member to hear.

Since such commonplace practices as "bundling" among the unmarried are encouraged and not considered sinful, the tidbits of the confessional are almost invariably supplied by the older wedded members and are devoured by the youngsters as a spicy substitute for the innumerable things forbidden them.

Recently, the middle-aged wife of a sixty-year-old farmer played the stellar role at one such gathering, vouchsafing the intimate details of her bit of bundling, during the summer,

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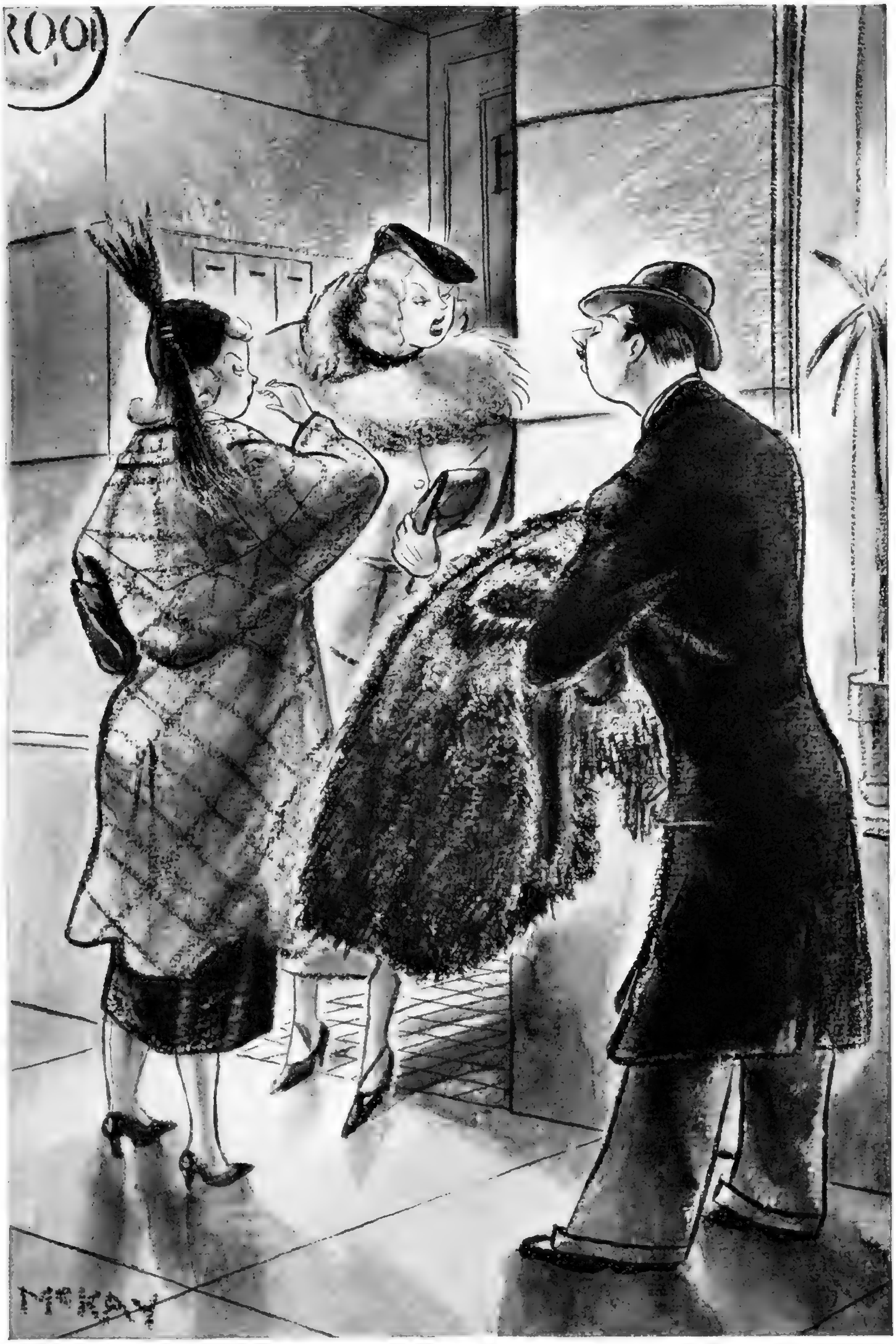


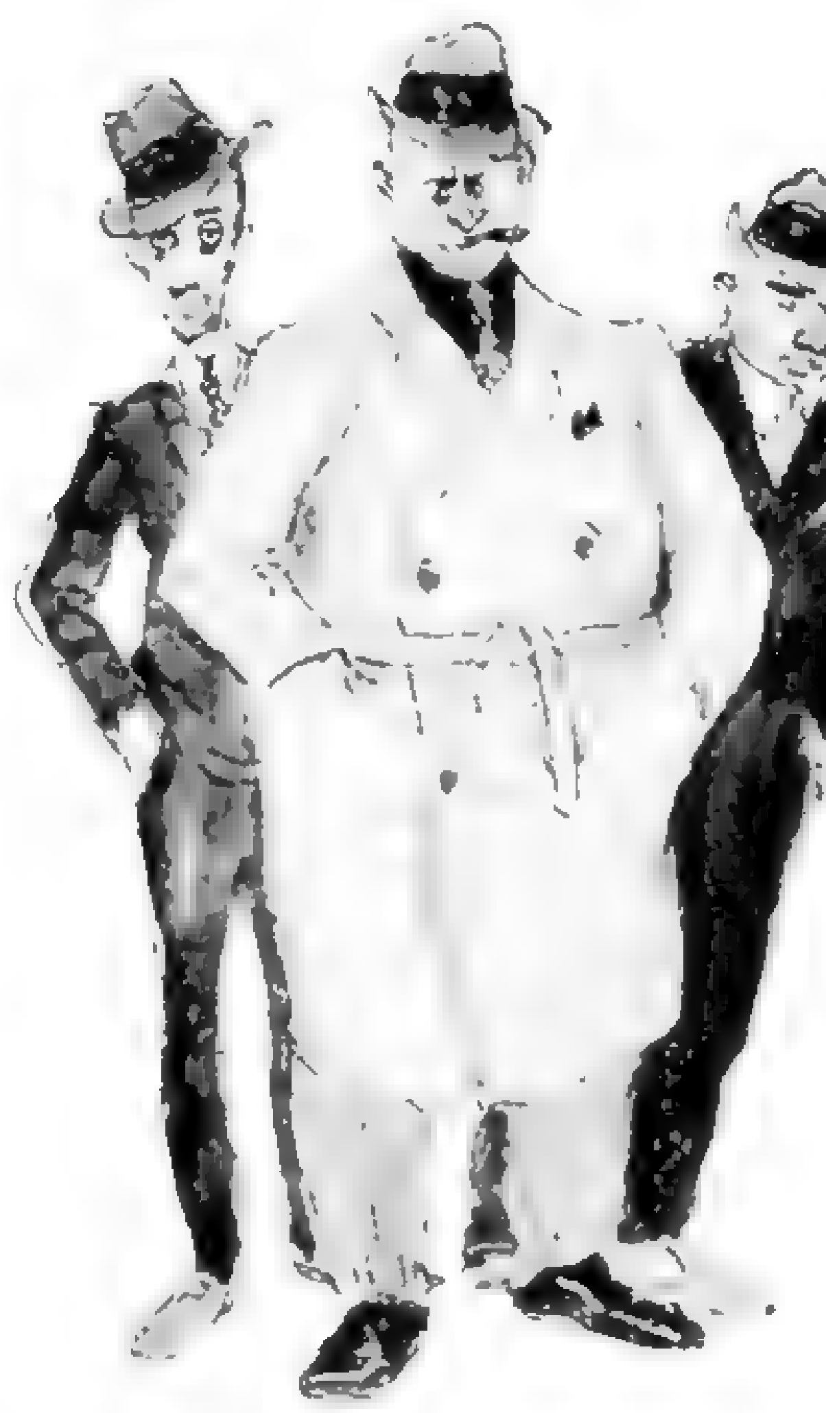
"You're wasting your time, Buddy—we don't buy fur coats!"

Three Came Armed

A story of brutality that is doubly terrible because it can and has happened here

by ASHLEY BUCK

• FICTION •



NEVA sat in the straight back wooden chair playing Canfield solitaire. Her slender body was upright, indicating nothing of its weariness. Only her hands moved, turning every third card. On the table were other cards, placed in neat rows, red upon black, black upon red. There was not a play in the entire deal. She looked at the writing paper beside her and subtracted 52 from figures previously written. Playing for money she would have exactly $247.00. Her eyes sought the drugstore clock on the mantlepiece. She put the cards, pencil and paper into the table drawer. Later the game would be continued. This series of games—carried over from where she last lived—had been going on for almost a month—fifteen and twenty games a day. She lit a cigarette and moved to the divan, stretching herself, getting the kinks from her back and neck. Her eyes closed, shoulders slumped forward, hands still at her sides. The complete relaxation revealed her tiredness. She remembered that it was too late to sleep. Pauline was coming. She slowly opened her eyes, fighting against the sudden drowsiness. She studied the room, gazing at each object, her mind thinking about them. The ugly overstuffed furniture looked grand. It wasn't what they showed in the movies, but she couldn't afford that cold steel-like furniture anyway. Forty-five dollars a month wasn't too much. This apartment was fine. She only hoped the renting agents wouldn't find her out, and if they did, that they would let her stay. This was a real home. She was her own boss.

The drowsiness came again, embracing her like warm water, bringing the sensation of falling, restfully sinking into a great unknown. Sound disturbed the almost completed unconsciousness. The brain became aware of a distant ringing, and gradually the sound broke clearly, all of hearing alive to the actuality. Neva shook herself and walked toward the door, wishing that Pauline had forgotten to come.

She stood there looking at the three of them, wondering if she were still asleep and this a dream. Their presence came as a distinct shock, like an unexpected blow, sickening, causing the nerves inside her to twitch and tighten. They watched her with no emotion in their faces, as though they were staring at an inanimate object without really seeing it: six eyes fixed upon her, dull eyes, abstract, but missing nothing. There in the faintly lighted hall they seemed not of this earth and Neva's astonishment turned slowly into fear. These three could be here but for one thing. They had come to steal what remained of her independence, to end the little freedom so long guarded and kept for herself alone. She heard the ticking of the clock behind her and felt a cold draft which did not come from the day.

The man in the middle spoke first. He was the larger of the three and wore a tan camel's hair coat. His hands were shoved deep into the pockets. His head, sitting upon a long neck, was small in comparison with the rest of his body. His lips were pressed tightly together, the cigar between them sticking out like a cork in a bottle. There was little movement to his mouth when he spoke, no opening along the lips, only a slight quivering of the chin muscles. His voice was toneless, carrying nothing but a faint breathlessness:

"Nice place ya got in there. How about takin' a better look?"

"Yeah," said the man at his left. "What do you say?" He was dark and small with a nose and eyebrows that protruded prominently from a round flat face. He spoke in a thin hard voice, slowly, distinctly, giving each word the same emphasis.

"I'm busy," Neva said frightenedly. "Can't you come back a little later, Max?"

"And you'd be gone," answered the man in the overcoat. "Naw. We've wasted enough time findin' you already."

"But I'm busy."

"Not too busy to see us."

They walked slowly into the room, almost laboriously, their eyes seeing everything under half-closed lids. Neva felt the coldness again. A shuddering, wild and uncontrollable, ran through her body.

Max stopped looking at the room, bringing his eyes back to Neva, speaking lower than before: "There ain't nobody here. Someday you're goin' to lie to me once too often."

"I meant I'm going to be busy," she said hurriedly. "I'm expecting company any minute."

Max glanced at the two men, nodding his head for them to sit down. He remained standing, looking at her over the cigar.

"How much you pay for this place?"

"Nothing. A friend got it for me."

He studied her, hard. "You're lyin' again."

Neva felt the beating of her heart, felt it race madly and then die to a murmur.

Max continued, his eyes never leaving her, the raw, red slit of a mouth scarcely moving: "Tell her what we do to girls who lie."

"Plenty," said the small dark man.

"More 'an that," said the third man. He was the youngest and spoke in a high unnatural voice. His face was very white and very thin. His right hand opened and closed repeatedly, as if it were clutching something tightly then quickly letting it go.

Max turned his head toward the two men, the smoke from the cigar creeping through his shut lips in a flat even line: "You don't think we're goin' to have trouble with Neva, do you, boys?"

They watched Max silently, a brief expectant look coming to their eyes.

Neva sat weakly on the divan. An impending terror hung in the air like fog. She wanted to escape the indescribable coldness they had brought to the room. Their eyes were walls keeping her captive, holding her like a tight vise.

Max spoke again, low, as if he had been running hard, but without the effort of that particular breathlessness: "Naw. Neva's goin' to be a good girl and do exactly what we say—ain't ya, Neva?"

Again she felt the heart within her grow big, swelling, ready to burst. Her words were a muffled whisper, sounding hollowly into the solemn room: "What'd you want from me, Max?"

"I suppose nobody's told ya anything?"

"Told me what?"

"Still lyin', huh?" He looked meaningly at the two men. "Maybe Neva's not goin' to be such a good girl after all."

She faked, playing for time: "I don't know what you're talking about. What'd you come here for? I don't have nothing to do with your crowd." Max laughed without any facial movement, the sound staying inside him. "She don't have nothin' to do with our crowd. We get it."

"Yeah," said the Dark One. "We get it."

"Why'd ya move from where ya last lived?" asked Max.

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The Revolt of the Meek

Murder, gentle murder, is the whispered response of quiet folks to their persistent annoyers

by A. MYERSON & I. GOLDBERG

• ARTICLE •

"MURDER," said one of the most popular of our Presidents, "is murder." It is doubtful whether Teddy included, in this circular definition, that species of mass-murder called war. All of us are supposed to have, at one time or another, murder in our hearts. Fortunately, it remains there; or it comes out in the form of complicated dreams, or in the disguise of metaphors, or in the shape of a criticism in the next morning's paper. So that a new meaning attaches to the old saw, "Murder will out."

To the layman, too, murder is murder. A person is killed by another person, and that settles it. The problem of murder, however, is not quite so simple as this. Murder is murder, and something else again. A person is killed by another person, but that doesn't settle any problems of cause and effect. The renewed popularity of mystery tales, in fact, helps to prove how little settled these problems are. In its least complicated form the story becomes a hunt for the culprit. Why and how the murder was committed is secondary; the reader pits his cleverness against the wits of the criminal (that is, the author, no harm meant!) and shoots it out on paper. That higher detectivism, contemporary crime psychology, adopts a more conscientious attitude. Why was the murder committed? Why do some people under the stress of certain causes, commit murder and others not?

There are murderer types. The types of murderer are almost as numerous as the methods of murder employed. The who and the why become far more fascinating topics than the how—than the matter of escape and capture. When the murderer is caught, it may have been an exciting chase and a triumphant catch; our sense of social vengeance and of moral propriety is assuaged, and the criminal meets his fate. Yet, until we know just what disposes certain types toward murder, we have little with which to combat the true causes.

The popular notion of a murderer pictures him as a malignant demon bent on destruction of life. It sees him as a person given up to self-indulgence, to vice, to the lusts of the flesh. He lives in defiance of the accepted moral code. True, there are the lone-wolf types who are by very nature outlaws. Then, there are the unfortunates whose minds are diseased. (The popular notion of an insane person, by the way, is quite as exaggerated as is that of the murderer.) Yet there are murderer types who, before the climactic experience that brands them, are the very models of asceticism—who do not drink or smoke, or even know the charms, licit or illicit, of woman.

One might say that, given the cause, there are some types that are predestined to murder, while others are passive tools who must be goaded. For murder, far from breeding only in the positive, the active, the powerful, the brutally courageous, is born too of weakness, meekness, submissiveness. The wisdom of folk-sayings has embodied this truth in the simple saying, "The worm turns." We may call this type of murder The Revolt of the Meek. And it will only help our understanding of the problem if we speak quite plainly about this pseudo-virtue of meekness.

It is a quality highly praised by those in power, since meekness and humility—on the part of others—make possible the continuance in power of those who praise the quality. To the powerful, meekness is not at all a virtue for themselves. On the other hand, to those romanticists who foresee a world from which all conflict will have been banished, meekness is also a praiseworthy trait, since it mirrors their own Utopian hopes.

Now, there is this about meekness: it invites the sadism of others. It actually seems to call forth, from the less conscientious, the less scrupulous, of the race an ill-repressed cruelty. It is too bad that we human beings should be so constructed, but the mass of people hold the meek in contempt and treat them accordingly. Those who are especially given over to bullying and who love dominance discover in the humble and meek a source of deep psychological satisfaction, and even joy. The meek may thus be subjected to persecution such as reaches, at last, so high a pressure as to boil over into the revolt of despair. This turning of the worm is one of the recurrent patterns in the study of murder.

* * *

Three typical cases (they are, of course, altered in non-essentials, so as to spare the sensibilities of friends and relations) may be adduced.

The first is a naturalized citizen employed in a branch of a public service. He lives in a small town, and is happy in his quiet rustic surroundings. His aim is to save up enough so that his wife and he may not face advancing age with financial anxiety. This passion for saving, it may be remarked, is one of the virtues natural to the meek. It gives them a sense of power over circumstance.

By his thrift and self-denial this Mr. Worm managed to accumulate a tidy sum. He also had a relative, with more wit than cash. Mr. Relative, appealing to the man's dominating passion, induced him to invest it in real estate. Of course, the relative was to supervise the investing, and to become a partner in the profits. In one way or another, the dishonest fellow so tangled up affairs that through a piece of legalistic hocus-pocus he was enabled to deprive Mr. Worm of the entire property.

The poor man's house of cards came tumbling down about his ears. His life-plans collapsed. But note the sequel. It was not enough that the relative had cheated him out of his life-savings. To injury he must add insult. Mr. Worm, in his eyes, was a "sucker," and suckers "ask for it." (This is the beautiful manner in which popular speech phrases the sadism that is evoked by the meek.) Whenever Mr. Worm asked for an accounting, or for an explanation, his relative mocked him off the premises. This tale was dragged out for a number of years.

The cheated man took to brooding. The word "sucker" haunted him, rang in his ears. One day, almost without premeditation, he got a gun, shot at and killed his financial betrayer, and then turned the weapon on himself. He was rendered unconscious, and when he came to, could not remember what had happened. Mercifully, he was adjudged insane at the time of the murder and committed to a hospital prison. After several years he was discharged.

The two other cases are outwardly more interesting because they involve sex. But observe that they are not murders instigated primarily by lust or sexual jealousy—another large category. In each, it is the meekness of the lover that brings out the dominating nature of the woman—a masterful

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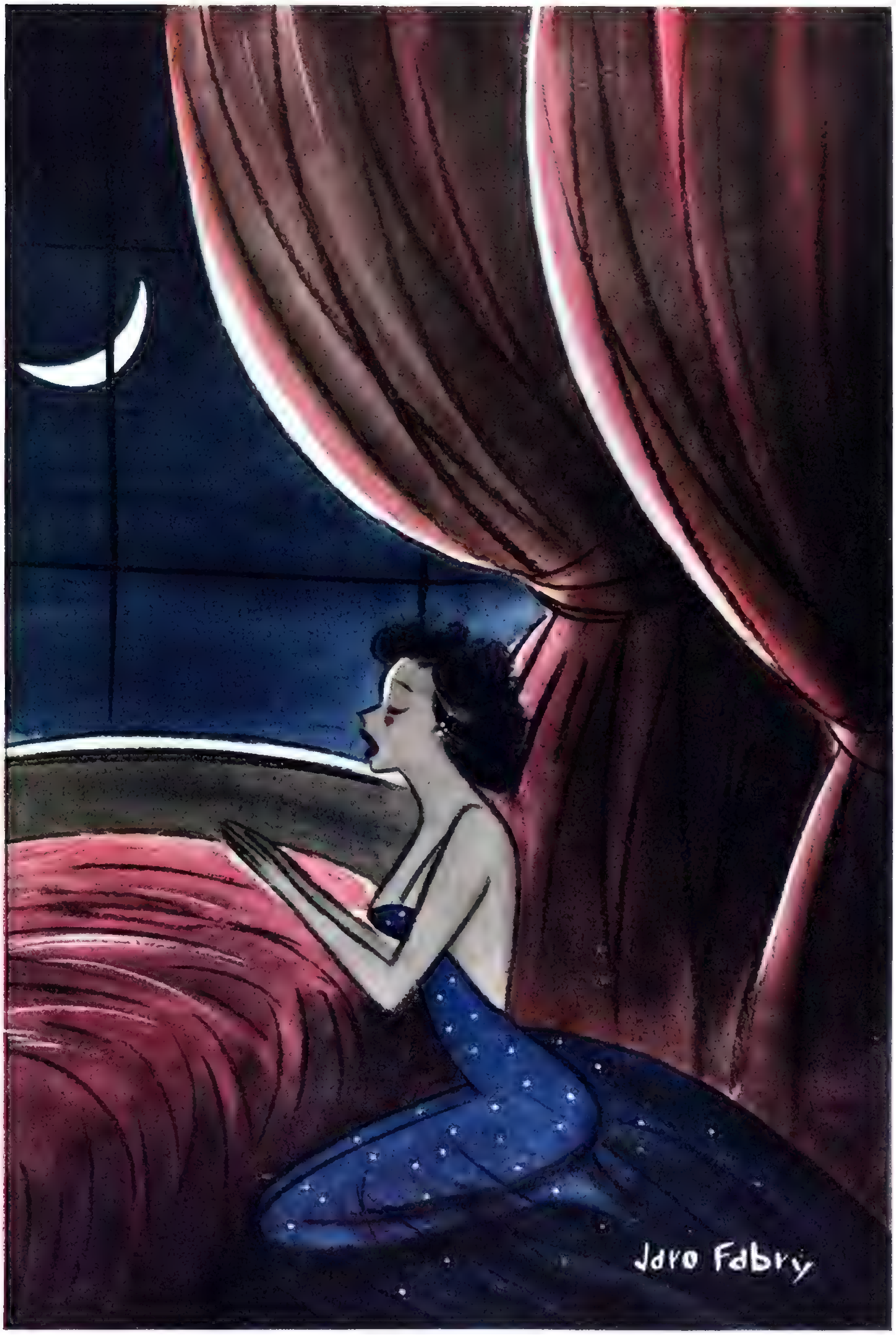
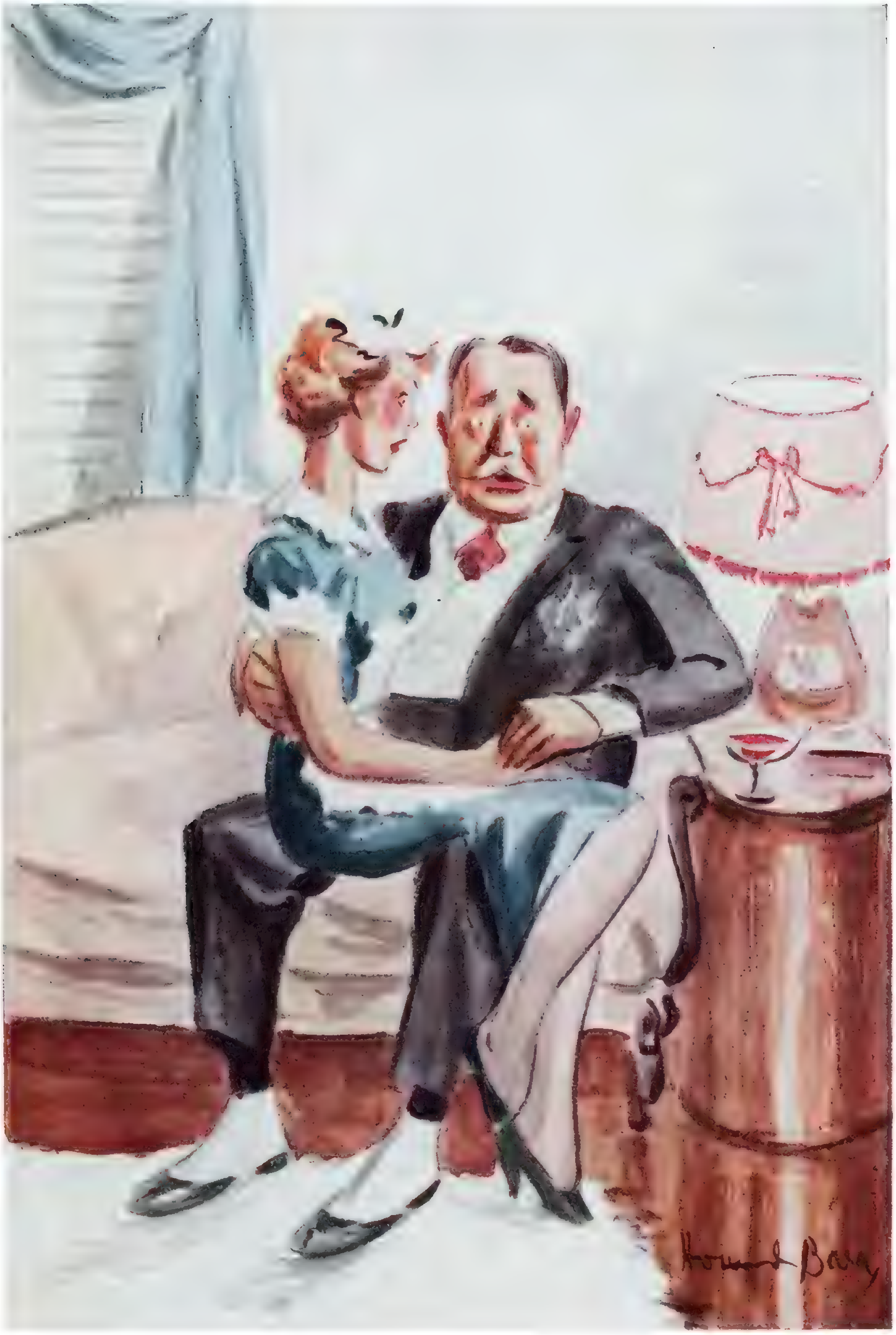


"I got the diamond necklace—now how about the sables?"



Howard Baer

"I'm nearly crazy—my wife's been away since yesterday!"

To Maintain This Ecstasy

Sinning is pretty dull when a man's wife is from New England and determined to be helpful

by DR. FRANCIS L. GOLDEN

• SATIRE •

"WELL, now that you have your thousand dollar raise, Leonidas, what will you do with it? Go to Europe?"

Leonidas Wurtz shook his head. "Too tame, mother. I have other plans."

Mrs. Leonidas Wurtz sniffed. "Don't tell me you are going to buy another car."

Again there came denial from her husband. He was gazing vacantly through the window of this modest suburban home to a sun-decked penthouse on Park Avenue.

"Or a boat? Wouldn't surprise me in the least. There's a tang of the sea in your family."

"No there isn't," bristled Leonidas. "Father was just a captain on the Weehawken ferry boats."

"Same thing. A boat is a boat. It's in your blood."

Leonidas came back from a cushioned divanette to plank himself in a chintz-covered kitchen chair. "These last few years, mother, have given me a yearning which I cannot stifle."

Mrs. Leonidas Wurtz's powers of clairvoyance deserted her when she needed them the most. She drummed on the table impatiently.

"Even when the soul seems empty, it may, like a shell on the strand, murmur of eternity," intoned Leonidas solemnly.

"Father, you've been reading again."

Leonidas Wurtz tossed his arms aimlessly toward the ceiling. It was the same gesture Cornwallis made at Yorktown. Napoleon used it at Waterloo.

"To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame . . . to maintain this ecstasy . . ."

"It's that $1.98 set of Walter Pater," said Mrs. Wurtz reprovingly, "you've been at it again."

Leonidas looked through the porthole of this room into a boudoir whose ceiling was black and whose walls were white . . . into a room where the single bed was draped by a silken orange spread. "Ma, you might as well know it," he said. "I yearn to keep a woman."

Mrs. Wurtz did not swoon. She was from New England.

"Well, father, naturally I'm surprised. But at forty-three you can expect most anything of a man. Just what woman did you want to keep?"

"I . . . I don't know. I've been sort of studying this thing."

"You don't mean like your race-track dope sheets? They haven't brought you anything substantial yet, Leonidas."

Leonidas ignored the slur. "A thinker, ma, is as old as his curiosity, and lately I've been running toward something young . . . tender . . . and flexible . . . begging your pardon, ma."

"Oh, that's all right, Leonidas. You were never one to spare anything."

"Then you're not peeved at me?"

"Heavens, no. This is an age, Leonidas when we must expect such things."

"That's awfully generous of you, ma. And . . . I dare say . . . a sensible attitude. A man buys another car, another house, another horse . . . "

"So why not another woman?" She finished it for him.

He didn't like that. What he started he preferred to finish.

"Of course, it isn't for me to interfere, Leonidas. If one is naturally given to traipsin', he might just as well traipse in Glen Afton as in New York. It's my brother I'm thinking of."

"Seems to me we've been thinking of him all our lives."

Mrs. Wurtz let a sigh of resignation escape her. "Just as Kipling says, brothers-in-law should be brothers under the skin."

"Well, your brother has been under my skin for years."

"Of course, if he hears about it . . ."

"You might as well know it, ma," Leonidas thrust out his jaw beligerently. "I'm not dividing any woman with him."

"Well, I guess we'd better not tell him, then."

Leonidas ran his tapered fingers through his rapidly thinning hair. "All of this is kind of new to me, ma, I just don't know how or where or when to begin."

"It might be best, Leonidas, if you fitted yourself up an apartment."

Leonidas smiled. "H'm, ma, you do think of everything, don't you? We're getting somewheres."

"Then you should decide now, Leonidas, how long you want to keep a woman. After all, you're forty-three now, and a man is no different than a carburetor. Have you any preferences?"

LOVE NEST FOR RENT

Leonidas lowered his eyes. "To tell the truth, ma, a red-headed girl gets me nohow."

"They're not the trusting kind, Leonidas. Seems to me you should look around in town more. You don't suppose there's a government project for this sort of thing? You might stop at the W. P. A. headquarters and ask."

"I'll do that, ma, first thing in the morning, and I'll sort of mosey around elsewhere. And come to think of it, ma, there's that girl named Genevieve who sold me that marked-down set of Walter Pater for $1.98. She used to be in the *Scandals* . . . so I don't think she'd require much persuadin'-like."

* * *

It was a week later when Leonidas brought Genevieve home.

"Esmerelda, this is Genevieve, of whom I was speaking . . . you remember?"

"Oh, yes, father. Take your things off, dear. Leonidas tells me you're quite used to it, what with being in the *Follies* . . ."

"The *Scandals*, ma," corrected Leonidas.

"Say, what is this?" asked Genevieve. "Is this thing on the level?"

Esmerelda was setting the dishes for supper. "Leonidas was never more serious in his life," she said. "Have you had much experience along this line?"

"What line?"

"Why . . . being kept by a man."

"Kept by a man?" shrieked Genevieve. "You don't think . . . "

Leonidas nudged his wife. "Go easy, Esmerelda, I . . . "

"Pa, haven't you told . . .?"

Leonidas grinned sheepishly. "I was getting around to it gradual-like, ma. After all, a man doesn't go into this thing every day."

Mrs. Wurtz studied the girl closely. "My dear, I'm sorry. Perhaps you have qualms about this sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" asked Genevieve. "What's it all about? This dead-pan told me he knew a couple of guys who might take the complete *Works of Shakespeare* thrown in with *Famous Speeches of Famous Men* . . . all for $13.85."

"Ma, maybe you better explain," suggested Leonidas.

"Perhaps I better. My dear, don't be offended. It's like this. Leonidas has been given a raise in salary and decided, of all things, that he would like to keep a woman. He's been hunting for one while I've been setting up the apartment."

"And I'm supposed to be IT? Are you screwy, mister?" Genevieve eyed him intently.

"Well, little girl, that's a sort of a rough idea of it."

"And this dame here, your wife, is helping

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Handbook for Bums

Don't slink, be gallant to women, avoid intermediaries and pick your jails carefully

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

Most people are mistaken about bums. And this is not strange since they receive their information from literature and an author's greatest tool is exaggeration. Recently in *The Saturday Evening Post*, there was an article written by a bum, about bums. Amazingly enough they were depicted as gentle, suffering creatures who could never hope to obtain a job and be accepted by nice ordinary people. And then a few days later in *The Atlantic Monthly* I read the doleful numbers of another literary bum telling the world that he and his confreres led a life of watery soup, vermin and disease. Both of these articles must have caused many people to shudder in their beds and regret having walked past the plea of some ragged specimen.

Now, I have been a bum since 1930 and I know of no day when I did not eat at least three meals, no night without clean covering, no illness untreated by a doctor. If my brethren have not been so fortunate—and frankly I do not believe the horror stories—it is because they have not been bumming in an intelligent fashion. There are the lowly and the unintelligent in every profession.

Let me mention reasons why the average bum does not live too well. Also, let me tell of what hospitality I have found in the American states.

In the first place the authors of these articles describe their associates as being impossibly dirty. It is obvious that this must be a major fault. Filthy men can't charm the housewife into giving food, the passerby into relinquishing money, the man of business into giving jobs: the housewife is scared and repelled, the passerby is annoyed and anxious to be away, the business man responds curtly. And there is no need to be unwashed. Every gasoline station and railroad depot has a washroom replete with running water, soap and paper towels; anyone may use these facilities, the bum should wash and shave there. In the handbook for bums the first motto is: A bum should be clean.

Then, let the knight of the road stay away from cities. City people have submerged their humanity. I think the reason for this is their security from the elements, for the family that is sure of food and shelter becomes easily forgetful of other human beings' needs and thinks vaguely of organized charities. The city dweller's life lends to impersonality and the relegation of everything to settled categories. The farm family, on the other hand, knows that deficit of sun or rain may touch more than its comfort, that the house it has built must be a citadel against cold and storms; therefore, their humanity comes more quickly to their mouths and hands. I do not say that city dwellers cannot be "hit" with success but it is more difficult and only among the poor ones have you a fair chance of receiving hospitality.

Avoid intermediaries. Direct appeal is the best; individual should appeal directly to the individual. Once I remember speaking to some soldiers in a town that had only two restaurants. When it was time to eat they insisted on going into one of the restaurants with me and pleading my case with the proprietor. There was much whispering and finally after some minutes the proprietor said, "All right, I'll give him reduced rates." Reduced rates—and I didn't have a cent in my pockets! I thanked my well-meaning friends, went into the other restaurant alone, and received a bounteous meal. I am sure that had I spoken to that first man myself, I would have had no trouble obtaining food gratuitously. Another time, because of the solicitude of some CCC boys, I found myself without a bed at three o'clock in the morning: they had insisted that I sleep at their camp five miles away and when I had arrived, their superior objected strongly.

Travel by highway and not by rail. Automobiles provide slower travel but the rails have more serious disadvantages, not only the filth and bumpy riding of the freight cars but also the danger. You may be arrested and locked up for vagrancy, you may be beaten up, you may even encounter that certain railroad detective who stands by the tracks with a rifle and picks off the bums as the cars roll into the freight yard. I had one experience riding the rails that I will never forget. I was perched on a tender in front of a mail car; I became sleepy because of the rush of wind and I absent-mindedly leaned on the doorhandle of the car carrying mail; the door opened and the next minute a United States marine had a .45 stuck against my navel; it is surprising that he didn't just shoot for their orders are to ask questions later. "What th' hell are you doing here?" he roared. I explained what had happened, and he said good-naturedly, "Well, get th' hell back on that goddamned tender and see that you stay awake!"

Another reason for working the highway is that through hitches one learns of jobs to be had. Friendly drivers have informed me that one can earn $1.50 a day and board working in a lumber camp, $3.00 a day picking apples, $.06 a barrel picking potatoes (the average worker fills about a hundred barrels a day), *et cetera*. The field of seasonal labor is tremendous and extends all over the United States. By traveling from state to state one can be employed practically every month of the year; and there is always more demand than supply, the wages are high. Also, people in automobiles sometimes become really interested in you and offer you employment. This does not happen too infrequently, I should say that I average about one offer every three days. I have been a gardener, a waiter, a gravedigger, a fisherman, a lumberman, a farm hand, a clerk, a newspaper reporter, a ghost writer, a chauffeur, a toy salesman, and a garbageman. I never keep these jobs long because I am over-fond of the road and after a week in one place I long to be on an open truck again watching houses slip by and the land change. There are long periods when I do not wish to work but prefer to ask for handouts and to panhandle, and so I am really a hobo and I know their chances of obtaining food and money.

Speak forthrightly. Do not slink, speak too humbly, cast your eyes down when you make a request. Address most men as "sir" and speak to them in such a way that they will call you "old man." Women should be talked to lightly, gallantly. There are of course many exceptions to these rules but one learns to recognize them by their faces. Do not use hyperbole. To say "I haven't eaten in two days" just doesn't convince the average person, or else it scares him. That a man hasn't eaten for two days is a strange thing to most people and they react unfortunately to the information. Merely to say that you haven't eaten breakfast that day is enough to provoke the sympathy of the housewife.

Enough of these axioms—for the present. Now I want to protest the insult to American hospitality. Few people refuse me when I ask for food and God knows there is nothing so fascinating about me. And I find that when they do refuse they are invariably polite and (in their confusion) often resort to strange excuses such as: "The plumber is fixing the toilet so I haven't a thing in the house," or, "The baby's ill and we haven't bought any food." People become embarrassed when they deny your request; indeed, sometimes so much out of countenance that you feel like saying, "That's all right, old man."

Now, when you consider, it's really strange that people should be so kind to suspicious characters. I'm sure that they don't relish your sitting on their porches while they prepare the food—and yet they give; they give because of their splendid humanity. Sometimes they are afraid and they hand you a paper bag from behind the door; sometimes they are unafraid and they invite you to a meal at the family table. You meet eccentric people, charming ones, surly ones, but from every type emerges one glorious truism: Most people are really very human. I know this so much more surely than any permanent dweller can and to me it is such a profound source of happiness that I would almost advise every one to take to the road for a month. Particularly would I suggest this for those intellectuals who despise the average man; possibly they may learn that the quality of humanity is more significant than cleverness and brilliance, more important than the *raffiné* in taste.

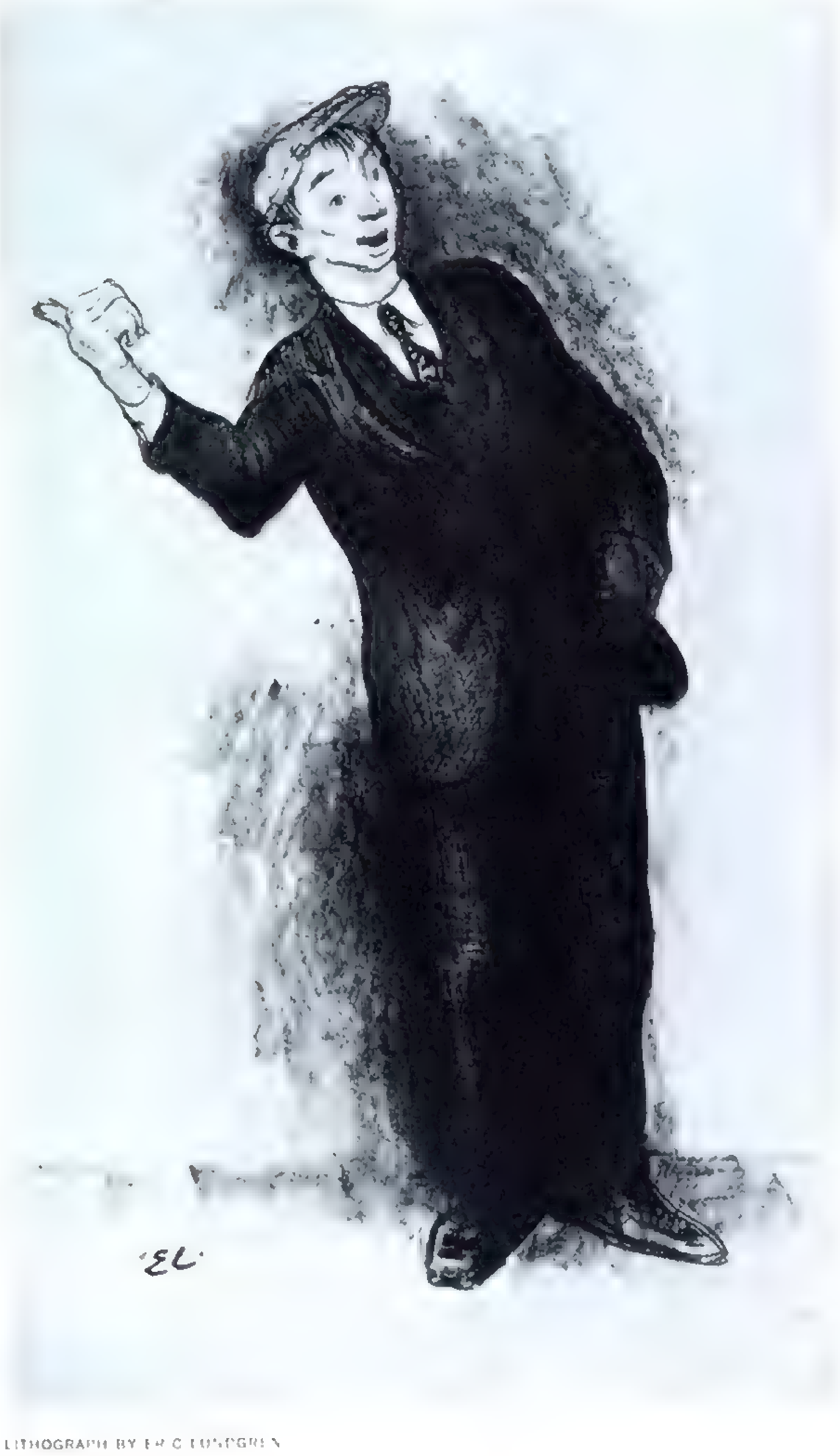
The simple average person gives, I have found, whether he personally is happy or unhappy—and the simple average person is made happy by simple lovely things. I remember one noon in Gloucester, the sea bright blue and the air crisp, and a woman answering my knock said cheerily, "Good morning. It's a lovely morning, isn't it? . . . Certainly I'll give you something to eat. . . . Isn't the sea blue? It's a lovely morning!" A few minutes later, she brought me three chicken sandwiches, a bottle of milk, two tomatoes, and some cake, but it was her remark, "It's a lovely morning," that made me stride along the pavement feeling so incredibly happy. I'm quite sure Heaven is full of average people!

Different parts of the country have different handout customs. When you enter a Maine village in the evening you ask someone for the house of the selectman, because from that gentleman you receive supper, lodging, and breakfast. The town authorizes him to spend one dollar on each transient and I assure you that you see nothing of bean sandwiches on moldy bread (as are sometimes provided by that objective medium, the city soup-kitchen). In some towns you merely accost a policeman and ask for a meal ticket; this ticket entitles you to twenty-five cents worth of food. Out West they still observe the old American custom of splitting wood in exchange for food. Down South the housewife is only too glad to provide you with a meal if you'll help her with her housework (Let the unindustrious bum beware of Monday with its wash!). In some parts of Massachusetts, should a bum want fruit, all he has to do is pick up some from a fruit stall and wave a thanks to the man inside the store. In most of Alberta, Canada, there are few houses and whenever you come to one and are hungry, you have a perfect right to enter and cook yourself a meal. After you have eaten, you go to the woodshed and split enough kindling to make up for the wood which you have used. Of course, if there is anyone at home, he or she will cook the food for you, but it's very rarely that you find anybody in the house.

How about other necessaries: tobacco, clothing, beer? Well, people never refuse you when you ask for a cigarette; very often they give you three or five. And sometimes included in your handout bag is a package of cigarettes. As far as beer is concerned, any number of people you talk to on the street invite you to a bar, particularly if your tales are interesting. Also, bartenders at closing time are apt to be friendly. Clothes are more difficult to obtain. It is best to enter a small haberdashery and explain that you've just arrived in town and that you're looking for a job—obviously you can't get work when your shirt is so torn, *et cetera.*

Don't sleep in dubious jails and flophouses. Try to find a farm house before dusk so that you can ask the farmer to let you sleep in his barn. Hay makes a very warm and satisfactory bed, it molds exactly to the body. In fact, I have grown so fond of the grain that I should like to carry with me a knapsack filled with it, unpack it every night and repack it in the morning; I have a feeling that should my hay and I visit an apartment friend, he would not be too glad to have us stay overnight. But if the farmer refuses to let you use his barn for a bedroom, ask him to give you some newspapers. Then go into a pasture, build a fire, wait for it to die out, spread the ashes, cover them lightly with dirt, and you have prepared a bed that will stay warm all night. For covering, use the newspapers and a poncho (you should always carry a poncho with you, they make excellent raincoats, tents, and blankets). Or you can go to a garage, garagemen will often let you sleep in cars; furnacemen allow you to sleep next to the furnace, *et cetera.* Inspect your jails before you sleep in them, for some jails are pleasant and some unpleasant. Some boast of vermin-proof Simmons mattresses and some have suspicious looking ticks; some have no mattresses, these are safe but uncomfortable. Personally, I am rather fond of a good jail. The registrar pays much more attention to you than any hotel clerk, and I relish attention. I like having the color of my eyes observed and my height commented on. One New Jersey jail, I remember, was particularly jolly, it was definitely an honor roll jail. Not only was the bedding of the best, the walls and floor spotless, the plumbing excellent, but there were also showers and during the day all cells were left open in order to encourage social intercourse among the prisoners. And I'll never forget the sheriff's comments. I said to him, "You've a nice bunch of prisoners here," and he answered proudly, "My charges are invariably nice." He was so proud about everything connected with his jail. When I complimented him on the evening meal he insisted it was nothing compared to the midday repast and that I must stay to prove this assertion—"We are justly pleased with our chef," he said.

Now, I have found a strange thing to be true. I have found that people are more respectful to me when I ask for food than when I pay for it. Before I went on the road I never received so much sirring and consideration. There was one outstanding example which I should like to narrate; it was at a farmhouse in Vermont. I asked for food, saying that I was very hungry and that I must make the lumber belt by evening. The woman replied, "Why, I'll be glad to give you something to eat, sir," and she went into the kitchen. A minute later she brought out a newspaper, saying, "It'll take me some time to make the food. If you read it won't seem so long." I began to wonder if my pleas had not been straightforward enough, if she thought it was my intention to pay for the meal. But then in a few seconds she returned with a package of cigarettes: "Thought maybe you'd like to smoke. Keep the pack." Finally there came the meal—served on the back porch because it was shadier there—and it consisted of veal, hashed brown potatoes, string beans, elderberry cake, and coffee. While I ate, she sat on the porch steps talking to me as though I were not a bum but a gentleman caller. She didn't expect a life story and she didn't sermonize, everything that I told her about myself was volunteered and was not the result of pumping. Before I left she made me some sandwiches to carry with me—and this is how I, a bum, was treated! Indeed, the road has been so kind to me that sometimes I am a bit too uppity for a bum. Whenever I find that my diet has not been balanced or that my stomach is upset, I ask in restaurants for the particular food which I feel is needed. I may say, for example: "Pardon me. Could you spare me some greens?" or "Could you make me some tea and toast?"



LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

When I am ill (which is not often since I live so well), I head for the nearest large city and go to a clinic, or else I consult a country doctor. Usually they are all friendly and obliging. When a prescription is needed, I go to the pharmacist and receive a handout on acetanilide, or something.

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There's a Red Light on the Track

The rabbit laughed and laughed when the hunter not only missed it but lost part of his own ear

by CAPT. EDW. C. CROSSMAN

• SPORTS •

NOTE—*Most of the episodes set forth herein are actual happenings. The others are exemplars of happenings entirely possible and quite probable. Undoubtedly all of the latter have happened.*

ONE
THE EPISODE OF THE WILD CAT GUN PARTS

THE young man took deadly aim with his Marlin 30-30 rifle at the mark on his Dad's ranch in a little target shooting seance. The rifle crashed far louder than normal, the shooter staggered back and dropped the rifle. The rear end of the breech bolt had buried itself in his cheek under the right eye, passing through the sub-maxillary sinus, tearing a deep hole, producing terrible hemorrhage. For a time his life hung in the balance.

The reason for the accident. The bull-headed stupidity of some jack-leg mechanic who probably called himself a gunsmith.

The Marlin Model '93 is a lever gun, having a two-piece firing pin, with a shorter rear section. Unless the locking bolt is pushed clear up into its slot in the rear end of breech bolt, locking it firmly against motion to the rear, the two pieces of the firing pin are not in line; the falling hammer could not drive the pin into the primer and fire the rifle. This is the Marlin safety provision.

This particular rifle was 35 years old. I inspected it carefully. The tang of the rifle had been broken and brazed; the tang screw was evidently from a motor car, the lever screw was homemade. The tangs of the rifle had been bent and partly straightened, evidently from a heavy blow on the stock, possibly that old trick of trying to kill some wounded animal by a blow of the stock. The stock was split. Full closing of the lever did not raise the locking bolt to full engagement. The locking bolt showed that it had been engaging with the breech bolt at various distances along its face.

Last, but not least, was a wild-cat, "home-made" one-piece firing pin, utterly removing the safety provision of the rifle, its protrusion entirely too long, made of different steel from the factory part, lacking even the retainer pins which hold the factory pin in the bolt.

The bolt could be blown out of the rifle from several causes, one, the incomplete locking of the bolt and still the firing pin hitting the primer, or two, firing pin stuck through the face of the bolt, striking primer as rifle was slammed shut. This reason, due often to a firing pin rusted fast in the bolt, can cause accidents with guns of other types.

Moral—Beware of gun parts made by amateurs or by ham mechanics, lacking any knowledge of fundamental gun design; too bull-headed or too stupid even to study the list of factory parts in the catalogue.

If about 75% of the so-called gunsmiths and about 85% of the lawyers of this fair land were laid end to end out across the Atlantic Ocean, they would reach quite a distance and the country would be much better off.

TWO
THE EPISODE OF THE BARGAIN SHOTGUN

The rabbit hunter took deadly aim with his nice German bolt action shotgun, made out of wrecked war material, and then pulled the trigger. After which the rabbit sat up and like Little Audrey, laughed and laughed because the shooter not only missed it but lost a bit of his right ear when the bolt blew out of the gun.

The reason. This gun was merely one of many thousand similar offenses against the public safety, made of war Mausers chewed and chopped around to take a 12-ga. shotgun shell. The locking lugs were gone, the gun locked only by the safety-lug. On this gun the lug had cracked off, so a local gunsmith wizard had brazed it on again. A braze of course ought to hold where solid steel did not. Oh well, the shooter's ear eventually healed up again.

Moral. Don't buy wild-cat junk from abroad, whether it is in the form of war-wrecked Mausers made over into shotguns; or battle-field Mausers, as is, or Spanish pistols.

A guarantee of an American factory always beats the "guarantee" of a wild-cat importer with desk-room in some New York office. And if you must have a local gunsmith marvel repair such junk, give him a quit-claim to the gun when job is finished, keep your job-cost in your pocket, save up for a reputable American gun.

THREE
THE EPISODE OF THE WISE GUY CLERK

The shooter had bought from a friend a Mauser made for the 30.06 American cartridge. So he took it to the hardware store and asked for a box of ammunition for it.

"If it is a Mauser it must be an 8 m–m," said the technical guy behind the counter.

Oh well, the Mauser is a pretty strong action so all that happened was a hen's egg bulge in the barrel and a bolt set back so it had to be pounded open, and a bruised shoulder for the shooter. But many a Springfield has been blown up by ignorant shooters firing them with 8 m–m ammunition somebody has given to them and which looks something like the 30.06. And other 30.06 rifles have been blown up by stuffing .35 Remington automatic shells into them, rimless like the 8 m–m and 30.06.

Moral. If you are not sure that the ammunition is the caliber and type for which your rifle is made, pull the trigger with a long string, or not at all. Beware of second-hand guns which may have been rechambered or otherwise bitched up by some ham and no longer fit for the ammunition for which originally made.

FOUR
THE EPISODE OF THE SHOOTER WHO WORE SPECTACLES

The sights and the target disappeared in a great yellow flare of fire, something struck the shooter a violent blow on his cheek. A bit groggy, he sat up, mopping at the flow of blood down his face. His pals gathered him up off the range firing point and took him down to a medico to get his face patched up, luckily not seriously wounded, and to get a shot of anti-tetanus. But the good old right eye was as good as ever, except for a little soreness and watery tendency from gas. The reason it was as good as ever was because that brass-carrying flare of fire and gas from the breech of the rifle was stopped by the lens of the shooting spectacles this

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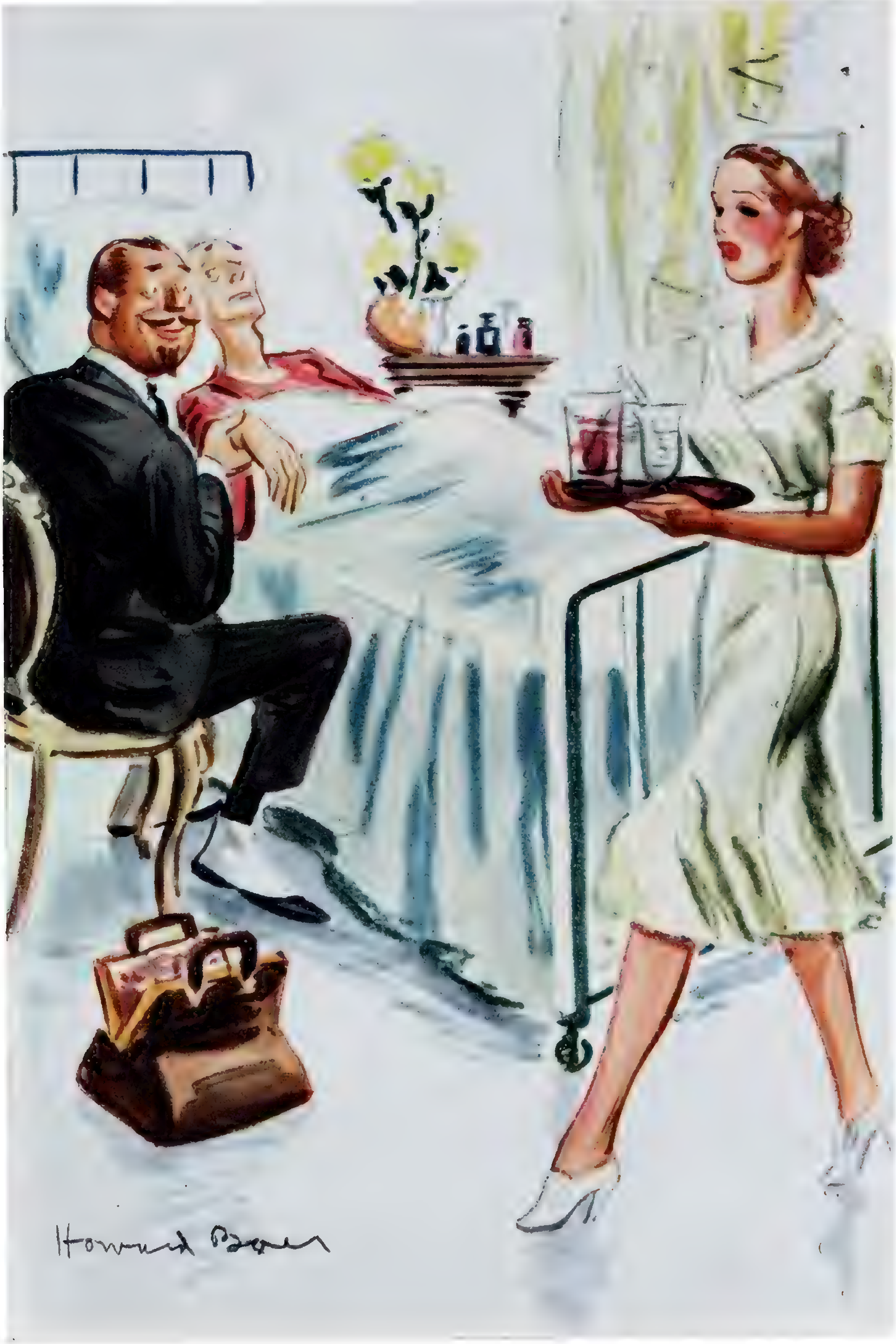
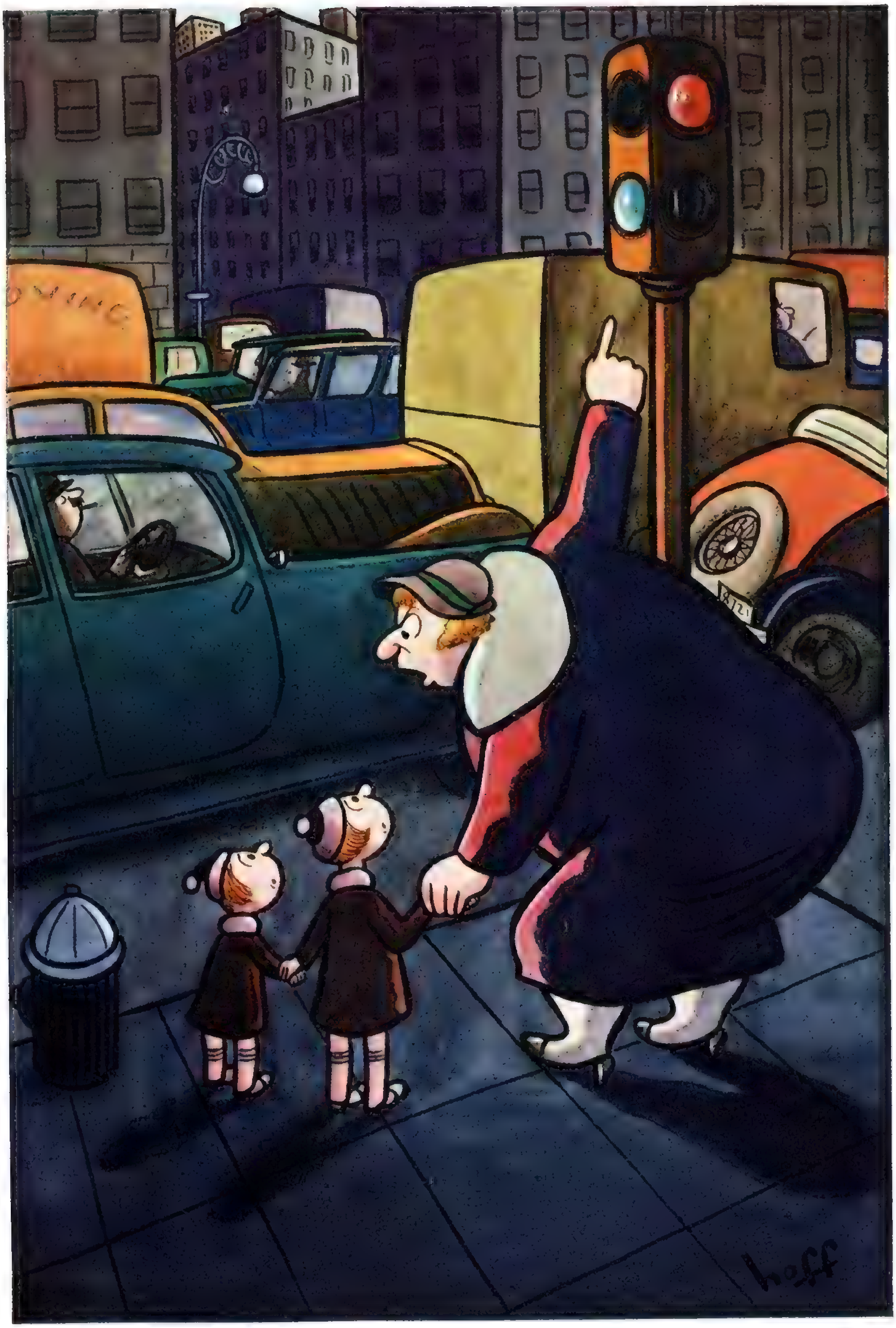

Howard Baer

"Mr. Rentzler, you're looking well—well—well!"



"Always wait for the red light—then if you get hit you can sue"

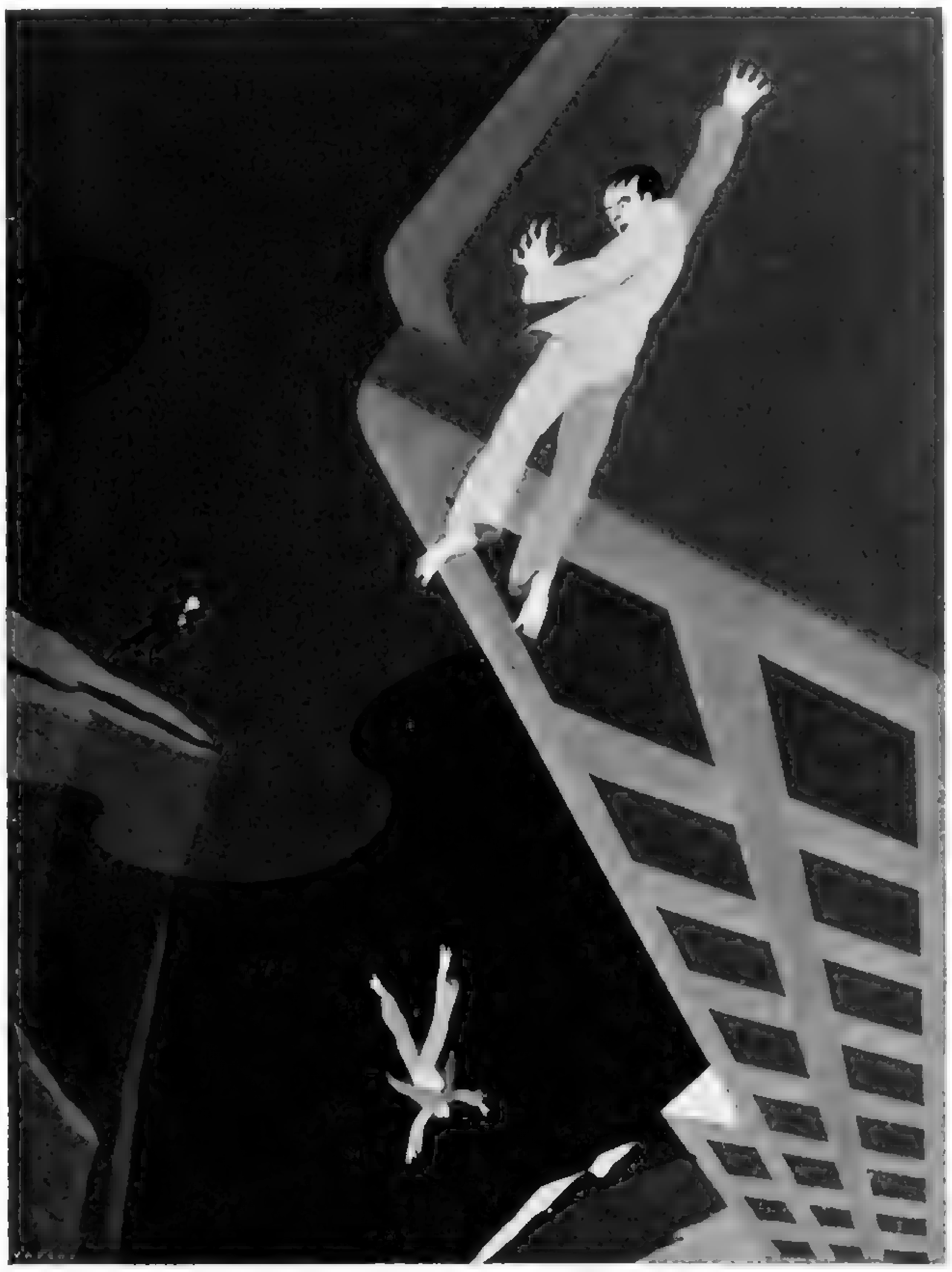
A Case of Acrophobia

One of the fears which, lodged deep in the subconscious, make life a precipice over death

by JOHN VASSOS

• ARTICLE •

It is rather a startling fact that in the last four years of our Lord there have been in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand suicides in the United States of America. While the ratio fluctuates—the year 1934 alone being able to boast of thirty-five thousand—it is on the whole an increasing one. And when to this astounding if little considered state of affairs is added the fact that more than a million people in this country alone are confined in state or private institutions for the deranged, that one out of every seven hospital beds is occupied by a mental case, one is inclined to wonder with our friends the communists—or with Milt Gross—"Is dis a system?" And I say nothing about the thousands of borderline cases—I believe there is not one of us who does not come in daily contact with at least one such person—who need help badly.



True that the last few years have been particularly tough financially for a vast proportion of the people, but this does not adequately explain the situation, because suicides are far from being confined to the needy classes; people on relief by no means furnish the bulk of them. Nor can it explain the marked increase in self-inflicted deaths among those in or just approaching adolescence. How often do we pick up a paper and read about a high school student found hanging by his necktie to the bedroom door; or the college youth driven by "over-application to his studies" to slashing his wrists. Hardly a week goes by without some similar incident being reported in the daily press. The adult cases are so numerous they cause no comment, except that occasionally one remarks, "He had everything to live for," when the victim happens to be attractive, educated and well-to-do, as is so often the case. But the sufferer was more afraid of life than of death. Had his disorganization resolved itself into a phobia, his death would perhaps have been averted because the phobiac's fear of that particular act which exemplifies his particular form of self-annihilation tends to prevent him from committing suicide, even though he desire the peace of death intensely; in other words, the phobia acts as a deterrent. As Dr. Smith Ely-Jelliffe said when he was looking over my book on phobia—after he had pointed out the fact that I had unconsciously castrated my symbolic forms for height, the building and the cliff—"A phobia, while driving a man toward insanity, on the other hand acts as his life saver."

From time immemorial we have known fear. Always there has been some menace that could send us trembling back to our cave. In prehistoric times we feared the mastodon that could trample us to death, the saber-toothed tiger that would devour us, the hurricane and lightning that would wipe us from the face of the earth. And then somewhere along man's line of progress came the idea that the storm was a personal effort directed against him by a being who sought to punish him. Gods had then been invented and these gods must be propitiated if mortals were to survive and prosper. The lightning became a bolt of Jove sent to punish us for our wickedness or perhaps for our failure to conform. The anger of these all-powerful ones was a fearful thing, to be avoided at all costs, even to the extent of human sacrifice. And this is the heritage that every last one of us has. But no longer in our conscious mind where it used to be and where it did comparatively little harm, it is now deep in our subconscious, where it does a tremendous amount of damage and has an incalculable amount of influence on our behavior. And mind you the various deities we have set up all the way down the line of our evolution from the cave man's time have added to this unwanted heritage.

One of our particular and most worshipped fetishes today is success; supremacy in the eyes of our fellow man. And the sacrifices to the ancient gods don't compare with the ones this god exacts. It is not the fact that he has lost a great deal of money that makes the ruined financier throw himself out of the office window—it is because he believes himself a failure in the only thing that stands for success and he has thereby lost caste in the eyes of the world. It is not homosexuality that drives so many of this ilk into the mental hospitals; it is because the homo feels he is different from his brother; ergo, he is a failure because he has not been able to conform to the accepted idea. The present god demands his own particular brand of conformity and woe betide the one who does not obey.

Though but little understood, the word phobia has crept into our vocabulary to a great extent in the last few years. Our first acquaintance with it was in a totally different sense, in the word hydrophobia. Literally translated, this means fear of water and it is loosely and incorrectly used to describe the sickness of the victim of a bite from a dog who suffers from rabies. The nomenclature grew out of the fact that in the last stages of the disease the patient has an insensate craving for water. I say loosely used because it is a mania for water the sufferer has, not a fear or phobia against it.

It is considered amusing today to say, "Oh yes, I have claustrophobia quite badly, I just can't bear the subway." Or, "I get fearfully dizzy in a high place; I really have acrophobia—I can't stand looking over the edge of a high building." As a matter of fact, it would be an absolute physical impossibility for a person who really has claustrophobia to ride through the Holland Tunnel or for an acrophobiac to set foot on the observation tower of the Empire State Building. I know an actor—and the fact that he is an unsuccessful one has some bearing on his case

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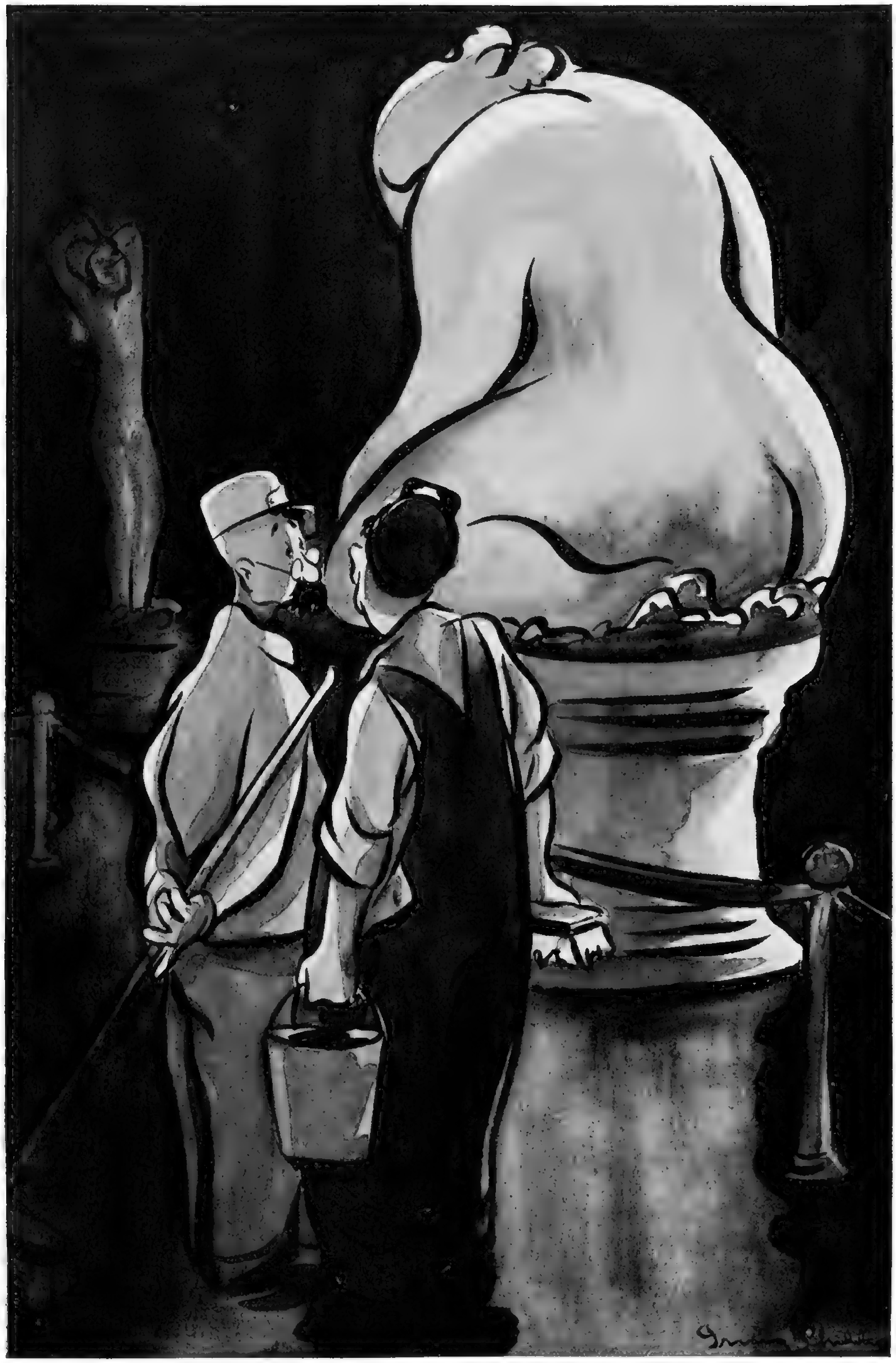


"No never, did you?"

"Dear Null"—and Void

Concluding that Noel Coward, most glittering of playwrights, is "Destiny's Tottering Boy"

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

I DOUBT whether anyone has ever had as many conspicuous friends as Noel Coward—except perhaps Adolf Hitler, before he shot them. If you are one of this fairly large group—I am not—you can hear all the bright brutal things when they are first uttered as "dear Null" alone can utter them, instead of at second hand. Perhaps you will get post cards as he travels around the world, suddenly popping into the cast of one of his own plays in Labrador or Indo-China, or being shipwrecked in the Mediterranean, but always writing play after play based on the idea that smart people are very smart and dull people very dull.

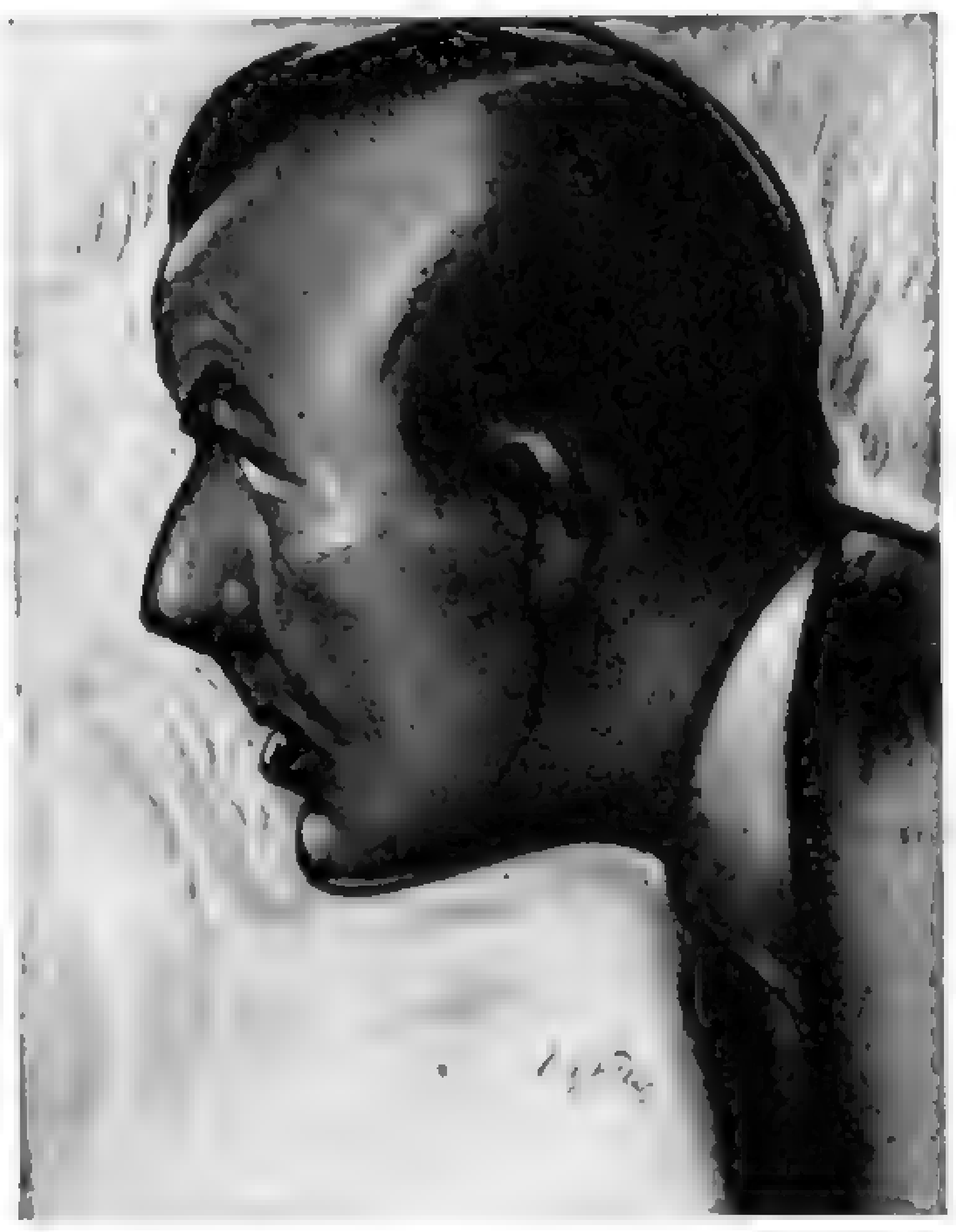
A sandhog or a research chemist might be able to do an impartial survey of Mr. Coward's work; no professional writer can do it because right at the start he comes up against the fact that Mr. Coward has been more successful at dozens of writing jobs than his critic at any one of them. He has not done history or economics yet, but he is at work on an autobiography, has written musical shows (scenario, lyrics and music all by his own hand); out of *Cavalcade* was made an exceptionally effective and successful movie; and in addition to everything else, he sings, acts and dances. A sort of English George M. Cohan, you might say, but Mr. Cohan travels around with baseball players, policemen and possibly a bartender. Mr. Cohan has a kind word for everyone; Mr. Coward, professionally, for none.

Before I go any further, I would like to say that in my opinion Mr. Coward has written the most brilliant comedy of our time: *Private Lives.* I suspect that it was even more brilliant than *The Importance of Being Earnest.* Like that play it is completely heartless and almost meaningless, but it is perfect. Except for *Private Lives* and *Cavalcade,* Mr. Coward's other writings for the theatre are almost entirely negligible.

There is a good scene in *The Vortex* and a little fun in *Hay Fever.* According to repeated stories, Mr. Coward chose a certain point in his career when he was secure from want to write a play without any thought of producer or public, a play in which he would concentrate the essence of his outlook upon life, and this play turned out to be *Design For Living. Design For Living* carried the profound message that if two men and a woman are all congenial, the woman may sleep with one after the other of the men and all three remain friends, especially if the men make far brighter remarks than the woman's husband.

So far as I know, *Post Mortem* has never been produced in this country. My memory of the text is that it is a story of a soldier about to go over the top who is then whisked into the hectic gaiety and immorality of post-war England and in the last scene goes back to the trenches and to death. It is all very indignant and very moral and rather silly.

Bittersweet and *Conversation Piece* are light, graceful, sentimental tosh. They are about on the level of *Dance, Little Lady* and *Poor Little Rich Girl,* which are among Mr. Coward's contributions to the art of song. (*Mad Dogs and Englishmen,* on the other hand, has all of Mr. Coward's contemptuous disrespect for the human race, concentrated on his fellow-countrymen, and is extremely amusing.)



After doing a modern *Hamlet* in *The Vortex,* Mr. Coward was inspired by *Othello* and *The Tempest* to write *Point Valaine* in which the heroine, agonizing over her love for a handsome young aviator, considers herself degraded because she had been the mistress of the ill-favored Caliban who did odd jobs around her hotel. Caliban, at one point in the proceedings, spits in the lady's face, but it is at the wrong time. He spits, because he is jealous and not because of the lady's rather lofty attitude toward the pleasures she has enjoyed.

The review of Mr. Coward's latest offering I leave to Mr. George Jean Nathan, my interest being in Mr. Coward's reputation and what is called sophistication. Any man's reputation is bound to be enhanced by the production within seven days of nine plays, even if they are pretty bad plays. And if he is a personality, appearing in the plays himself, and is supported by the beautiful Gertrude Lawrence, the badness of the plays may not be too apparent.

In one of the plays, Mr. Coward puts on a pair of spectacles and with this disguise acts the part of a great psychoanalyst, establishing here what I think is virtually a new type of acting. I have heard of dead pan comedians, who allow no expression to play upon their features as they crack their jokes, but Mr. Coward expresses absolutely nothing in voice or countenance while he is going through the agonies of an unrequited love. (For the benefit of those unfortunate enough not to see this brilliant accomplishment, I will say that it ranks with the dead pan romantic acting of Errol Flynn in *The Charge of the Light Brigade.* Mr. Flynn's features also are never ravaged by an unseemly emotion.) However, this play, *The Astonished Heart,* is a tragedy—at least the baffled psychoanalyst takes three deep breaths and jumps out of the window, so I suppose it must be considered a tragedy. It is in Mr. Coward's comic vein that you find the essence of sophistication.

The fable of *Private Lives* is that two superior and very bright people break up their marriage because they are continually quarreling and each thereupon marries a dullard. All four meeting on their honeymoon, the original couple comes together again and after slapping one another about, for a considerable time, have the great pleasure of seeing the other husband and wife start slapping too. The most famous line in this play is probably: "Certain women should be struck regularly, like gongs." The whole play is a refined version of the idea that the butcher does not love his wife any more because he has stopped beating her, but that does not matter because the fable is well told. The play is really remarkable in Mr. Coward's works because for once the most insulting remark is spoken not by the bright beauty of the piece, but by the stupid woman: "Heaven preserve me from nice women," says the bright one. And "Your reputation ought to do that," is the reply.

The charm of the play lies in this: that the lovers call each other "an unmitigated cad" (male) and "an ill-mannered, bad-tempered slattern" (female). It has become tiresome to have lovers call each other "dearest" and romantic rhapsodies are definitely out. If you can use a foul name and still show that you love, you have got something. But when you get down to the characters, you find the people who make light conversation and babble nothing at all and crack epigrams, are set before you as peculiarly attractive and endearing, whereas those who simply say what they mean are a parcel of dolts. In one of his nine little plays, Mr. Coward repeats the method to perfection.

This vaudeville is based on the sound basic principle of mistaken identity. A lady aviator, in the midst of a hectic afternoon, finds in her drawing room a colonial couple at whose plantation she once made a landing. In the midst of dressing, talking to three or four intimates, telephoning a dozen

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The Creator at His Work

Play by play account of an author whipping himself into a productive mood—for what?

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

“We bring you now to the studio of William Marson, the well-known American essayist and story writer, where we will present a new radio feature, a line-by-line description of Mr. Marson writing an article. I am in his studio now, folks, and while Mr. Marson is lining up at his typewriter, I'll give you a description of his studio.

“It is very tastefully decorated. His typewriter is on a large desk. Also on the desk is a pile of manuscripts to the left of his typewriter and a pile of old magazines to its right. There is a table over in the north corner of the studio, and this is covered with a pile of old magazines and a few manuscripts. There is also a pile of manuscripts and some old magazines on a bureau on the east side of the room. Under some of the manuscripts on the desk are, I believe, a few pencils, pens, paper clips and blotters, and several smaller pieces of paper which look like bills from here. Yes, one of them is a bill from a milk company for—er, well, I think Mr. Marson is ready to begin writing now.

“Yes, he's seated at his desk, and now he is looking at his typewriter. He looks at it very seriously. Oh! Now he's smiling! I think he has an idea. Probably an idea for a funny article or story—No, I guess not. He's stopped smiling. Now he's frowning. He's frowning pretty badly now, and he shakes his head. I guess he decided that idea wasn't so good. He still frowns. He looks rather unhappy.

“Now he's smiling again. It's a pretty feeble smile, and now it's gone, but he *did* smile. Oh! A sensation! What a sensation! He *must* have an idea! Oh, I wish you could be here to see this! He's going to write something! Now he opens one of his desk drawers and pulls out some paper. He's got a sheet of carbon paper, and he inserts it between—no. Now he's looking at the carbon paper. He's still looking at it. Ah! Evidently he decides it's worn-out, because he throws it in the wastebasket, and gets out a fresh piece. And now he puts the paper in his typewriter. Ladies and gentlemen, he's about to write!

“Oh-oh, I guess I was wrong about that. He's getting up from his desk now. He goes across the room to his cot, and now he's reclining on it. He lights a cigarette, and starts smoking. Now he is still reclined on the cot, and he looks very thoughtful. He is plotting his story, of course. An author has to figure out his plot before he starts writing. Hm. This is interesting. Now he is studying the advertising on the match packet, the packet where he got the match to light his cigarette. He's reading it quite thoroughly. Maybe it is giving him an idea.

“Oh! Now he gets up from the cot, and goes back to his typewriter. He's looking for something on his desk. . . . Well, that's a surprise. He has found several more match packets, and now he's reading them. This is a little confusing, but perhaps it's just a habit with him. He has read five different match packets now, but I can't make out from his expression just what he's got from them. His expression seems to be—well, kind of expressionless.

“Now Mr. Marson has stopped reading his match packets. Oh! This is getting exciting! He's looking at his typewriter! Yes, he's going to write! His fingers are poised to tap the keys—and!—he's writing! Yes, folks. Listen closely, and you can hear the clicks. . . . I'm sorry. Now he has stopped. So far he has only written his name and address at the top of the page. He looks very thoughtful now. We'll see the title in just a moment.

“No, I guess he isn't quite ready to write the title. Now he seems to be doing something to his typewriter. I can't quite make out what it is—Oh yes, he has a pin, and he's picking little bits of typewriter ribbon out of the metal type on his machine. It seems to me to be rather a peculiar way to clean a typewriter. It seems to take an awful long time. He's about a third of the way along on the left-hand side. Folks, it is interesting to watch his expression as he does this. He seems entirely absorbed in his work—displays fine concentration in getting his machine tidied up. I'd say that he looks considerably happier right now than I've seen him so far.

“Well, I guess he considers that he's got it satisfactorily cleaned. He puts the pin away, and now I guess he intends to get started. . . . No, I'm sorry. I was wrong there. Now he gets up again from his desk, and goes over to the window. He looks out. Oh yes, he's looking at a couple of people across the street. They don't seem to be doing anything but just walking, but I guess he finds them interesting. Authors like to study human nature, of course. They couldn't be good writers if they weren't interested in it.

“Now there's a car parked right under his window, and Marson is watching it. It's just a small car with nobody in it. Maybe it's a police car or perhaps it has a flat tire. . . . No, I guess not. It seems to be just an ordinary car, but he seems very much interested in it. Maybe he's going to write an article about reckless driving, or perhaps a story about automobiles. I'm sorry, but I really can't make out from his expression. It doesn't seem to convey much.

“Oh! Suddenly he comes back to his typewriter very quickly. He's seated in front of it again! I guess he *did* get an idea from that automobile. . . . No. I guess not. I thought he was about to start writing, but now he's picked up a magazine from the pile on his desk. He opens it, and starts turning the pages. I guess he expects to get an idea from some article in it. . . . Well, that's funny. Now he's reading a whiskey ad. Maybe he's going to write something about liquor. Yes, he sure does seem interested in it. He looks more interested in that than anything so far.

“Folks, I guess I was wrong about that too, because now he's reading an electric icebox ad. He seems to be reading it very carefully. Maybe he's just thinking of buying one. . . . Now he's left that, and he's looking at a soup ad. He doesn't spend quite so much time on that. . . . Oh-oh, this

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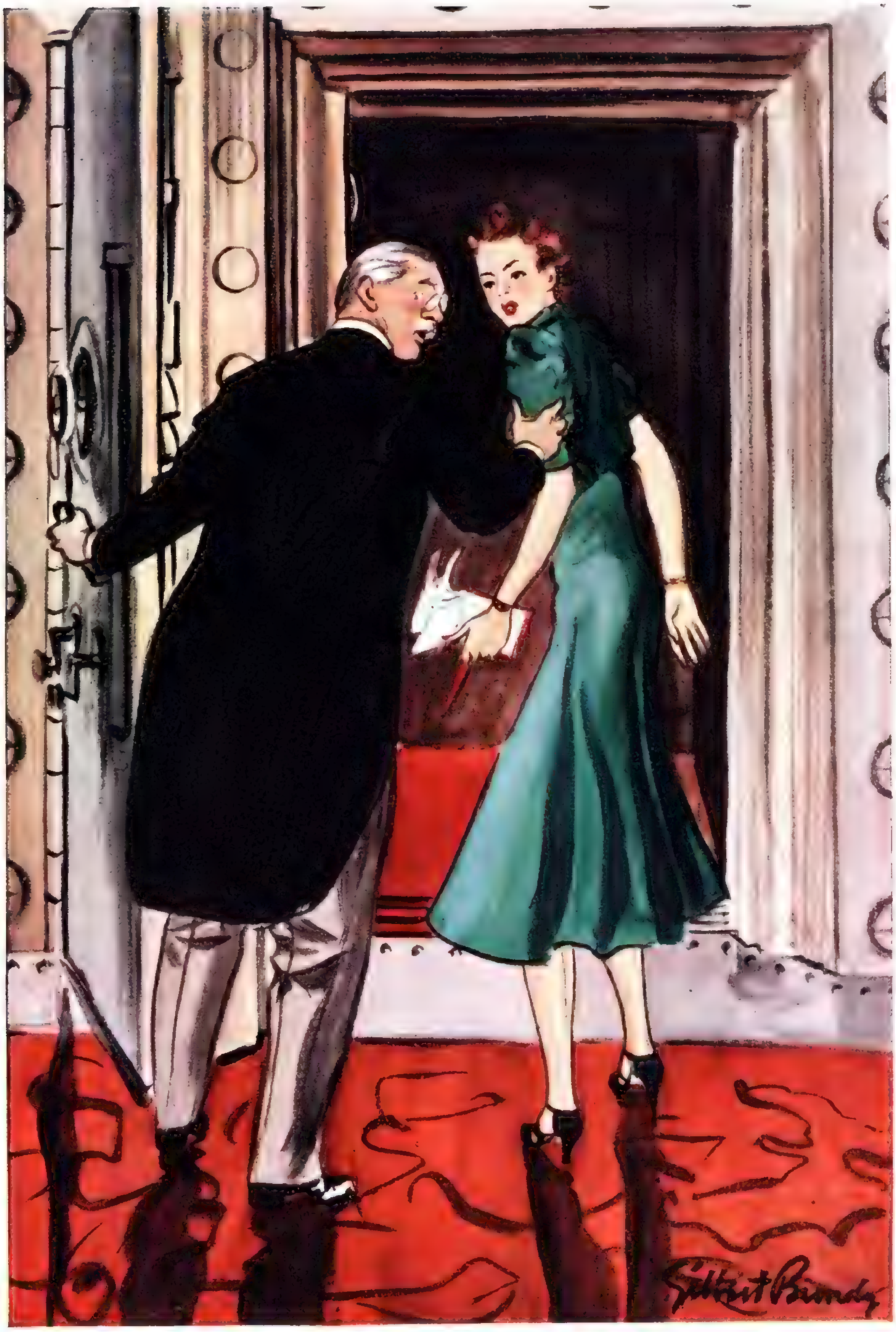
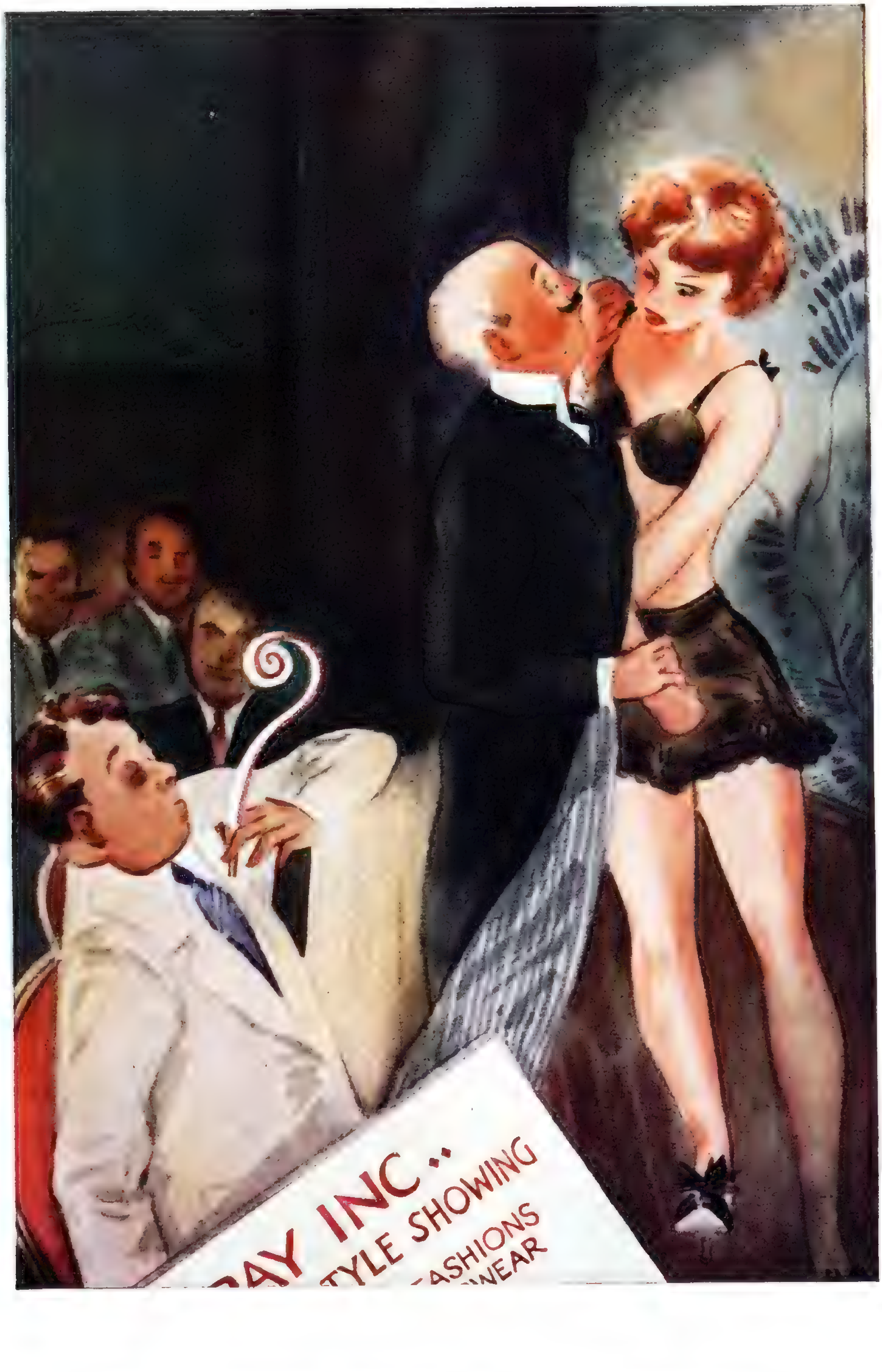

Gilbert Bundy

"Just until the bank examiners leave, Miss Lavere"


AY INC..
TYLE SHOWING
ASHIONS
WEAR

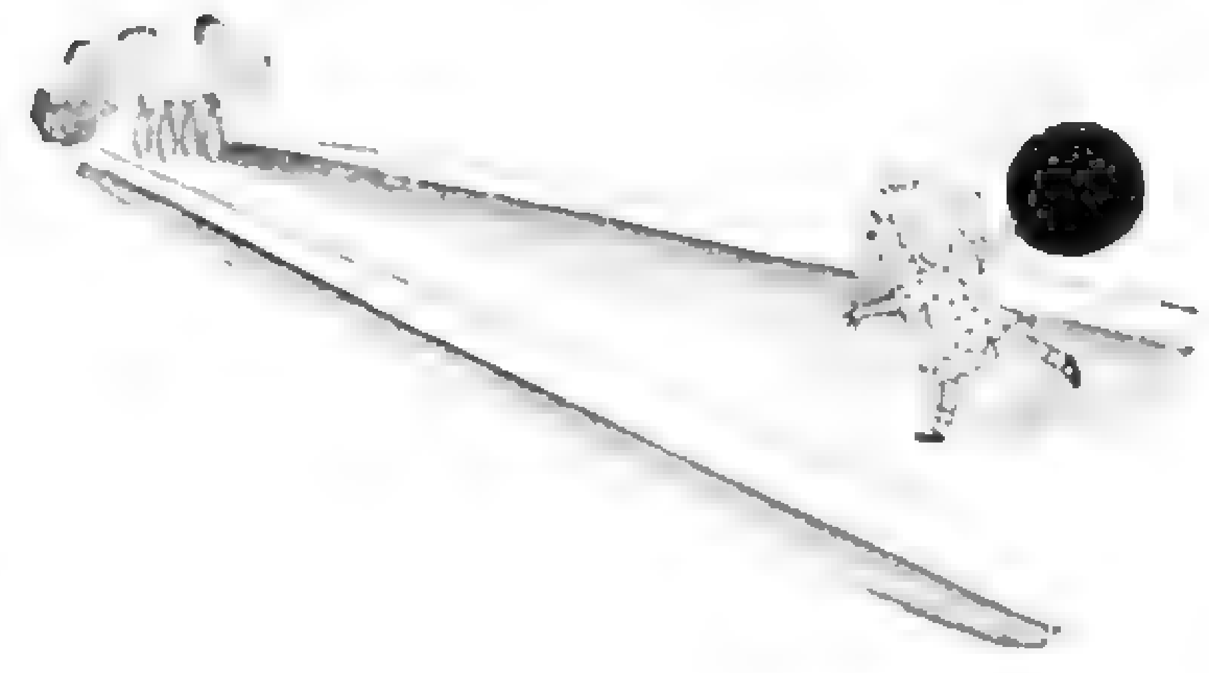
"Have you forgotten our slogan—the customer is always right!"

Ten Million Keglers Can't Be Wrong

Bowling is an outlet for the inhibited, who long to blow everything to helter-skelter

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• SPORTS •



In these days of high-pressure ballyhoo we have come to measure the importance of athletic pastimes in terms of "the gate." Fifty to seventy thousand spectators at a big baseball or football game is common; championship fights, horse races, varsity crews draw equal crowds and even the polite handclappers of the tennis world have grown accustomed to stadia.

That's why it is surprising to realize that one of the most extensively played games in the country is a sport with little ballyhoo, few spectators, no champion, no professionals in the accepted sense: a sport whose big event of the season collects seven times as much money in contestants' entry fees as it does from spectators' admissions!

That unique pastime is bowling: our national indoor game. It earns the title not only because there are from eight to ten million regular bowlers in the country but also from the fact that it is one of our greatest participating sports. The bowling "world's series," for example, is the annual meeting of the American Bowling Congress. Last year this was held in Indianapolis with 15,000 contestants from 387 cities and towns —all paying their own railroad fares, their own hotel bills, their own entrance fees.

When you stop to figure that there aren't half that many participants in the Olympic Games, you begin to realize what a sport this is!

Twenty-five years ago, perhaps, it smelled somewhat too strongly of cigar smoke and beer to be listed among the politer pastimes. But today the lusty art of "kegling" has come into its own. In our more exclusive suburbs, even in the laggard East, you will find chauffeur-driven, 12-cylinder cars waiting for their ladies outside the recreation parlors—you will find over-crowded alleys in girls' schools like Vassar—in hundreds of churches throughout the land from the ultra-modern Riverside Baptist down to some of the smallest—in such top-flight country clubs as Chevy Chase, Wykagyl, L'Hirondelle, the Congressional, Sherwood Forest, the Merion Cricket Club, etc. The fact that alleys aren't in the swank clubs just for display is emphasized by the report that Wykagyl paid for the complete installation and subsequent enlargements in one season while the Pelham Country Club took in $1200 during the first month's operation. That means 4,800 games rolled at a quarter a game!

In Hollywood the picture people have become so enthusiastic that alleys have been installed on the lots by most of the larger producers while numerous stars have had private "courts" built in their homes. In short, the whole social complexion of the game has changed in the widespread revival of the past five years, bringing to the recreation parlors a new element bearing the approved stamp of the élite.

That does not alter the basic fact, however, that for 200 years American Ten Pins has been a swell game with an appeal for all ages, all stations, all degrees of general athletic skill. Side by side with thousands of unknown John Doe's and Joe Zilch's you'll find names like Percy and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., E. H. Harriman, Governor McNutt, of Indiana, W. H. Knudson, Arthur Brisbane, and scores of other prominent men who have bowled more or less regularly for years.

But the scope of the game goes far beyond extremes in bank balances or social ratings. You will find in the ranks of regular bowlers such star athletes as Jack Elder, former Notre Dame halfback, Lefty Grove and Jimmy Dykes, of baseball fame. Yet for every bowler of outstanding athletic prowess you will find a hundred others whose physical equipment runs the gamut from spindly-legged high school freshmen to soft-muscled old ladies in the sixties and seventies. Indeed, in Buffalo they boast of a woman who bowls regularly once a week although she'll never see her 80th birthday again!

You get the real tip-off on the popularity of the game from these very contrasts in social and physical ratings. Bowling is inexpensive, averaging from 20c to 25c a game, hence anybody can participate: it is likewise a game in which brawn is unimportant, so the field is wide open for any normal individual who can stand up. Nothing could demonstrate that more dramatically than a match staged last January in which five boys from the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind competed against a team of sighted lads and lost only by the close margin of 16 pins: 654 to 670. The high man for the blind rolled a neat 143.

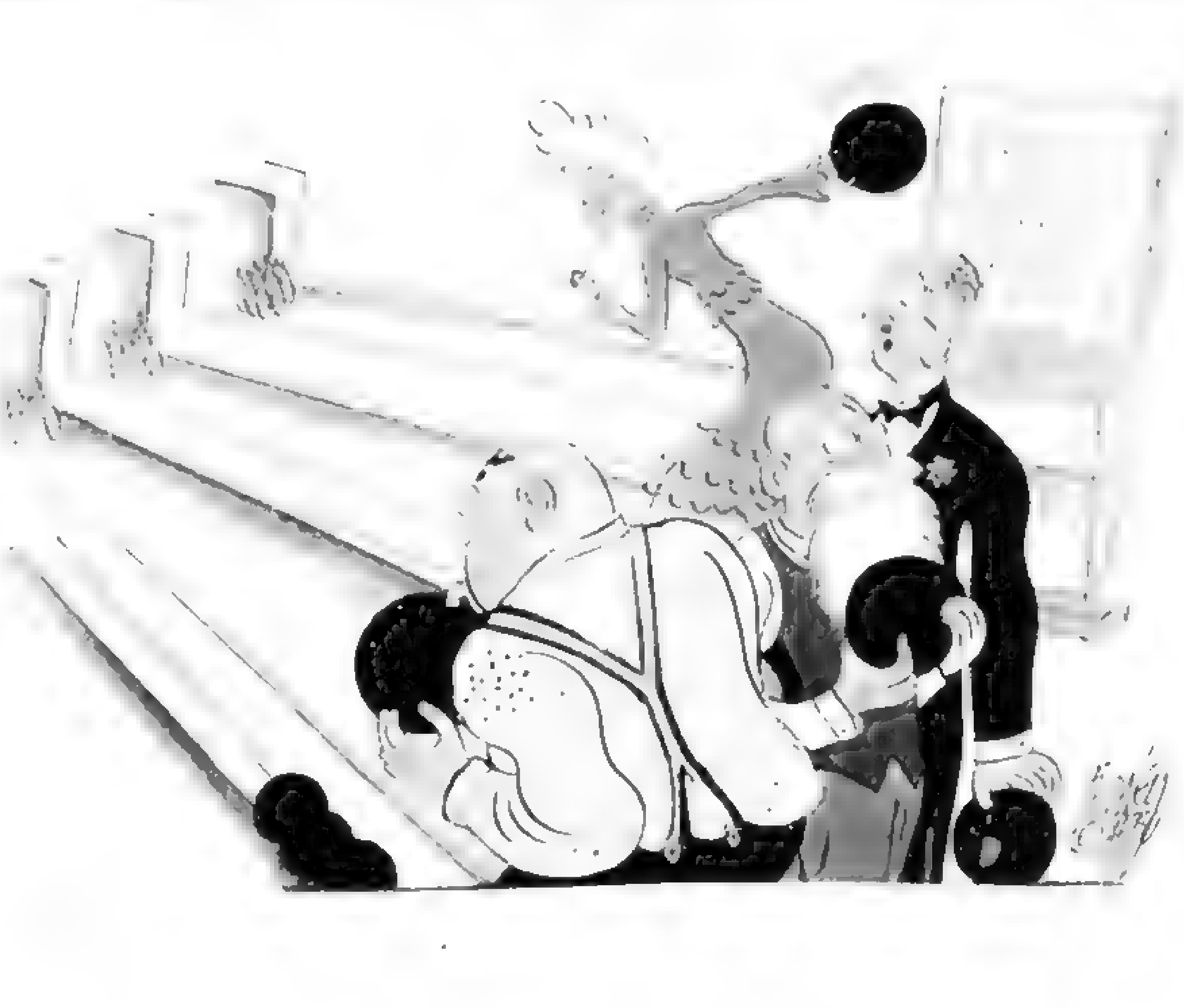
The only physical assistance accorded the sightless was a special hand rail on the left side of the alley which each bowler used as a guide on the approach. Any pins left remaining after the first ball were called out by number by the pin boy, and the bowler would direct his ball accordingly.

Even if you are not a bowler, you may deduce from this that those elusive yet simple elements, timing, rhythm and control, are the basis of skill on the alleys. One of our crack men bowlers weighs 124 pounds, indicating that brute strength is inconsequential: indeed, without the three fundamentals it is a definite impediment to high scores. The knack of toppling the pins is best expressed by the very word "toppling:" you want to shove them over rather than explode them off the alley bed with a cannon ball delivery.

Of course, it requires a certain amount of strength to be able to roll a regulation 16-pound ball with any velocity, and in that respect the heavyweight has the edge over the bantamweight. However, scores are figured in the number of pins down rather than in the speed of the ball. And the fact that a 17-year-old high school boy in Flushing, L. I., recently rolled a perfect game—*i.e.*, a 300 score—is the very best proof that anybody can aspire to be a good bowler regardless of age, physical perfection or athletic experience.

This is obviously the explanation of the universal interest women are now taking in the game, even in the East. The sectional distinction is in order because the Middle West is the center of the bowling world in both masculine and feminine ranks. The last New York State Women's Tournament, for instance, had 90 teams entered for the entire Empire State, whereas a recent women's tournament in St. Louis saw 130 teams competing from that single city!

New York women are catching on, though, as indicated by an attendance of nearly 5,000 at a free course of instruction offered by a local newspaper. Yet in comparison Chicago, capital of the bowling world, had no less than 7,200 competitors in its eighth annual feminine tournament in 1935—and



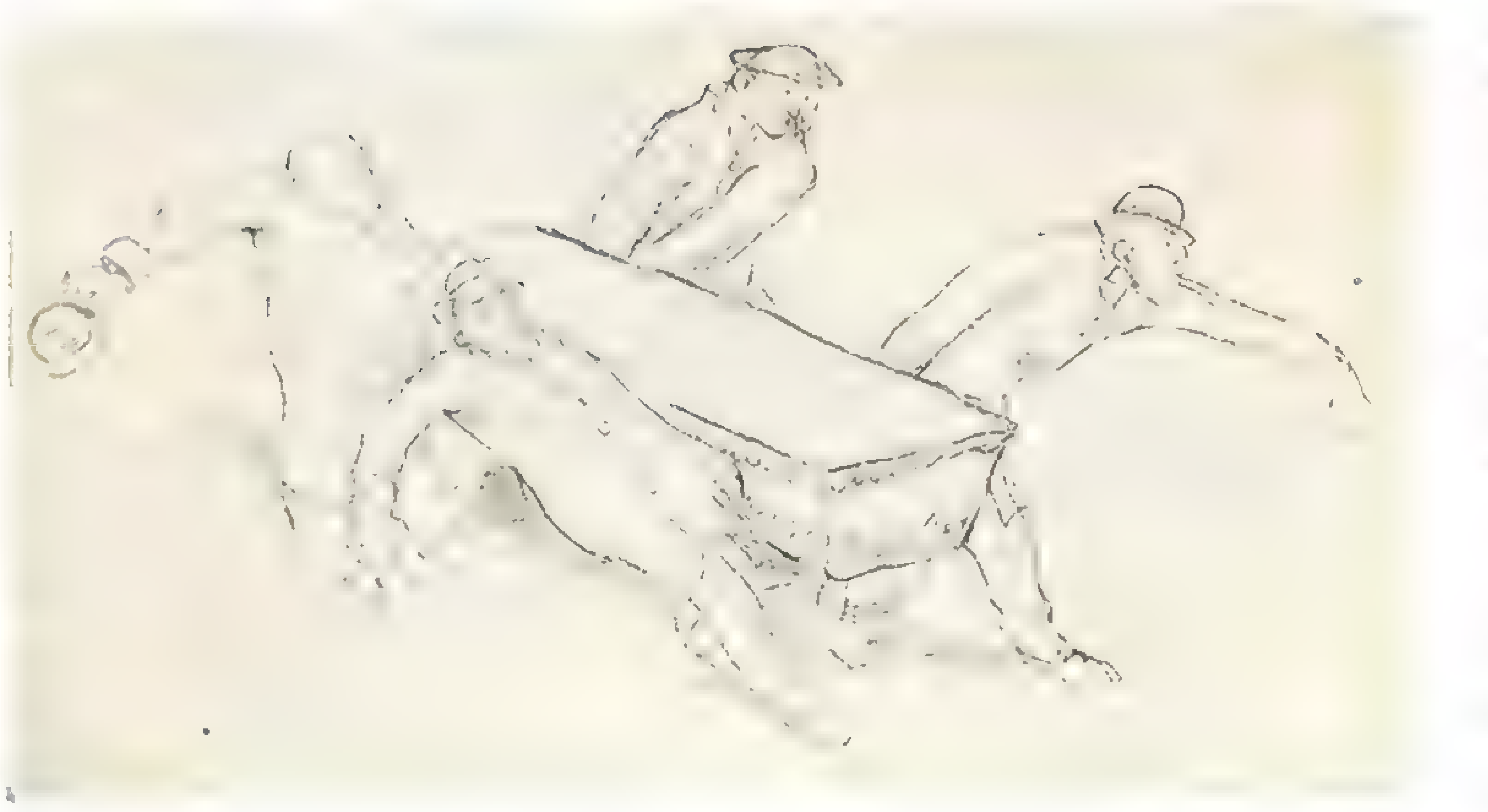
Continued on page 137

Mourning for Ianto

They were his loyal friends and knew that he would never want a drink to be wasted

by RHYS DAVIES

• FICTION •



THE day Ianto was to be buried blew cold and dour, the upper hills already covered with thin snow. His ten friends filed up the front garden of the cottage, looking very black in stiff clothes that had been withdrawn from boxes under beds, each wearing a flattish derby hat pressed down tight over the ears. Ianto was going to be buried with what ceremony his cronies could muster: they had already paid for the coffin.

The hand-bier they had hired was laid outside the door, which was opened by a cross looking woman whose only sign of mourning was a pair of jet earrings, angrily swinging now. She was Ianto's landlady, a widow and maker of medicinal concoctions that were of dark reputation.

"You've come for him, I suppose," she said, her feet stepping restlessly as if she were longing to insult them.

Ianto had died owing her much money. He had been her lodger for twelve years. Though she herself was not a smell of violets in the nostrils of the village, no man could say she had never paid her way in life, and none could say she spent her money swilling herself daft in the inn. She eyed the collection of men on her doorstep surlily now: the famous boozers well-known for miles for their drinking competitions. "Well," she added, "he's no sparrow for you to carry." She screeched when they scratched the coffin against her wallpaper.

They could see that she hated the way they claimed Ianto. Yet, soured, she would have no concern with his burial, would not contribute a farthing. Dying, Ianto had requested his old friends to bury him, and to mourn for him the same night in the taproom of The Red Lion, placing a full pint for him in the middle of the table. "I'll be with you in spirit, boys," he had croaked.

Men of the local farms, they had taken the morning off and were prepared to make it a suitable festival, albeit a sombre one. Some of them were married to respectable women, the others wedded, like the deceased himself, to the buxom XXX ale that made their meeting in The Red Lion roaring programs of fighting, sing-songs, story-telling and various competitions. Four took up the handles of the bier after they had gently rested and strapped the coffin thereon.

"Aye," one sighed, "the old dame was right; he's no bird."

But they were sturdy men and in relays surely they'd manage to carry their loved burden the four uphill miles to the cemetery. A hearse from the town would have been the thing, of course, but that would have been costly, and there was tonight's mourning in The Red Lion, as requested by Ianto, to be considered. Their pooled resources had left about thirty-five shillings free for this; and the money was safe in Merlin Evans' pocket now. A hearse or thirty-five shillings' worth of ale?—well, no true pal of Ianto would have hesitated. The four carriers staggering up the steep lane outside the cottage concentrated their thoughts on the coming reward.

"Funny it is," gasped one presently, "he ate so small, yet a man of tidy bigness he was."

"Don't waste your breath talking," panted another, sweating.

The others were already well ahead of them up the lane. Below, the grey cottages of the village scrambled among the bare wintry trees like forlorn sheep. Snow threatened nearer, preceded by icy drops of sleet: the wind blew. It was unfortunate that no more burials could be accepted in the crowded village churchyard: everyone had to go now to the cemetery opened by the county authorities four miles away, up among the hills, in a draughty green lap that this morning would surely be covered with snow.

At the top of the lane, though their half-hour was not yet completed, the four carriers complained of weariness. "Oi," they shouted to the others, "come and take your turn now. Sweating like old 'osses we are."

The others returned in shocked protest. "Giving in 'fore we're started, are you!" remarked Merlin Evans severely. "He didn't ought to be heavier than a bunch of dandelions if you had any guts for the job."

Redly truculent, one of the carriers, Ivor Roberts, shouted, "This old lane's steep and stony as the way to Heaven. Quarter-hour for those chaps on steep roads, half on flatter. So there! And," he declared suddenly, "I want a drink." He took out his heavy watch. "Pubs," he added obstinately, "will be opened in five minutes; The Duck in the Mouth's just round there, back of Williams' farm."

"Can't start drinking," protested Ellis Richards, though weakly, "'fore Ianto's buried. Now, now, it wouldn't be proper at all. Work first, play after—" The others nodded severely.

"You carry him for a bit," growled Ivor, still panting, "and your tongue'll be dry enough to take to water! . . . Why," he demanded, gazing at the others balefully, as though one of them were to blame for some grave hitch in the proceedings, "why didn't someone bring a bottle of *cold tea?*"

But his angry irony was lost on his pals. Indeed, there had been no real objection to what he had had the courage to suggest. Only they thought it fitting that in such a solemn activity as a funeral they should demur a little. But the morning was truly cold and dismal. A short quiet call at the first inn on the way to the cemetery would put fresh heart into them for their melancholy task.

"Well then," said Ellis, with an air of giving way to a fractious child, "well then, shall it be *one only* at The Duck?" His face, frigid as a preacher's, looked round at the cluster of men, black-clothed as crows. "The wind," he added grievously, "is high and drying to the throat."

Some of the men, indeed, were coughing as if their chests were very weak. "The day," lamented swarthy Ebenezer Powell, "is cold as the bald patch on top of the world's head. Let us take a short comfort, as Ellis says. Ianto would have been willing."

So they laid the bier tenderly near the hedge and tramped across a field to where, in a tiny hamlet, an ancient inn crouched under chestnut and beech trees. In the snug oak-veined taproom they sat in two black rows either side of a long fresh-scrubbed table. The inn-keeper was surprised at this invasion and exclaimed, looking at their best clothes:

"Going to a wedding you are?"

"Ten pints, quick," Merlin Evans, the

treasurer, ordered sternly. "We are burying a pal and got no time to waste jawing."

"*Eleven* pints!" Ellis said, significantly. "One for the middle of the table."

They drank in silence, each staring now and again at the tankard placed in memory of the deceased. The silence became oppressive. They finished their drinks.

"What," muttered Llew Lewis, wiping his dejected moustaches, "what's to be done with that there full pint?"

No one knew. They stared at it in depression. "A pity to waste it," mumbled Gomer Beynon, scowling. "Ianto wouldn't like good ale wasted."

But no one liked to touch the tankard and drink its contents, alone. They waited in uneasy nervousness for someone to speak up. It was Gwylim Watts, lean and not long released from jail, who suggested: "Tell you what. Order nine pints more and put them with that one for company."

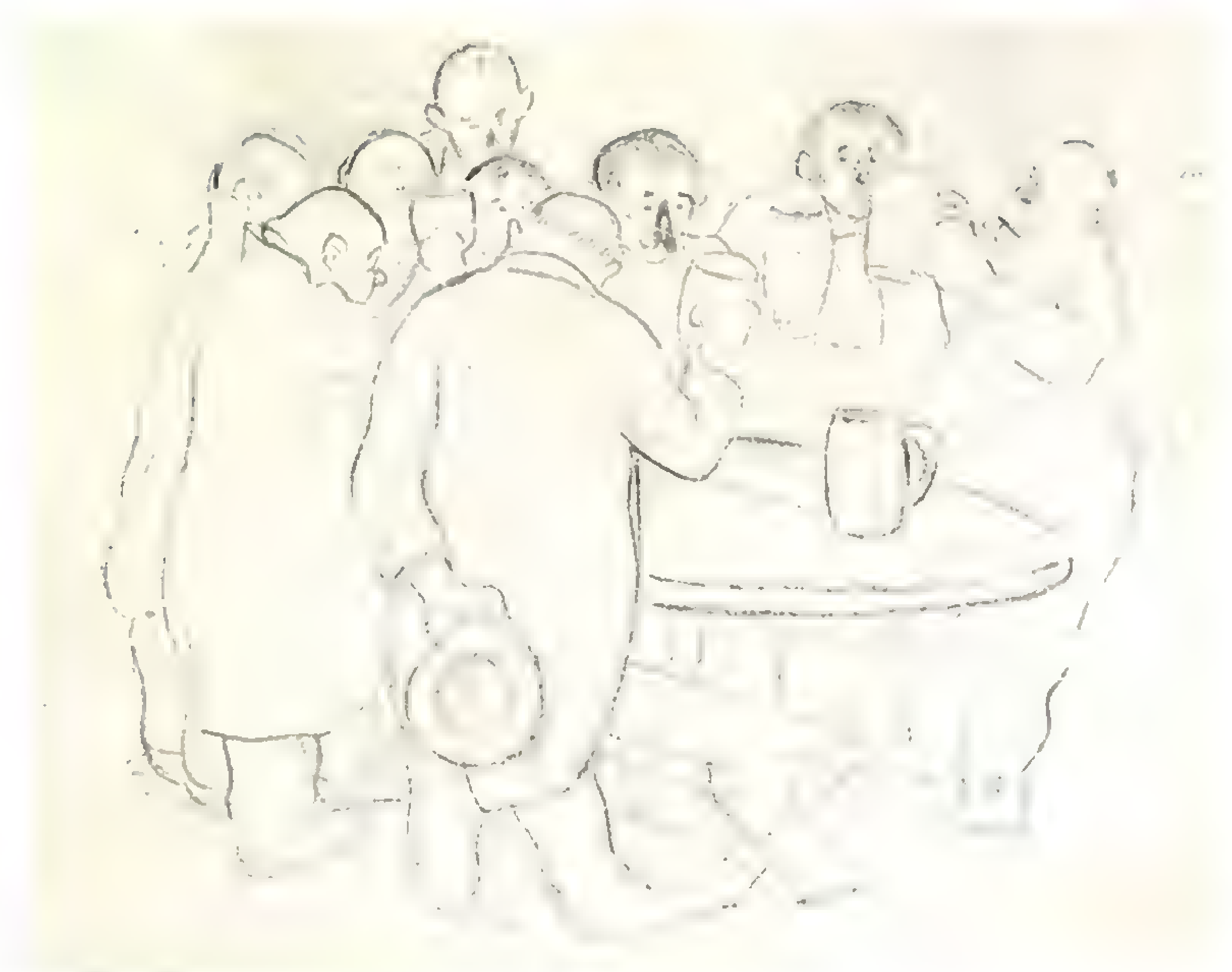
So once more the treasurer doled out, sternly but not unwillingly. Heartened, the mourners presently trooped out into the cold again. Snow met them, thin but promising a greater abundance. The hills were curling into white waves. The mourners thought disconsolately of the cosy room they had just left. Would that Ianto had died some warmer week!

"Hurry up now!" Ellis exclaimed, "else the storm will nip us like a fox at a chicken."

Another four grasped the handles of the bier and began to trudge, quite briskly at first, a length of flat road under a stout hill. Soon however there was a climb—a hard one, until the decline into the next dip in the hills began. They panted and snorted. The snow thickened; it ran into their eyes, it trickled down their necks: they sweated. Llew Lewis's tongue began to hang out like an exhausted dog's.

"Oi," he gasped, "help now! A small breakfast I had this morning and no nourishment is in me." So someone had to replace him.

The changes became constant. All complained of the unexpected weight of the bier; all cursed the callous snow. When they reached the next dip, where there was a hamlet and The Bunch of Grapes, without debate they rested their burden under a white-filled elm and hurried across to the inn. Merlin took out his bag of money.



DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Warmed again, in a room full of brass ornaments and pictures of Victorian celebrities, they bustled into cheerful conversation. The tankard in the middle of the table did not oppress them this second time.

"You remember, chaps, how Ianto climbed tower of church and hung Betty Prichard's red petticoat on spire!"

"And Betty knocked him into duck-pond with her broom! Aye, a lad he was in those days. 'Ow did he get 'er petticoat, asked parson, and wouldn't let Betty come to church after that."

"Aye, Betty Prichard," sighed Edwin Thomas, full of regretful memories—"where's she now, I wonder! Went away to Cardiff docks and never came back. Pretty and quick as a squirrel she was. Skin pink as a wild rose . . . I was going to court her once," he added defiantly to his pals' ironical smiles.

"The snow," observed Llew Lewis, peering broodingly out of the window, "lies heavy on everything."

But they had to set out again in the bitter, bitter cold. The greater part of their journey was still before them, and the snow was now stampeding upon the steep landscape. But they were determined: the sad job had to be done. Were they not the only human connections poor Ianto had possessed in the whole world?

Entering a village mid-way to the cemetery, without further ado they sheltered the bier in a convenient cart-shed and hastened into The Black Cow, a good pub well-known for its rich potent stout. Their faces blue and red, they sighed with satisfaction. But after the third round, Ellis, studying his watch with difficulty, urged them to their duty again. Outside, the wind seemed to have become ominously fierce, for the weakest of the mourners staggered as they went into it.

"Let us bury him tomorrow!" Gwylim bawled, "and stay here now mourning for him."

The others were shocked. To postpone such a sacred ceremony as a burial seemed to savor of blasphemy. They criticized Gwylim harshly. Gwylim, always truculent under certain circumstances, flung off his coat, struck a fisted pose, and invited someone to hit him.

"We will leave the rude ruffian behind," said Edwin delicately. "No esteem has he for the sad business we are doing today!"

Gwylim staggered after their offended backs, shouting in fear that he'd be left behind in the bleak snowy village. At the next call, in The Crooked Billet, he wept and was obedient. Here, however, a long-standing grievance between Ebenezer Powell and Rowland Price broke out once more: Ebenezer had, three years before, sold a pig to Rowland which the latter declared defective. Presently they were hustled out by the indignant landlord, for blows were struck.

The party staggered on, fairly familiar with the whitened road. Some were slower than others and lagged behind. But all knew, instinctively, they would meet in The Rose and Crown near Lord Gilfach's place, and afterwards in The Travellers' Rest, the last inn before the cemetery. And so it was. The treasurer's bag of money was empty, but they scraped sufficient between them. And still they sacredly if vaguely observed Ianto's request for a memorial tankard in the middle of the table.

At last, two hours late, they trailed into the cemetery, wavering black and white figures panting untidily into the snowy place. The parson, who had been waiting for them in the cemetery-keeper's cottage, complained severely, though he was not really offended. On such a cold morning the keeper had provided him with a bottle of his favorite cherry wine, and he had been sitting by a large fire reading an Edgar Wallace. But he looked in doubt at the cluster of swaying men outside the cottage.

"The storm seems to have knocked you about!" he remarked.

Ellis, their spokesman, kept on saying, "Beg your pardon, parson," and bowing: Gomer Beynon kept turning round and round, a human weathercock in the wind: two others had collapsed exhausted under snow-laced yews, and the rest lurched about dazedly. The parson peered up and down the broad cemetery path:

"And the coffin?" he inquired suavely. "You have taken it to the graveside?"

Ellis stared at him with glassy eyes. "Ianto," he said with heaving solemnity, "Ianto was a good man, one of the best. All the way up the chaps been grieving sore about him. He didn't ought to have gone so soon!"

"The coffin?" repeated the parson.

"One of the best! Earth's poorer for his going, parson, b. . . b. . . but—" Ellis seemed about to weep—"but Heaven's the gainer."

The parson's benignity was thinning: he muttered. But Ellis began to reach an inspired eloquence:

"Who should want a better pal in this world than Ianto! A kind word for everybody, and always a smile on his nice mug! He'll teach the angels in heaven!—begging your pardon, parson." His voice sank. "And we have come now, his old faithful mates, to lay him to rest!"

"The coffin?" the parson asked suspiciously.

Ellis, as though overcome by his grieving eloquence, stared in a tranced way about him. Merlin slouched up to him. "Parson wants the coffin," he whispered with care. Ellis chid him gently. "All in good time, all

Continued at top of page 148

Free Men on a Boat

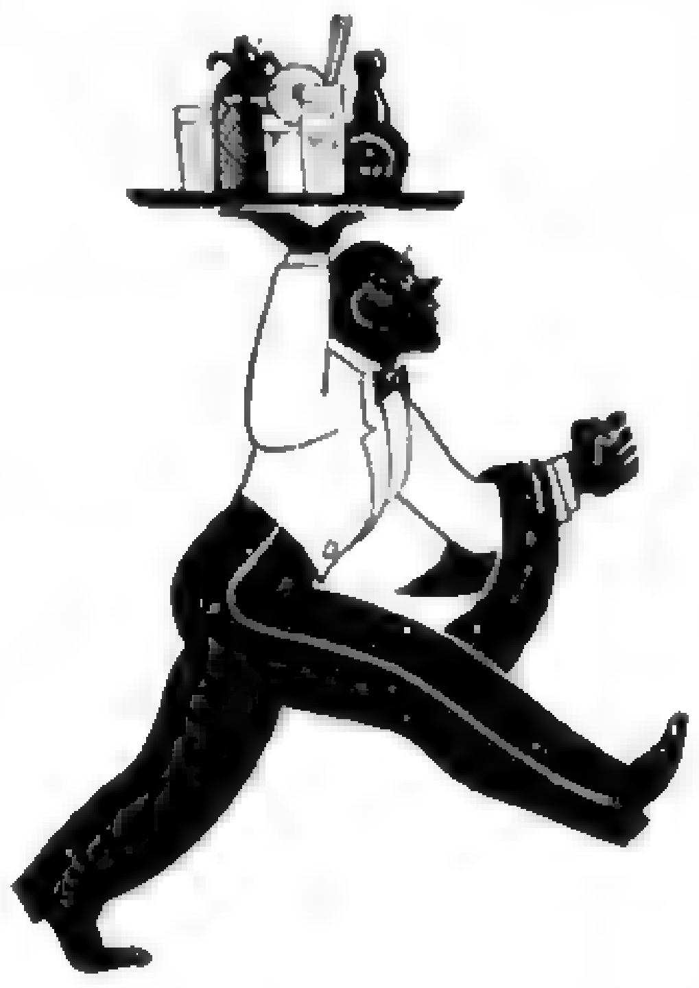
Uncle Murdie tells us not only what to drink but how to act and whom to avoid

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

So you are going on a cruise? Twenty hours out from the cold and wind of the worst part of our year you will be idling in a pool, pumped in from the Gulf Stream. The flying fish will be darting from your bow like airplane squadrons in formation. The dolphins will be kidding you along into thinking them sharks as they rhythmically roll in the bluest of blue waters. The skies will be piled with clouds in curious architectonic shapes in shades of gray, mauve, coral that would make Lurcat envious and of blues that would defy Pierre Roy, outlined with a dash of Matisse black. In a few more hours you will pick up the pinnacles of the isles that dot the Spanish Main. To say I envy you, is putting it mildly. I envy you as I do any one who is about to read for the first time, *The Way of All Flesh, The Brothers Karamazov* or *Les Miserables*.

Your friends who are not as fortunate will come down to see you off. That is all right and should be encouraged for, barring the singing of *Auld Lang Syne* and the cut-up who hides under the bed refusing to get off at the leaving gong, the going-away party can be one of the pleasantest experiences of the cruise. Most of the smart steamship companies supply you with cards that hold the directions for reaching your particular pier. Mail these cards to your friends and follow with a phone call. Here is one party where you should know as accurately as possible the number of guests. Your next problem is to order the liquor. The laws and regulations do not permit a ship to open its bar before sailing and although you might charm your room steward into some sort of smuggling, it is not safe to trust to that. Certainly you don't want to ship a cargo of local liquor, so figure on what you need. One fifth for every four persons is a moderate estimate. (Charged water, ice and glasses are readily obtainable from the steward.) The majority of boats seem to sail around noon. In that case about all you can serve is Scotch and rye. If you are up to it, champagne of course is always acceptable. For five o'clock sailing, you can plan on cocktails but the straight stuff is most easily handled, as you will see. If you have more Scotch drinkers than partakers of rye, don't worry. There comes a time when the friends aren't able to distinguish and you won't be around next morning to hear about it.



Finally the last wise-crack has been hurled at you from the pier and you can go down and unpack and prepare to meet your steward. This is the crucial moment of your cruise and it may make or mar it. You will doubtless find him putting the empties into the waste basket and clearing up the table. Watch him carefully. If he closes the portholes, don't open them. If he wraps the remaining bottles in a blanket and puts them in a chair, don't ask him if the ship rolls. Whatever he does, just smile and try to assume an air of having had him for your personal valet for twenty years. On no circumstances argue or try to dissuade him. If he says no whiskey in the glass of milk and egg he brings you, no whiskey. Strong minded persons try to go against this tide but even if they win, they lose. The steward has been on the boat much longer than you have and really knows what he is doing. He may seem like a dictator but if so, he is a paternal one. Give in gracefully and you'll have a lot more fun and be saved a great many headaches.

But after your first encounter with the tyrant you feel the need of a good drink. Drift into the smoking room and find a seat and when the bar steward gets to you, order your drink. Don't barge in and begin ringing bells. There are probably several other passengers in the room who have the same right as you for attention. If you are dubious about this sailing business, start cautiously, perhaps with ale or beer. If you prefer cocktails go in for the dry ones, avoid all the sweet things you can until you get that delicate balance adjusted between the pit of your stomach and the center of gravity.

As to the making of friends, a boat cruise is a paradise. Nowhere else on earth will you find as many like-minded persons in as narrow a compass. They all like a cruise or they wouldn't be there. But there is no hurry. Don't think that you have to make friends with everyone the first half hour. Look the field over and save yourself annoyance. If you are any judge of persons you will be able to sense the kindred souls by a glance or a smile. Speak to anyone you feel would interest you. If the salutation is met pleasantly, introduce yourself by name. Don't start off with: "What line you in?" Statistics can come later with photographs of the little woman in her bathing suit and the little tots left at home. I once knew a traveler who had one rule for boats—Never speak to a man who wears a cap. It's pretty good but not inclusive enough. You might add, steer away from the man with a pocket full of snapshots. Unless of course you have some you want to show. When you have settled down to the group that fits best your likes and your viewpoint, you invariably meet in the smoking room. There is a code about the ship smoking room that is different from that of an ordinary bar where you are accustomed to do your occasional drinking. In the latter place you are usually host or guest. The two of you stand or sit and meet round with round until the 5:15. But in the ship's bar you are more or less in a part of your own home. Someone drops in; it is also a part of his home, his liquor pantry if you like. You may be rich or you may be generous, or even both, but the ordinary code of standing treat is not always a happy one.

You may want a drink or two before dinner. You drop in, see Jim, sit down and have one on him. Then you buy him one. When it comes his turn, four or six of your friends may come along. He feels obligated to buy. Perhaps this cruise is a special treat for him, for which he has saved for some time. It is a little unfair to load him with these imaginary obligations. There is nothing cheap about "going dutch" on a ship. Especially since you can sign a tab for your drink and there is no embarrassment of fumbling for change. Some practical system, started by agreement at the start of a voyage, can bring you a lot more fun in the smoking room. If you want especially to stand host, invite as many friends as you can accommodate into your room and have the steward order the canapé and cocktails. And for shore excursions, the share-alike system is almost necessary. There are so many diverse items, such as taxi fares and so on, that any other plan is silly.

Speaking of the shore excursions, there are the two alternates—going with the ship's prepared party or going it alone. If you prefer to let the company take all the headaches and worry, better string along with the crowd. The convenience and the time saved will compensate you for the moronic fringe you have to mix with. But if you are bent on research or mere strolling around for atmosphere, go on your own.

Continued on page 156

DOLORES DEL RIO
Hurrell Photograph

DOORIS DUDLEY
Hurrell Photograph

A Form of Release

Everyone loved a party at the Duecettes and marveled at their apparent harmony

by RICHARD J. LORTZ

• FICTION •

Yvonne Duecette turned from the window, from the wet misty darkness of the outside world. It was raining, a fine light rain that swept down in sudden gusts making the street a blurred mirror, reflecting dully the houses across the way, the glistening automobiles, and the tall soaked telephone poles with their dripping wires. It was dark now and she drew the blinds. She glanced at her husband who sat reading before the fireplace.

"It's raining."

"Yes," he echoed tonelessly, glancing up.

Yvonne sank uneasily in a chair and ran her fingers aimlessly through the pages of the book she had been reading. She could never concentrate when she felt her husband's eyes upon her. Large and dark, with a beauty almost feminine, they held a depth she could never find, an apartness she could never bridge.

She closed her book and brushed some imaginary dust from her dress. For a moment her eyes met Duecette's, and she knew his thoughts from the mere expression on his face; she had always been able to detect the emotion behind his expressions. Now she read a disapproving appraisal, an obvious regret, almost a revulsion. She felt no hurt, she was beyond that. There remained only a self accusation, a poignant sadness, a puzzled incomprehension because she could not tear down the barrier that surrounded him, that she could not find a crevice through which to enter. It loomed tall and ominous now and she felt that she almost hated it because of what it shielded.

Had it always been the same? Even when they had married, when they first came to live in Edinburgh? It seemed so long ago, and somehow it *must* have been different. Perhaps it had merely been the newness of things, the excitement. They had moved into the old colonial house in Edinburgh, quaint and old-fashioned even down to the picturesque well beyond the back terrace. Yvonne's father had left it to her when he died.

She had furnished it in period combined with a modernness that enhanced the beauty of its quaintness. It was a large house, stately and white, with a background of shrubs and weeping willows.

Not until after the diversion of house furnishing and decoration, after the brilliance and new beauty had worn off through merely becoming accustomed to it, had Yvonne discovered that in spite of new friends and associations she was lonely. Hers and Duecette's had been a childhood friendship, the period of growing up together, the separation, reunion and finally marriage.

She had thought she knew him as no one else could, finding in him a simple character: one with an equal liking for both quiet and gayety, with a desire for material beauty and loveliness, who prized comfort and security highly. But gradually with his comfort and security assured him, she realized the estrangement between them, the invisible barrier he had erected. She played with him then, as she might play a game, confident, certain of the result. She amused herself cleverly, half mockingly; her outlet to boredom and loneliness was breaking his resistence for which there could be, of course, no real cause.

Yvonne was childless, though a year after their marriage there had been a child who had died in birth. It was this shock that first pervaded the security of their marriage, or so Yvonne thought. Yet Duecette was particularly indifferent to children. He had rebelled at the idea of an adopted child though he realized they could never have another of their own. Yvonne became a little frightened, she had been shocked at his indifference when the child died. But she continued with her game, a little half-heartedly and less confident, a little unwillingly; she was beginning to fear she would not welcome the intimacy that seemed so desirable.

II.

Duecette closed his book with a faint sigh of finality and glanced wearily around the room. His eyes came to rest on his wife. Even now her face, though rather flatteringly shadowed from the faint glow from the synthetic fire, seemed particularly unlovely. He studied her for a moment . . . her small eyes, pale blue . . . her hair, light brown, coarse, swept straight from her high forehead and tied neatly at the nape of her neck . . . her nose, straight, a trifle too thick . . . her full mouth, the only loveliness she possessed, beautiful with a sensuality that belied her . . . her white chin, prominent, with that hateful cleft at its center.

Not realizing the cause, Duecette began to notice the change in his wife: her insistency to please, her magnification of his most trivial desire, her intense interest in anything he fancied. All this he cast aside, asking but two things of his wife: beauty and sensuality. He conceived of woman offering no more, and conceiving thus he refused to accept more. What she offered he was unable to accept, intimacy beyond sensuality he could not imagine, and her impulse to bind him by other means was grossly offensive to him.

To him their life together was something to be hated: her eager politeness—his thinly disguised courtesies, and the pretense of a respect and consideration he did not feel.

His only diversion, and hers too, was their small circle of friends, the theatre perhaps, or the country club. People were impressed at how well they got along. The Duecette teas and parties were always a success. Wit . . . laughter . . . modern. . . . Everyone felt at liberty to do as he pleased, convention and formality were cast aside. "Grand people these Duecettes," they would say. "Did you ever see such a party?"

Yvonne rose and returned her book to the shelf. She ran her hands over a row of books and then blew the dust from her fingers. The house seemed rather neglected. She glanced at her watch.

"It's nearly ten after eight," she said. "I think we ought to get ready. I left your suit on your bed. You're the clown you know."

She laughed. Duecette looked at her; her laugh was particularly mirthless. The Reighners were giving a masquerade and she had driven to town the day before and bought their costumes. She was to be Madame Du Barry. People at the party would laugh.

"Isn't that just like Yvonne Duecette," they would say, "Madame Du Barry! . . . it's a wonder her husband isn't Don Juan."

They returned downstairs a while later, he in his brilliant red checkered suit and ruffled collar; she in her long sweeping gown, low neck and powdered wig. She had rouged her lips heavily and shadowed her eyes. She smiled when she saw his clown suit. He stared at her, lost in the full beauty of her painted voluptuousness. In a moment he had her in his arms, holding her gently by the elbows, rubbing them softly in the warm moist depths of his palms.

"Let's not go," he murmured softly. She yielded for a moment and in a sudden movement he caught her to him, kissing her wildly on the mouth and throat and shoulders. She lay passive in his arms, the color draining from her face, then with almost a shudder she released herself.

"Oh, for God's sake, Melvin," she said.

He moved away, trembling with desire and fury; he could still feel the shudder that possessed her when he kissed her. In a nervous gesture Yvonne looked at her watch.

"We're late," she said shortly.

Without a word he turned and went for

Continued in center of page 128

Roulades and Cadenzas

Granted that a childlike people need guidance, still music can never be produced by committees

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

Moscow stages a first-class show. The Slav has always had a flair for being theatrical, and the Commissars haven't lost the trick.

Mention to the average bourgeois tourist in Russia that the season opened with twenty-two sell-out shows, that they are still sold out—and this without a single bright light—point out that four opera houses are going full blast, that you can't get a ticket for Dzerzhinski's *And Quiet Flows the Don* until next April—and the flabbergasted visitor is properly awed. Ask him to total the music budget, and he feels like a 1929 Wall Street broker. His pilgrimage has been a success.

The means for bringing great music to the masses is there. So everybody assumes they get it, and few stop to consider that performing and creative talents are not so easily requisitioned as theatre buildings. Quality is harder to get than quantity.

If you haven't been to Moscow and heard for yourself, you probably do not know that the opera performances are lop-sided, that the singers—except for a stray bass here and there—are voiceless, and that the creative urge has been so ham-strung by political meddling that it hasn't stretched itself since the Revolution. Travelers have a way of gilding their tales. And besides, they are gullible souls. They never hear music in the provinces or poke behind composers' stoves. Having made the trek to Moscow and gorged on caviar and vodka, they are prepared to believe that every Russian bass is a Chaliapin, that all stage sables are genuine, and that Boris Godunoff's jewels belong in the Kremlin. As they come only to see the theatre, the opera performances turn out to be an unexpected and pleasant interlude between long evenings of unintelligible discourse grafted on to anemic and childish plots. Long suffering drama enthusiasts stick it out for the acting, principally to say they've done it. They may not admit it, but inside they're glad to be back in that hoary musical institution that has successfully resisted all attempts to communize it. After a half-dozen propaganda plays, any tune sounds friendly—and when it turns out that the Bolshoi is the only theatre in Moscow with padded seats, the opera becomes a sitter's paradise.

Actually, the only reason for going is to listen to Russian works that can't be heard elsewhere, and to hear them in their native language, whose cadence falls as it should in exact conjunction with the music. Any foreign opera—either Italian or French, as Wagner is unknown—becomes a comical concoction. *Lakme* and *Faust*, when translated into the Slavic idiom, are not recognizable. I heard the Gounod opera in the Bolshoi Affiliate, and the orchestra rocked the theatre with climaxes that would have done justice to *Die Götterdämmerung*. Mephistopheles bellowed like Boris on an off-night. Faust, looking like a Hindu prince, rendered *Salut, demeure* as if he had just been castrated and, true to tenor form, pranced to the front for his high C. After this emission he picked up an admirer's bouquet and carried it during the remainder of the opera, prominently displayed along with his lace handkerchief. Marguerite, when she appeared, exhibited buck teeth and a tight throat, and pinched out all her tones.

The stage was cluttered with gauze and bric-a-brac so that the chorus couldn't move, and the spots in a second tier box were manned by an electrician with, apparently, the St. Vitus dance. For that matter, Russian regisseurs pay little attention to scene designing and lighting. Stanislawsky and Nemirovitch-Danchenko, who have experimented most with operatic production, are interested only in putting believable three-dimensional characters on the opera stage.

Each directs his own musical theatres, in which he has a repertory company of singing actors who devote their lives—even as ballerinas—to the opera, and who don't merely dash in between broadcasts to sing a few arias. Soviet Russia is the one place today where opera houses have sufficient resources to produce opera in the grand manner. There is time for endless rehearsal, time to eliminate the vocal and acting *clichés* that feature our Metropolitan performances.

The artists are steeped in tradition and nurtured for years. The period of their preliminary training never ends. Through years of painstaking effort, they learn to project an operatic character as a living being, to be one of an ensemble. To know how it is done, you have only to see white-haired Stanislawsky—now 78—sitting at a rehearsal in his theatre, watching a group of his singers and muttering as if to himself but so that all can hear: "I don't believe! I don't believe!"

With such geniuses producing opera, no wonder it becomes a dramatic rather than a lyric institution. Audiences are so absorbed by what is happening on the stage that they fail to notice cracked voices, deviations from pitch, and other annoyances that make genuine music lovers squirm. The music is taken for granted. The one person who receives no applause is the conductor.

Undeniably, in Russia, the eyes have it.

* * *

The symphony concert is not the important institution here that it has recently become in America. The masses prefer opera. Simple and childlike in their tastes, they want to make believe, and they can do it better in the theatre than in the concert hall. They gabble through the overture and orchestral interludes, and are quiet only when the curtain is up. They applaud every popular aria whether or not there is a gap in the music. They shout when Mr. Bad Man is punished, and cheer when the red flag waves.

Insofar as the Communist Party is concerned, this is all to the good. For up to now, it has been found easier to put Marxist ideology in marching songs and operas than in symphonies. Collective principles have been much more convincingly stated in words than in counterpoint. No Soviet composer, as yet, has been able to make Euterpe embrace Socialism.

This brings us to the jumping-off place for our discussion of creative industry in the U. S. S. R.

The history of the abortive attempts to teach Marxist doctrine in tone has been a record of countless swift changes and reversals of attitude. In the beginning, the Bolsheviks made a wholesale housecleaning. Tchaikovsky, Moussorgsky, even the people's own folk music were labeled "defunct twaddle . . . petty bourgeois." After the Revolution all the classics of literature and music were kicked out because they contained the "ideology of property-minded individuals."

There was to be no "art for art's sake." Marx called art "a weapon for gaining knowledge of reality, for building the new and destroying the old," and said the new epoch was to bring forth an original, all-powerful and hitherto undreamed-of tribute to the freed proletariat. The attitude seemed to be that any good Bolshevik could write an opera. For years, every crude attempt was hailed as a Party victory, a triumph for the masses. Workers were dragged to hear music that shrieked with steam whistles and

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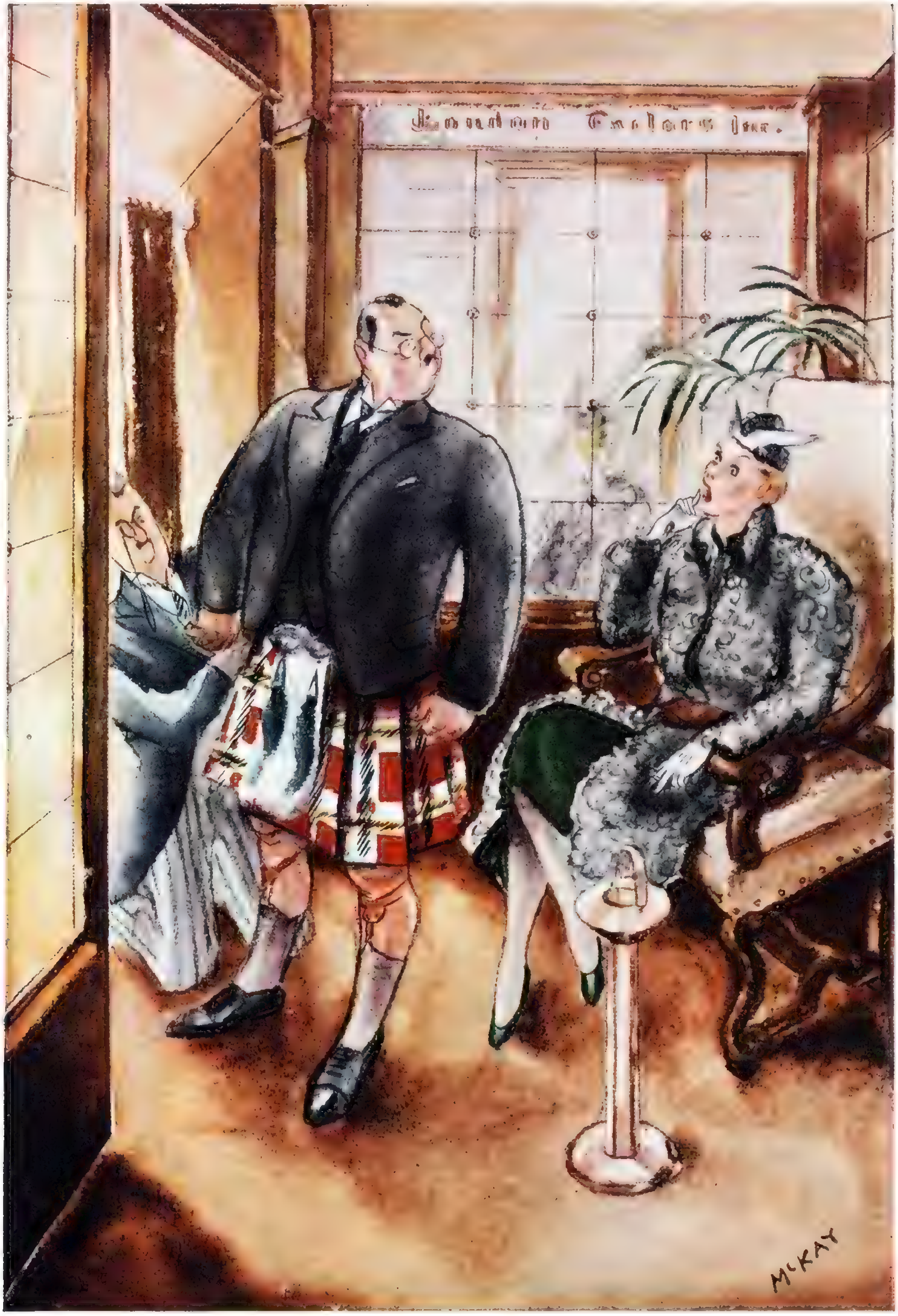
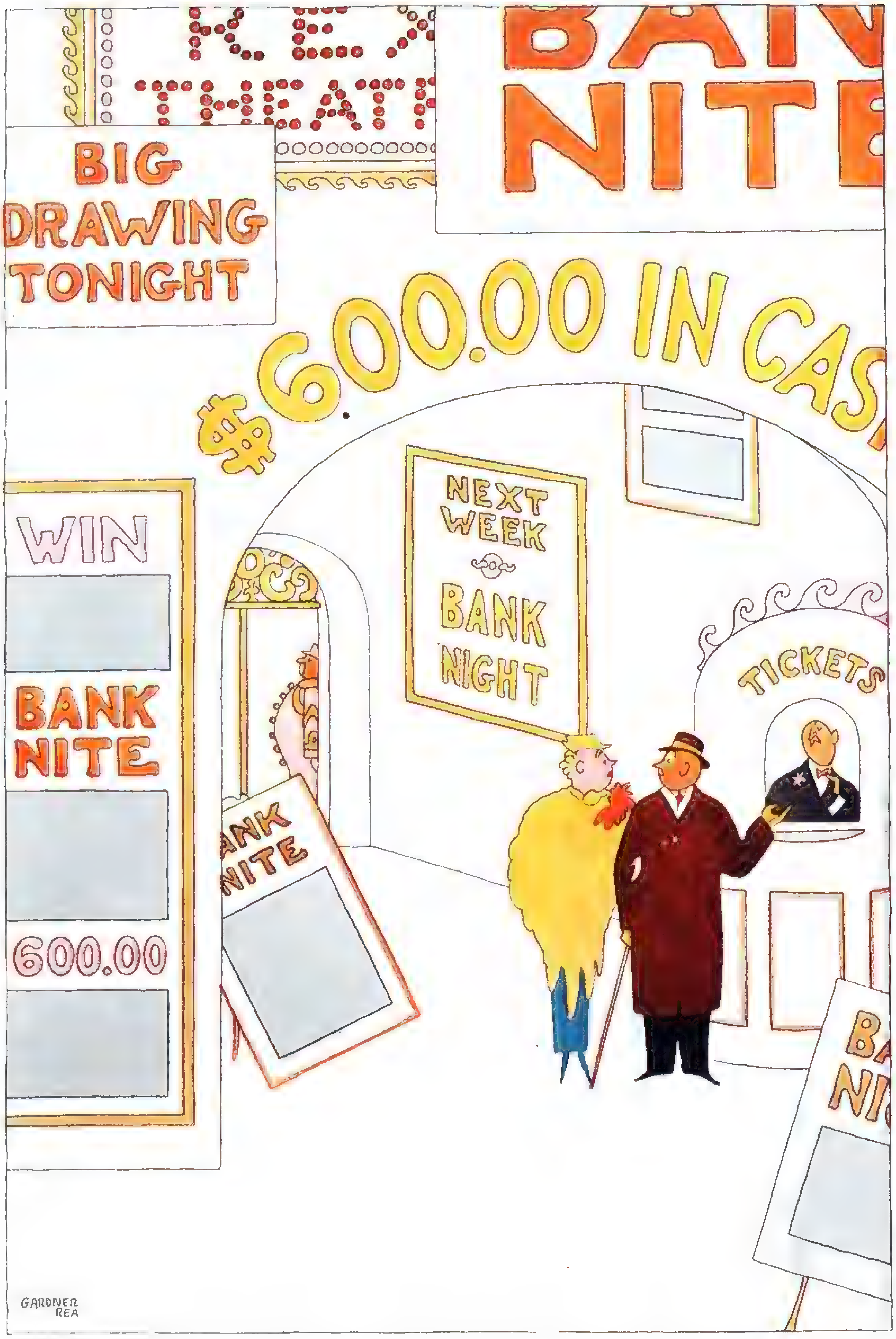

London Tailors Inc.
McKAY

"It's lovely, Thomas—but is it practical?"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GARDNER REA

"He says they've stopped having pictures"

The Candid Cameraman

A deliberate consideration of
Winterset as the first truly
American photoplay classic

by MEYER LEVIN

▪ MOVIES ▪

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

The Plainsman: That Cecil B. DeMille directed this film still seems incredible. It is bright, zippy, humorous and human, even in the Capra tradition, and contains no bathing beauties. Gary Cooper again distinguishes himself, making a believable and indigenous character out of the two-gun badman, Wild Bill Hickock. Next in honors is Jean Arthur, doing a swell knockabout job as Calamity Jane. The fusion of the Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, and Custer's Last Stand legends makes a nice piece of Americana. Notable, too, is the munitions angle, showing how the Indians got guns with which to kill the white settlers. And credit the folk-touch given to Wild Bill, by having him a teller of such whoppers as the one about the fish that drowned.

Winterset: See the main review.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Go West Young Man: Mae West back in form.

Love on the Run: We see by the papers that Clark Gable doesn't know in what magazine he read *Latins Are Lousy Lovers.* Anyway, Clark proves himself almost a Latin by Joan Crawford, in another reporter-marries-heiress epic. Franchot Tone, too.

Pennies From Heaven: Bing Crosby. A wandering minstrel, he, who gets stuck with an orphan, and stuck on a social worker.

Three Men on a Horse: Stock-farce situations, well timed for laughs.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Rembrandt: The hitherto smart Mr. Korda makes the Hollywood mistake of trying to duplicate a success. What made *Henry the Eighth?* Laughton and a succession of women. So Rembrandt is an artist who had women-trouble. The photoplay lacks unity, and Mr. Laughton, at least in the early reels, seems to be playing Oscar Wilde. He uses all of his tricks, even to reading the Bible in an attempt to duplicate the sensation he once made reading the Gettysburg Address. Nevertheless, there are several photographically beautiful scenes.

Reunion: Looks like we are in for a Tarzan series with the Quints. I think the best thing Hollywood could do would be to hire a Yale psychologist to make a series showing the mental development of the child, the emergence of individual traits.

WASTE

Tarzan Escapes: It took them a couple of years to make, and it cost a couple of million dollars, because no one could think of any new Tarzan stunts. No one thought of any.

CATCH IF YOU CAN

Kimiko: A Japanese program picture being distributed in America by Wesley Greene, Chicago. It's the same the whole world over—a stenographer and her boy friend worry about getting married on his salary, a father goes off with a geisha because mother is too poetic. Excellent scenes of every-day life, showing the westernization of the young. The girl, a Japanese beauty, is a ringer for Sylvia Sidney, or *vice versa.*

Spanish War: There is a three-reel film around that looks like the actual stuff. It doesn't take a partisan to notice, even from this sketchy film, that the invaders are obviously scum, the defenders, ordinary folk.

You Can't Get Away With It: Excellent documentary film about scientific crime detection.

CLASSIC

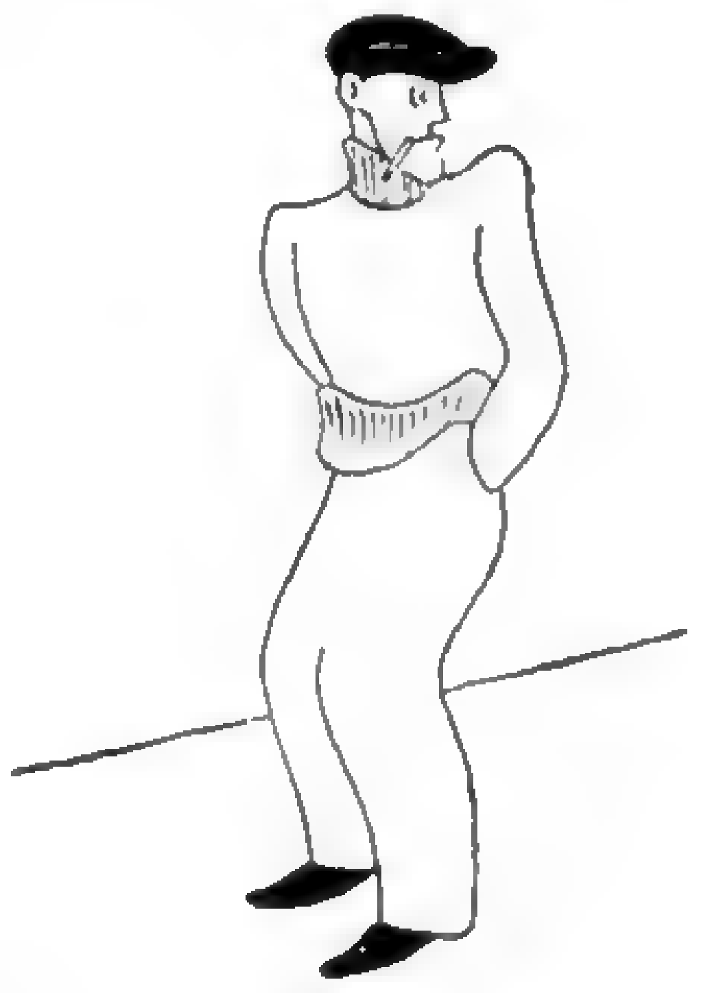
Now that the wild flurry of immediate acclaim has subsided, I think we may evaluate *Winterset.* Usually a rear-view is necessary to correct the exaggerations of preview enthusiasm. A few months after the appearance of the greatest picture of all-time, a new greatest picture of all-time has arrived, and the predecessor is discreetly deflated to the ranks of "oh yes, that wasn't a bad little picture." The term "masterpiece" comes to be used only in the sense of "current masterpiece."

But in this case a deliberately considered criticism is necessary to make clear that superlatives, when applied to *Winterset,* should be understood in their literal, rather than in their movie blow-up sense. To call *Winterset* a classic does not mean to rank it with *Anthony Adverse, The Charge of the Light Brigade,* or even with *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.* We have to shell off the superficial usage and return true meaning to the word "classic."

Some Hollywood genius, upon the completion of *Winterset,* shook his head sadly and said, "This is a critic's picture. The only way we can sell it to the public is through the critics." So a cinema-stupendous sum was spent to bring America's One Thousand leading film critics by plane, train, and taxi to an all-day festival in New York; they saw the latest red hot and blue musical show in six-dollar seats, they feasted in a rainbow room, they cocktailed, they night-clubbed, and somewhere in between they took in a movie called *Winterset.* Since it was "a critic's picture" to begin with, I guess the Thousand Best must have been happy that no conscience-problems confronted them, they could take planes and taxis back to New Orleans and Seattle, give the picture any number of stars, and give the same number of stars to *Three Men on a Horse,* next week.

As a sensitive member of the Thousand Second-Best, I am therefore in complete and unbribed freedom to say that *Winterset* is in my opinion the first American photoplay classic. Each of those three words describes a ponderable quality.

By "American," I do not mean merely American-made. I mean a play whose matter is of the flesh and bone of this country. True, that might be claimed for everything from *Daniel Boone* to *Theodora Goes Wild.* Gangster films and crazy-reporter films are distinctly American, and so are Joan Crawford stories. The historical subjects, from *The Covered Wagon* to *The Plainsman,* had some of the flesh and bone content, the gangster stuff had legitimate blood, but it is only recently that films have begun to admit the mental and social patterns of America into their making. The contrast of the Swede and the big boss lumberman in *Come and Get It* was such a pattern; the whole forepart of *Fury* was such a pattern, and the entirety of *Winterset* is American. Here is a film that involves an adult consideration of our ways of life, our ideas of justice, of life and death, of human worth. It considers these things in a peculiarly American way; all of our backgrounds of thought are taken into the problem, so that the film's utterance is one that could not have been made through any other nation's psychology. Few works of the cinema can stand with *Winterset* as thus wholly expressive of our temper.



Secondly, I have put emphasis upon the word "photoplay." I have repeatedly pointed out here that most films cannot even be considered as photoplays, having no integral relationship to the camera-story. Some, like *Anthony Adverse,* and *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie,* are episodes strung together out

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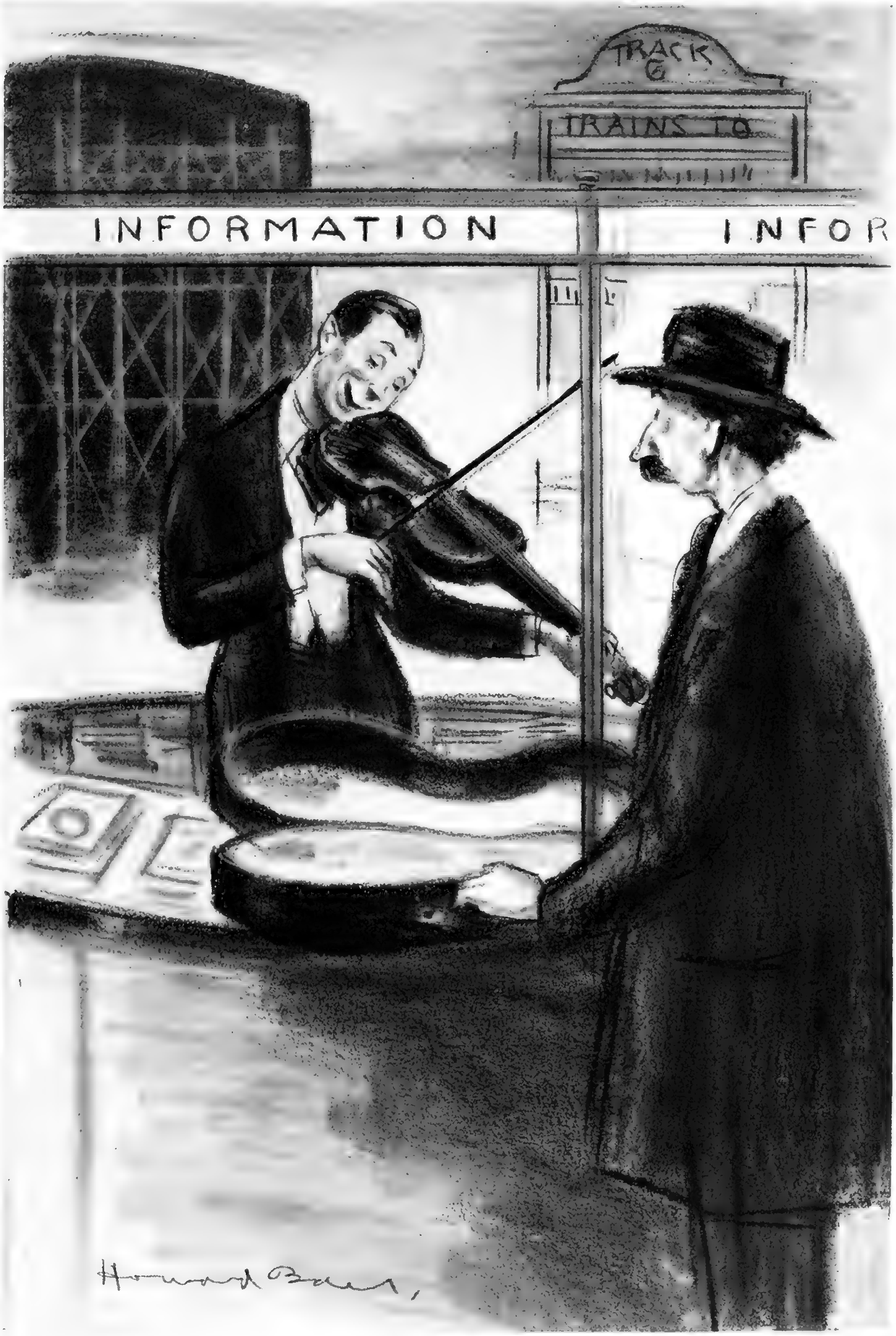

TRACK 6
TRAINS TO
INFORMATION
INFOR
Howard Baer

"Then the second movement goes like this"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Some plays would flop even if they were offered free, with fine souvenirs for the ladies

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

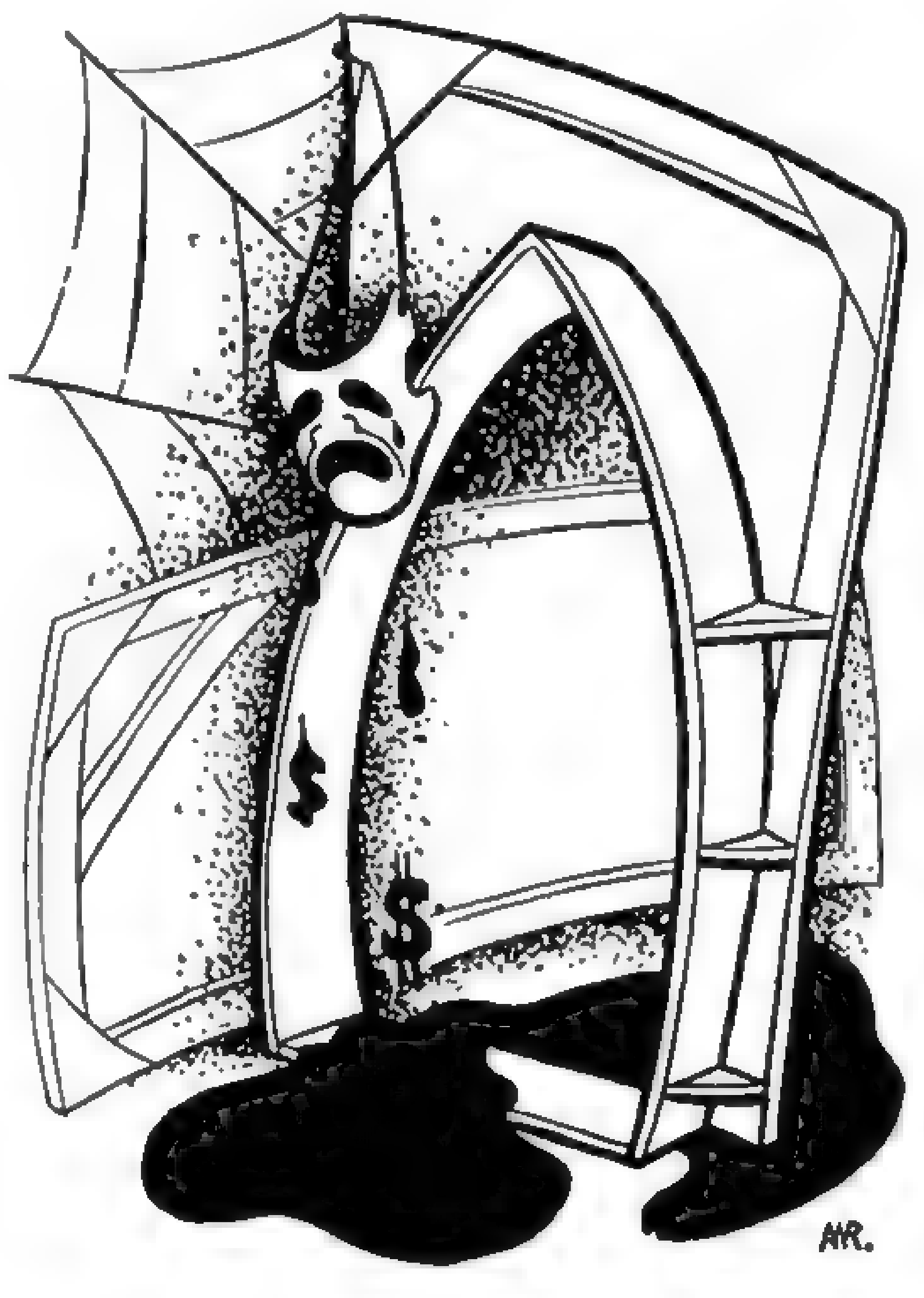
• THEATRE •

The present theatrical season had not been going two months when Mr. Lee Shubert ordered up another beer and proceeded to cry into it. What grieved Mr. Shubert was the thought that, though the season was then still in its infancy, he and his fellow producers had already, he wept, dropped something like three hundred thousand dollars on plays that had failed to attract customers. The loss of a mere three hundred thousand dollars on a single moving picture does not, of course, even mildly affect the Hollywood producers. Instead of yapping, they simply, when it occurs, raise their own salaries again and go out and spend the night with another blonde. But when the theatre producers get nicked, they raise such a rookus that you'd think everyone was to blame but themselves.

Since Mr. Shubert voiced his lament, the three hundred thousand dollar loss has been increased by at least a couple of hundred thousand dollars more. And the producers can impugn only themselves. If they elect to pick plays for production that a blind man would know from an advance manuscript reading would not stand the ghost of a chance even if they were to be produced in London, were to get the customary grand send-offs from the critics over there and were then to be offered without an admission charge and with handsome souvenirs to the ladies—if they elect to pick such plays, what can they expect?

The theory that no one can tell anything about a play until one gets an audience's reaction to it—a theory as close to many of our producers' hearts as their undershirts—is by and large completely ridiculous. Any halfway experienced or even one-third-way literate theatregoer, reading any number of scripts that the producers waste their money on, might easily tell them that they were doomed to commercial failure. And any professional play reviewer who hadn't closed up Jack and Charlie's the night before and who could still manage to see with one eye might even more easily tell them that the plays, however ably they would be acted, would nevertheless perforce get condemnatory critical notices. Take a few examples of the species of plums the managers have squandered their funds on and that have been summarily dispatched to the storehouse by both the public and the press.

Begin with *The Golden Journey*, *The Laughing Woman* and *Green Waters*, all produced by the Shuberts and all box-office fiascos. The first named had to do with a young writer who passed off as his own the work of an unknown French author and who, just as his plagiarism was about to be discovered, learned that he had inherited the French author's manuscripts, which, according to the ethics of the play, made everything all right. Imagine the incomprehension of any producer who thought that he could get other than a loud storehouse razz from the critics on that one. The second named exhibit posed itself as a retelling of the familiar Gaudier-Brzeska story. Already a failure in London—and if anything fails in London these days it must be superlatively phewy—it was one of those pseudo-literary scripts about the private lives of artists, liberally dosed up with allusions to celebrated authors, painters and sculptors and with the inevitable episode in which the hero's masterpiece in paint or marble is either ripped with someone's irate knife or smashed to bits on the floor. That no such play has made a nickel at the box-office since D'Annunzio gave up playwriting and Duse for aviation and Il Duce anyone might have told the Shuberts. The third named, which also had already failed in London, was the darksome one laid on a bleak northern coast in a bleak house with the usual big grate-fire (only the wind-machine was lacking to make it one hundred per cent Durante) and in which an illegitimate son, like all illegitimate sons on the stage possessed of a strangely sensitive reaction to Chopin and Tennyson, hated his father with such ferocity and so many lines of bad literary dialogue that the old man suffered a heart collapse. Undoubtedly the Messrs. Shubert viewed the play as being something in the line of literary drama and sought by producing it to tickle the critics who have been indicating an increased admiration for literary drama. The attendant in the men's lavatory at the Public Library, if they had asked him to read the script in advance, could have told them that it was no more literary drama than such a cherry as Clemence Dane's *Granite*, which ran only a few nights a year or so ago, and the attendant's six-year-old son could have told them that as any kind of drama, whether literary or otherwise, it couldn't keep an audience, whether drunk or sober, in its seats beyond ten o'clock at the most.



At this point, the reader is probably smiling to himself and saying that all this is *ex post facto* critical showing-off and that it is a quite different matter, whatever has been written here to the contrary, to determine such things before the curtain goes up. To which, with all the politesse in the world, I have the honor to reply with the plural of the late Mr. Rockne's Christian name. At the very beginning of last season, early in September, I predicted with a ninety-nine per cent accuracy, as the records in the following June attested, the reactions of the critics and public to the plays that were announced by the managers to be produced during the year. I—and I do not mean to single myself out as a child prodigy, as there are doubtless many others fully as competent at the clairvoyant business—wrote six months in advance of O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* and after the Theatre Guild had publicly expressed qualms as to its possibilities of success that the play couldn't fail to prove to be an enormous box-office success. This season I wrote long in advance that *St. Helena* could not possibly turn a profit in the local theatre; that any new version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, whatever it was like, would put its audience to sleep (George Abbott's *Sweet River* could hardly find an audience to put to sleep); that *Night Must Fall* would not succeed here as it had in London, as local audiences have never cared particularly for these abnormal Piccadilly murder hysterias; that Al Wood's judgment of plays was so out-of-date that anything in the way of melodrama he would produce (*Arrest That Woman*, it turned out to be) would in all likelihood be laughed at; that dirty farces (*vide Stork Mad*) would have a tough time of it with audiences; and that *Daughters of Atreus*, while a very fine play—I had boosted it steadily for more than a year—wouldn't stand a chance unless it were absolutely perfectly cast and directed.

Over a period of many years I have antecedently hazarded such opinions and I don't expect to be called out to take any bows because of the habit they have of proving correct. Almost anyone can do it, excepting, it seems, the majority of our theatrical producers. It is no wonder, accordingly, that—aside from a scant handful of them—the only men who have lately made any money out of the theatre are the critics.

The critics, nevertheless, are occasionally a funny and rather puzzling lot. While it is true that it is extremely unlikely that even the dumbest of them would be so dumb as

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

A critic contemplates Hitler's abolition of all criticism of the arts but reviews books anyhow

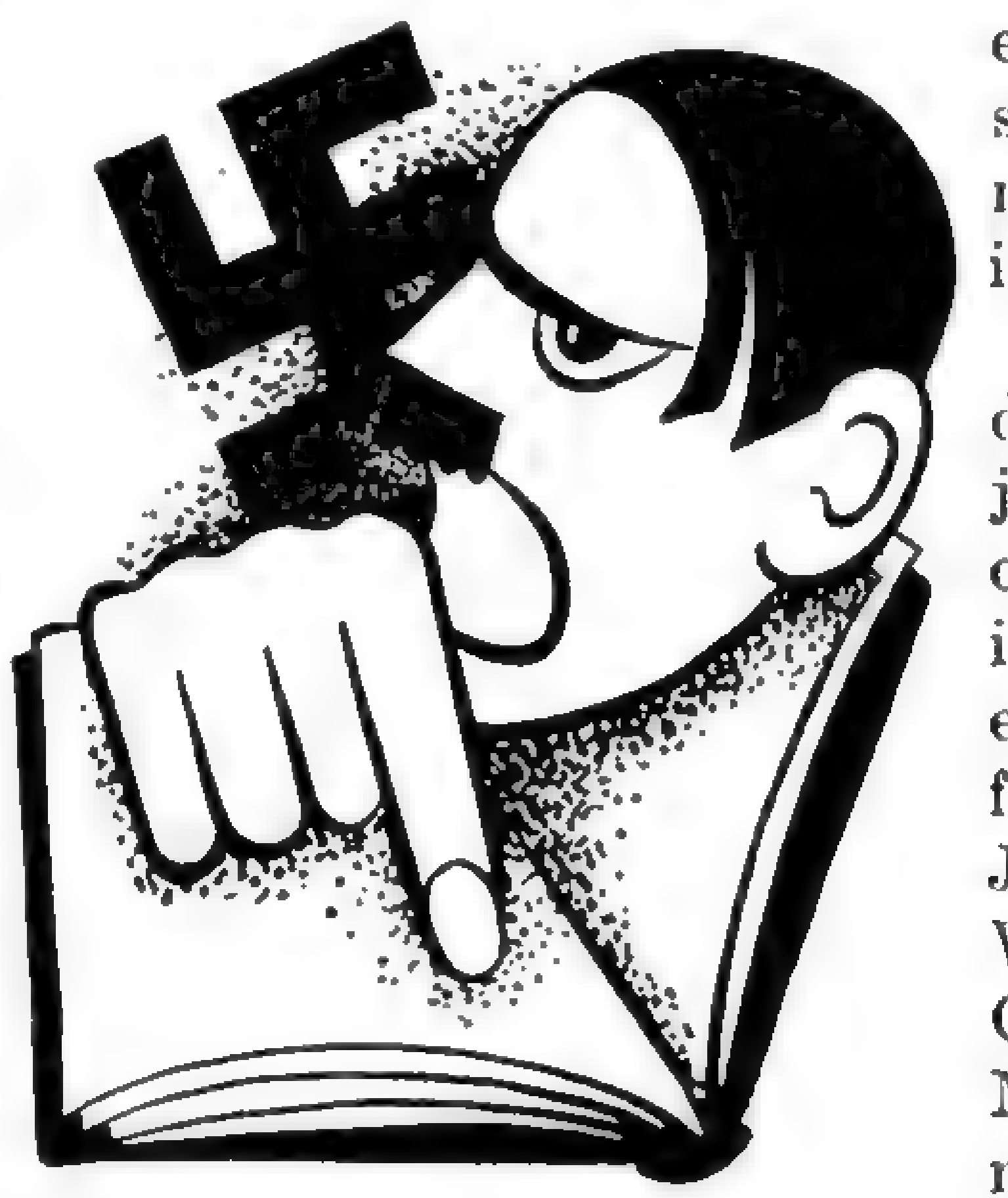
by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

AT THE moment I write, the latest and most interesting piece of canuting performed by *Der Verrückterführer* is a decree forbidding all criticism of music, painting, sculpture, drama, motion pictures and literature. The decree was issued through Paul Joseph Goebbels, minister of propaganda. Criticism in Germany is to be replaced by "contemplation" and "description." It is understood that the prohibition lies not solely against the professional critics but against the layman as well.

This is a wise provision because often the layman is the worst offender from Hitler's point of view, in the matter of criticism. The professional critic usually hedges himself in with the stencils of his craft and lets the artist (or culprit) off easy with a mild, "The performance of Mortimer Oops was adequate" or "The melodic line in the second movement of Signor Bombastes' new symphony was weak" or "Mr. Smearpallette shows a very crude sense of design in his canvas *Nudes on the Escalator*" or "The dialogue in Eric Dorn's new novel *Dregs* leaves much to be desired."

Most critics, in fact, are sissies in the matter of expressing disapproval. Their stuff is full of hollow euphemisms and anemic derogations. A good full-cheeked bird would shock them beyond measure. Nearly all of them write as though they themselves were going to give birth to a work of "creative art" almost any day now and were scared to death of setting a precedent as to just how tough or contemptuous you can be in print about a "creative work."



Not so, your uninhibited layman. Honest, hearty, no nonsense sort of citizen that he is in a democracy, he speaks his mind freely and forcibly. Ask him what he thinks of a play he has seen and hasn't liked and he says, "It stinks." Ask him how he liked a book he has just mentioned and he says, "It is the worst lot of junk I ever waded through in my life." Ask him what he thinks of so and so as an actor and he answers, "If that lousy ham is an actor I'm Hailie Selassie." Ask him what he thinks of the work of some modern painter whose work he hasn't liked and there is no quibbling in his answer: "I wouldn't hang a picture by that bird in a —— ———."

In his criticism of the arts the layman (unless he is cowed by a cultured wife or in the presence of high-hats or the cloth) rarely gives an evasive answer. If he is a born yes-man, of course, he is evasive about everything; he waits for his cue or tries to guess his cue before he commits himself and once catching his cue or thinking he has caught it, he can be either very blatant or very profound about it. (There have recently been some very interesting cases of this. The best cue-diviner in profound political wisdoms, the most accomplished chameleon among the wiseacres of our time, thought he had caught his cue from the *Literary Digest's* poll and other false straws in the wind and announced that he, the great Walter Lippmann, hitherto a liberal and a Wilsonian Democrat when during the war it was the point of great political wisdom to give up being a *New Republic* liberal and become an advocate of war, thus stringing along with a president who had been elected on the slogan "He kept us out of war," . . . that he, the great Walter Lippmann, who had voted for Roosevelt in 1932, was now going to vote for Landon in 1936. It is quite amusing to watch him now trying to square himself with policies and a program he repudiated and trying to get himself accepted as a seer again. . . . This parenthesis, by the way, will serve as my review of Mr. Lippmann's new book, parts of which are being serialized in a dull magazine. In his new book Mr. Lippmann gravely tells us that, in looking over some of his ideas of the past, he has come to the conclusion that in his earlier years he was a shade short of omniscient but from now on he is going to make it a point to be infallible.)

To get back . . . Hitler's decree forbidding his subjects to express any criticism of the arts is going to be an interesting revolutionary experiment. He has already forbidden his subjects to be Jews, Catholics, Nobel Prize Winners, Sweethearts, Childless Wives, Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein or non-Aryans. Now he has forbidden them to be human beings. For it is of the essence of being human to be critical and to express oneself in criticism, particularly in the arts. When Major Bowes brings his lugs before the mike he doesn't have to wait for lack of applause to catch the disapproval of the vocal and dramatic critics among the culture-loving laymen in the audience: he senses their disapproval in the air and gives the poor aspirants the gong.

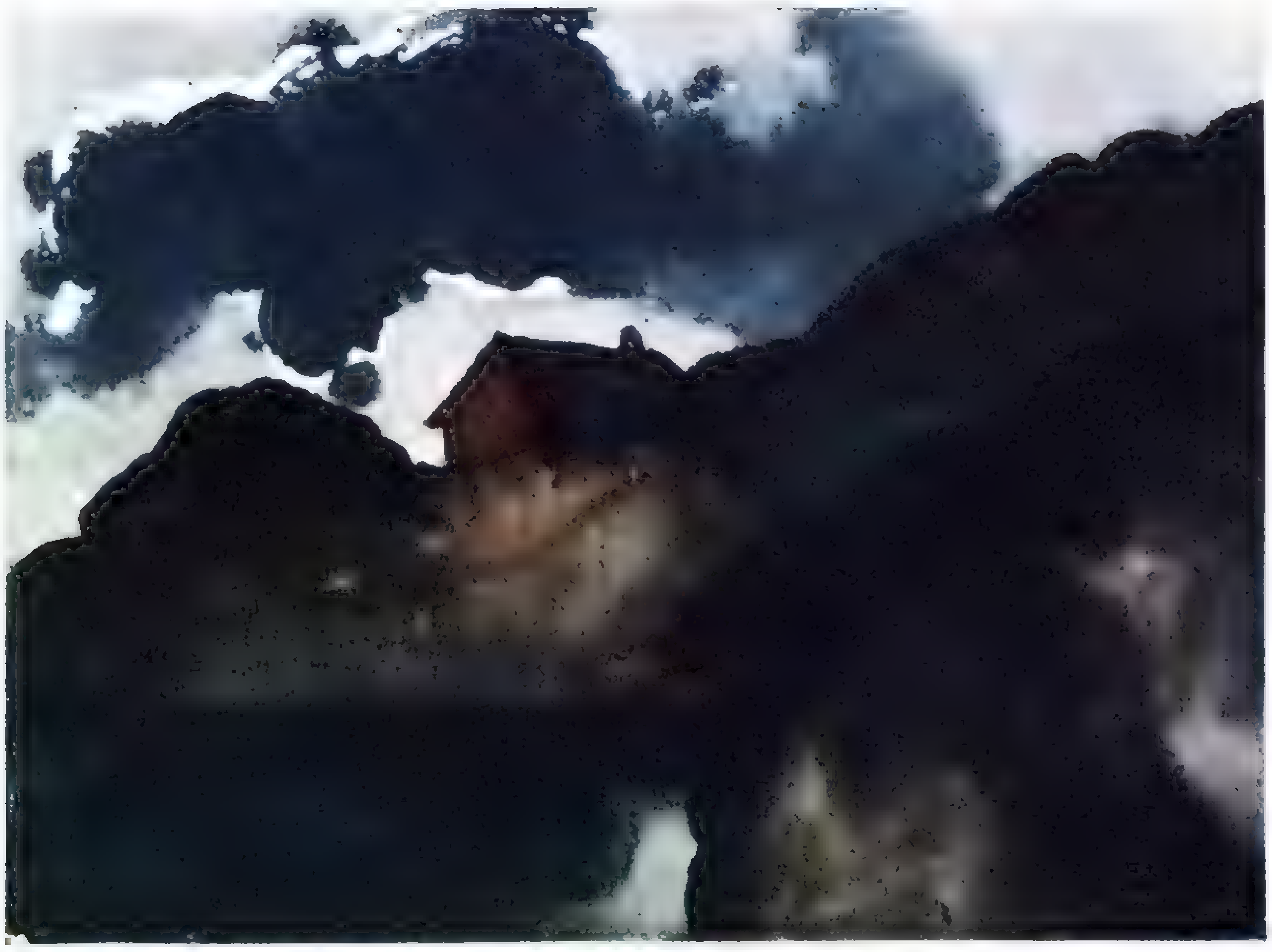
Hitler says that he is going to see to it that "the real geniuses of the Reich" are not going to be "pestered and martyred by critical gadflies." The Reich, then, should become a haven, a sanctuary, a paradise to the vast army of bores and cretins who are deluded with the idea that they possess talent and cannot be argued out of their delusion by ripe tomatoes thrown from the gallery of a London musical house, the use of the hook in Brooklyn amateur nights, the sound of the gong, the whistling, the catcalls and boos of the amateur critics, nor by the rejection slips of publishers, the sour notices of the dramatic and movie critics, the bad press from the book critics.

The enforcement of the prohibition of criticism in Germany presents many interesting possibilities. The theatres will be spotted with *agents provocateurs* watching for someone in the audience to indicate by an indiscreet mumble or an involuntary expression on his face that he is not enraptured by the performance of the genius of the Reich caterwauling or cavorting on the stage. An extra slab of *Blutwurst* may be at cross purposes with that last seidel of Pilsener in his bowels, causing the auditor to become circumstantially a critic by an involuntary frown or an unfortunate sound. The blackjack will descend lethally upon his cranium and the culture lover will be dragged away to a concentration camp.

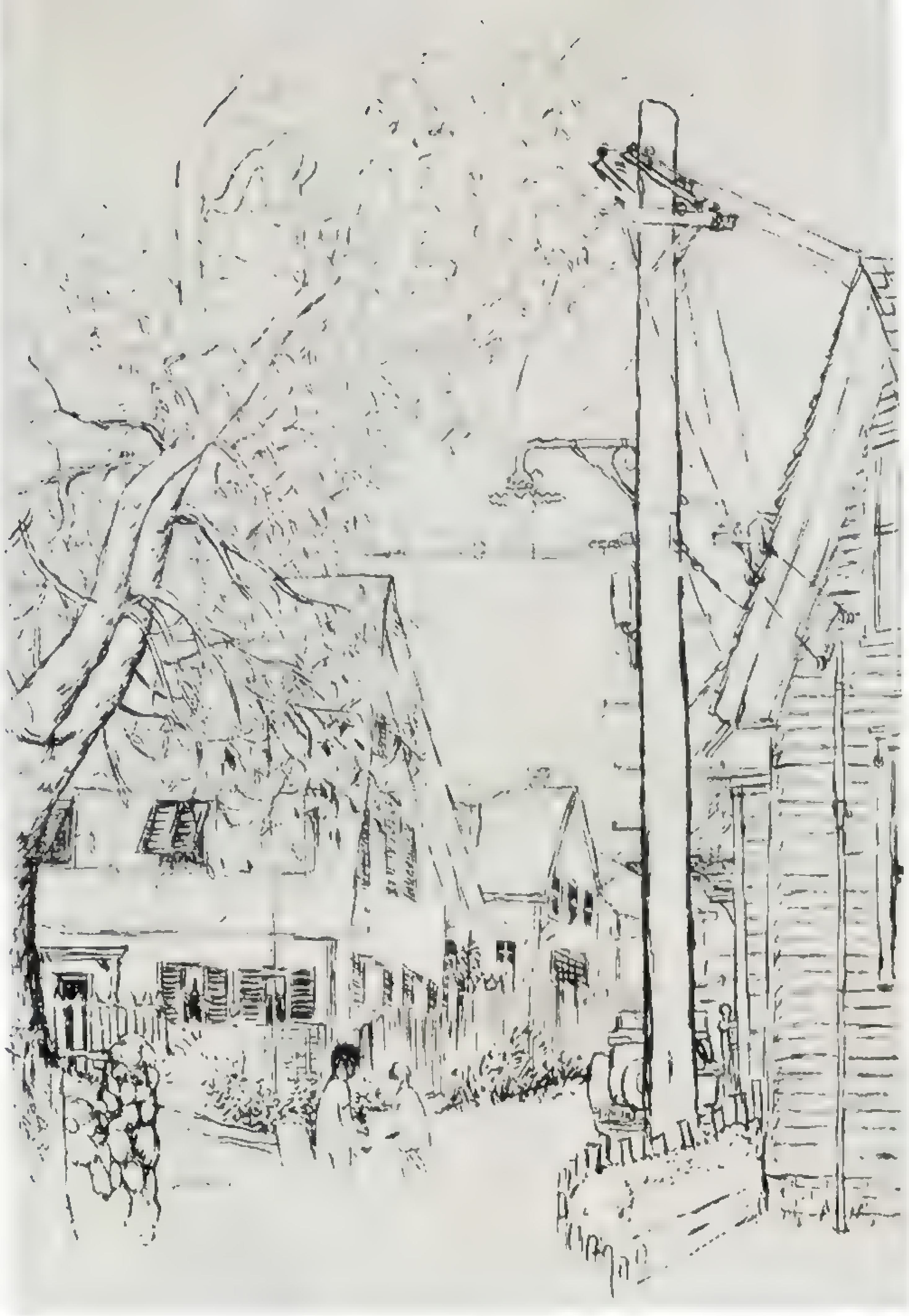
A young house-painter's assistant, full of the romance and lechery of youth, may make a date to meet a dress-maker's assistant before the second painting to the left in Gallery 4 of the most convenient modern art gallery and, being stood up for half an hour, he may give way to a feeling of annoyance only to be sandbagged by a lurking spy waiting for him to make a dirty crack about a painting by one of the real geniuses of the Reich. Herr Schweinkopf, having written some rhymeless and meterless drivel, can have an editor or publisher yanked into jail for sending him a printed rejection slip with the all-too-obvious lie, "Rejection of your manuscript does not necessarily imply a lack of merit." And so Herr Schweinkopf's poems will be printed up in editions of 50,000 by the publisher who wants to make sure that he will not be suspected by the Hitler agents of having any doubts about a real genius of the Reich; the booksellers will perforce take on thousands of copies of a book they otherwise wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole and every poor Heinie that goes into a bookstore to buy himself a copy of *Was Jeder Junge Mann Wissen Soll* will have to buy not merely one copy of Herr Schweinkopf's book of poems but three to make it plainly evident that he doesn't disapprove of Herr Schweinkopf's work.

Yes, indeed, the *Verrückterführer* has hit upon something in his prohibition of crit-

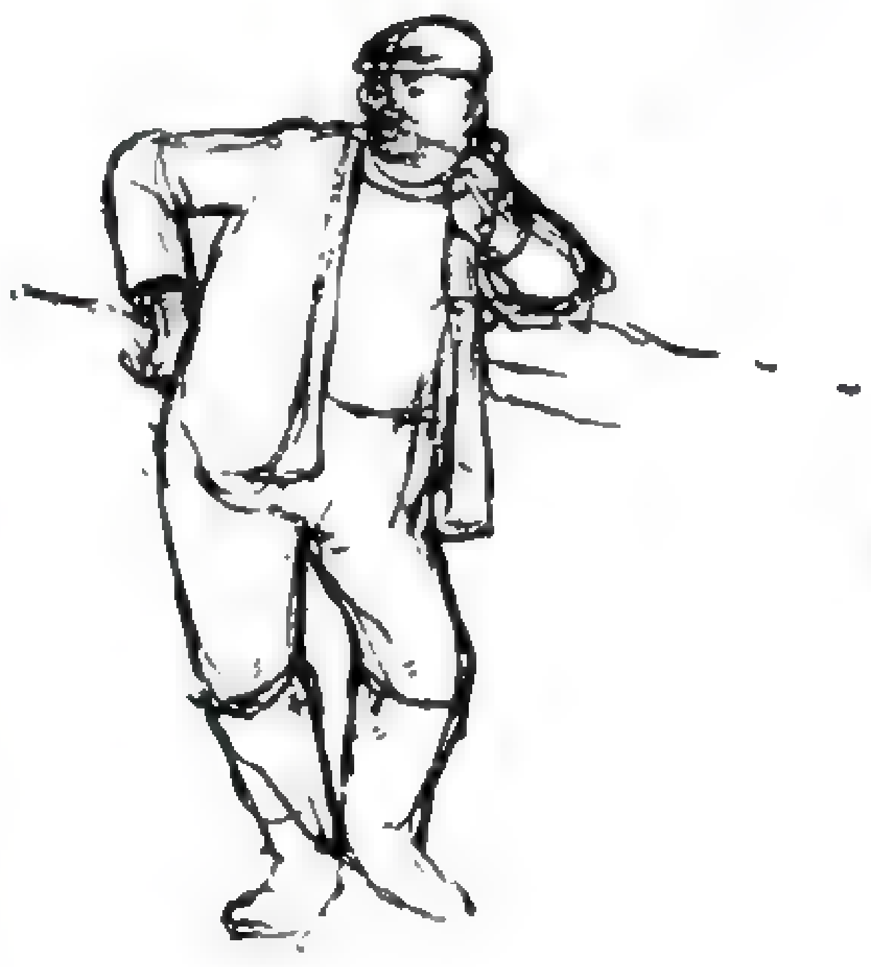
Continued on page 197



STORM OVER CAPE ANN



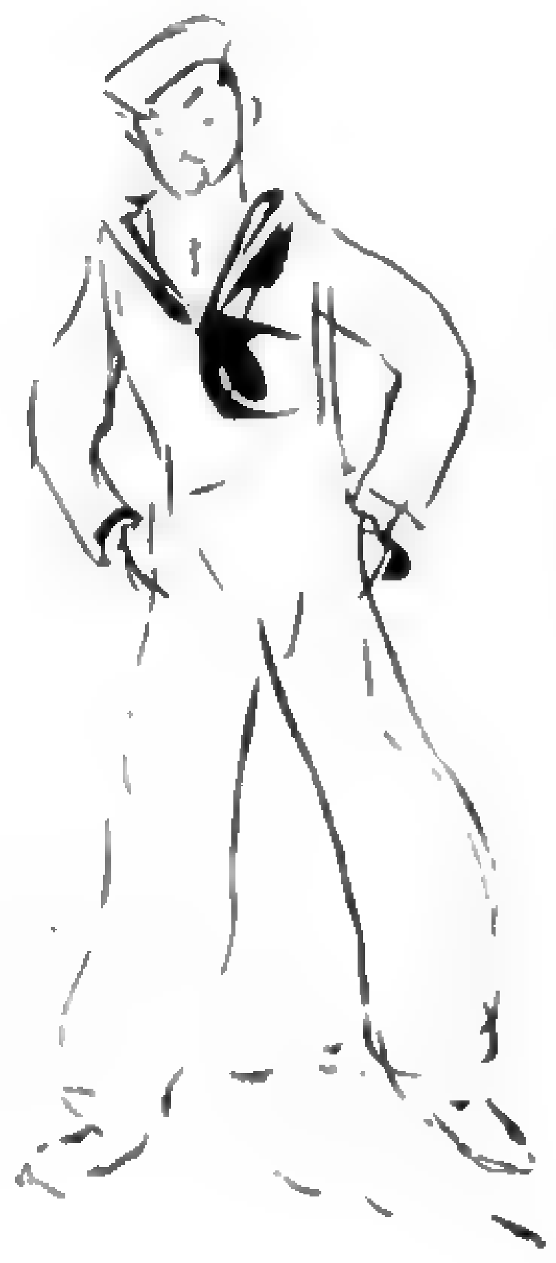
WEST VINE STREET, PROVINCETOWN

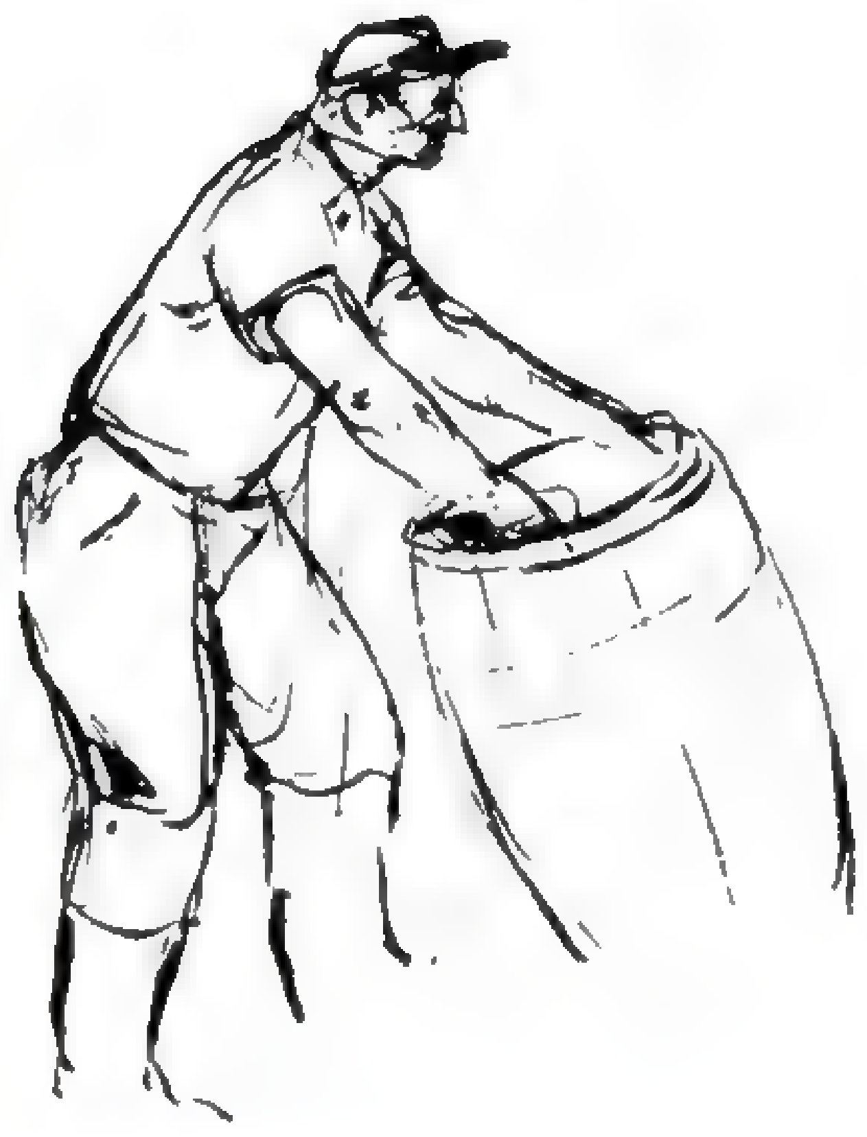


A Portfolio of New England

PAINTINGS & SKETCHES

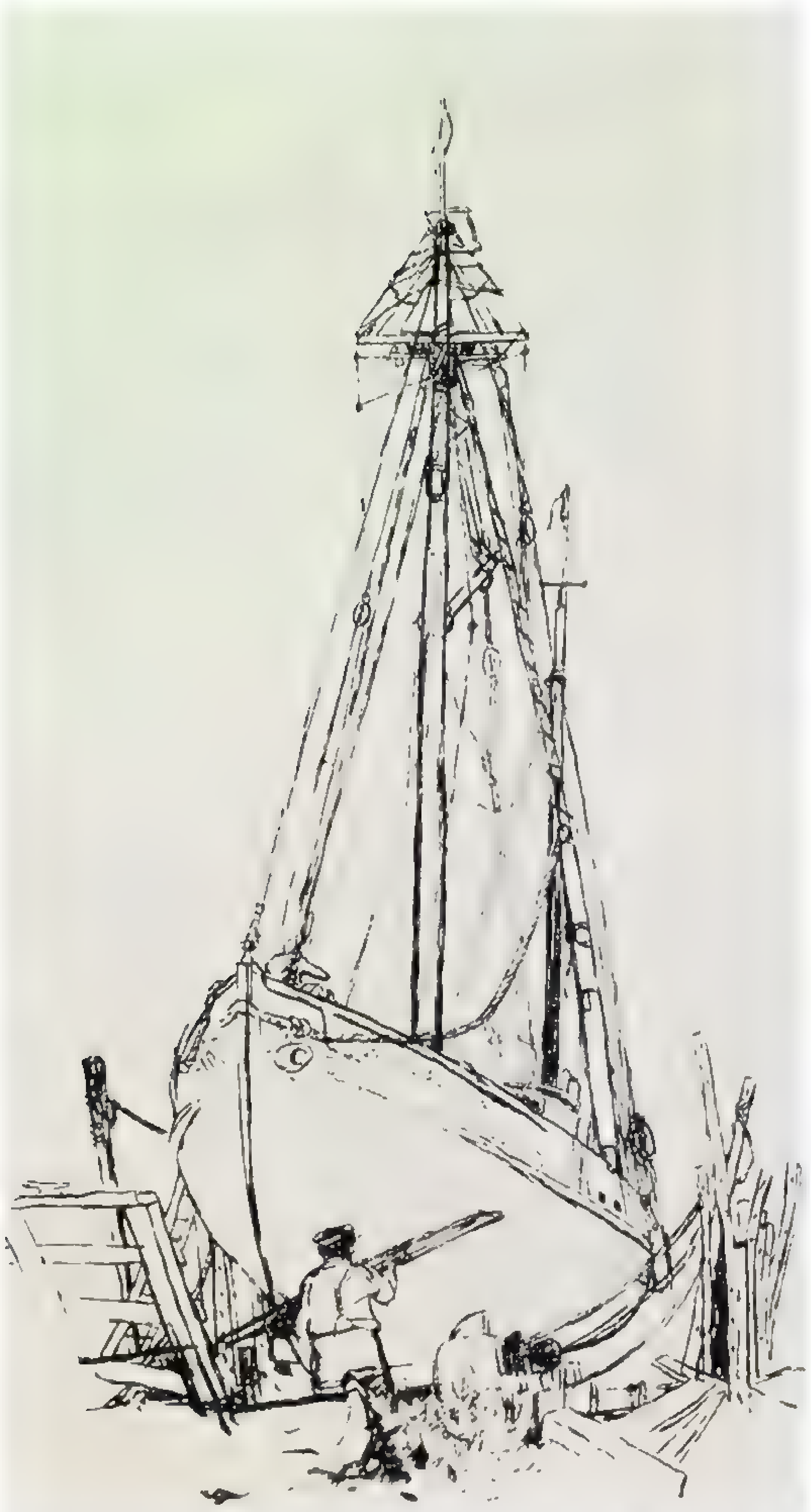
by ERIC LUNDGREN



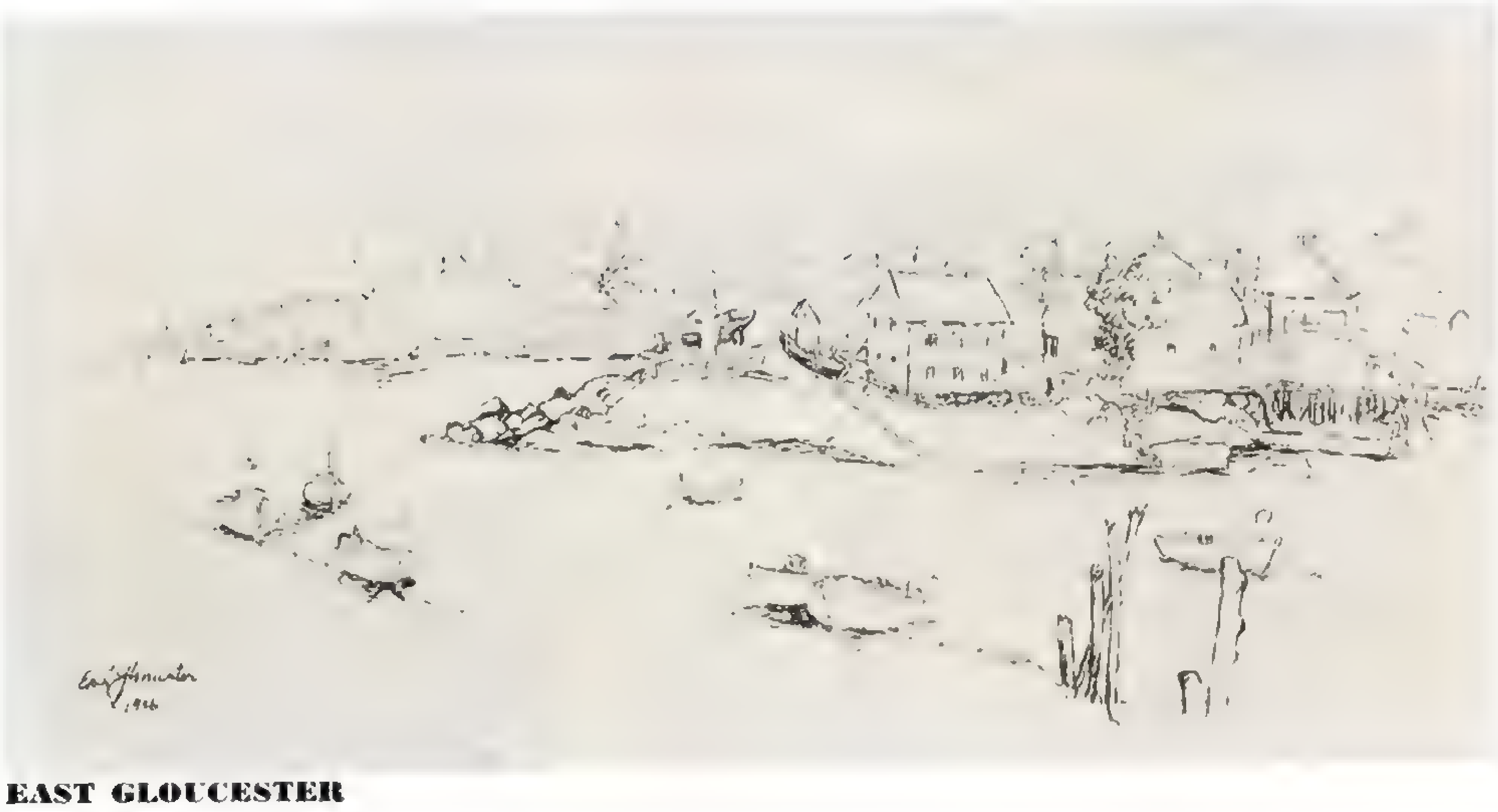


In spite of the wonders of science and the comforts of present day civilization, the fishing industry still retains certain factors thousands of years old. A net for catching the fish, a boat for going after it, man power, and the ocean are all still essential. Fishermen wind their meter line, mend and dry their nets; catch, clean and sort their fish, probably in very much the same way as it has been done for the past few thousand years. All this helps make some of the small fishing villages the most interesting and picturesque parts of New England.

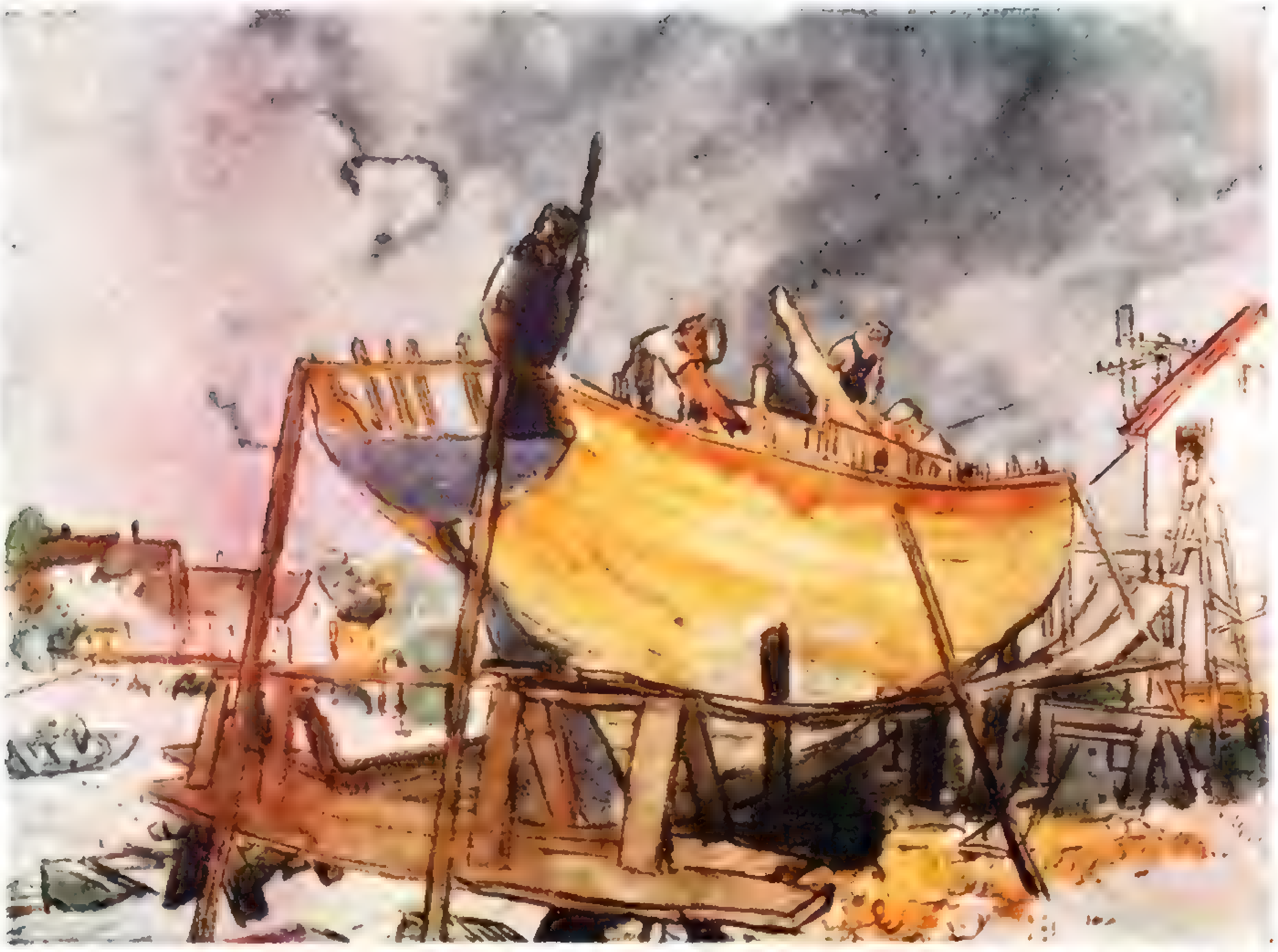
—ERIC LUNDGREN

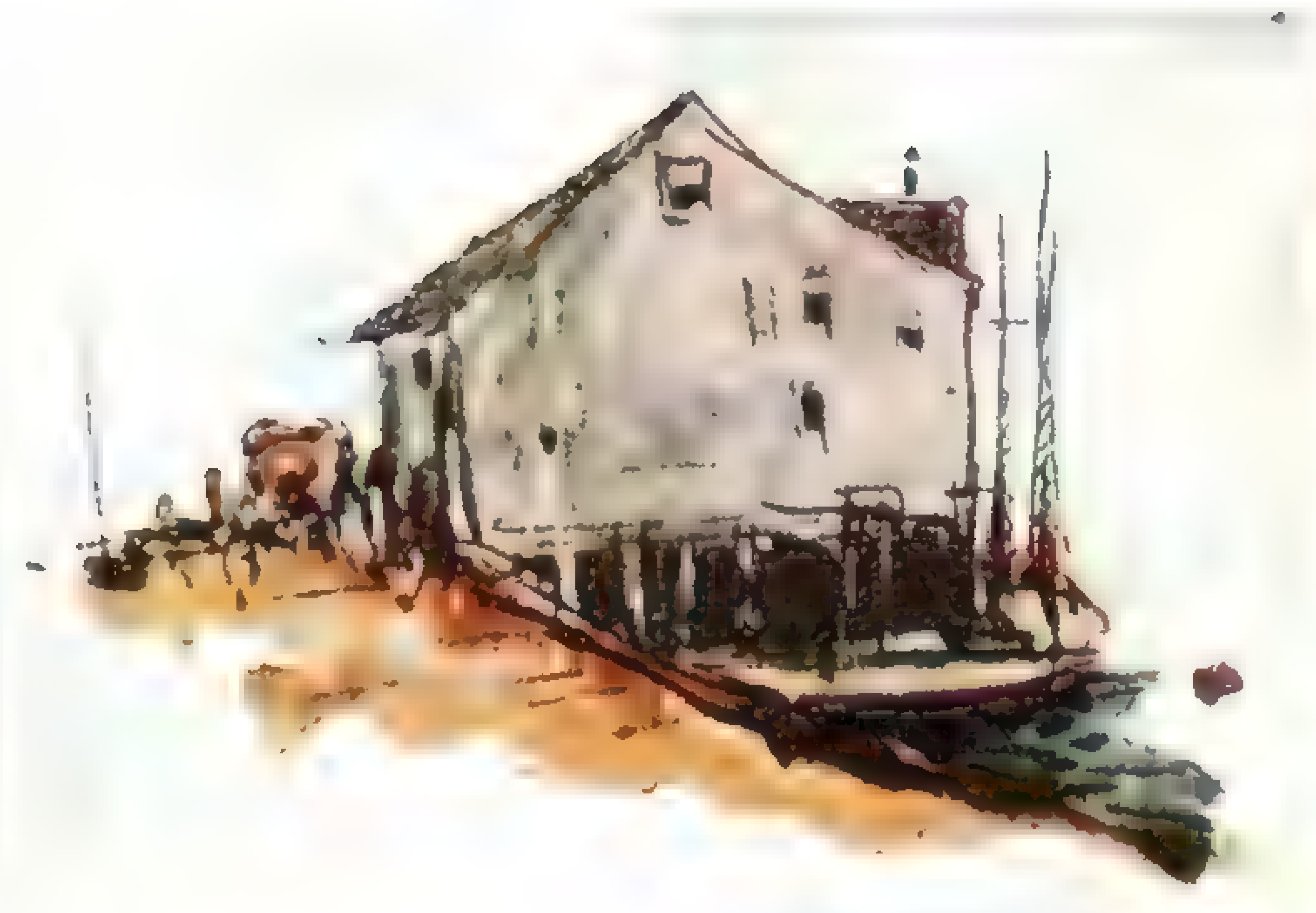


IN FOR REPAIRS



EAST GLOUCESTER


BOAT BUILDING AT BEAR SKIN NECK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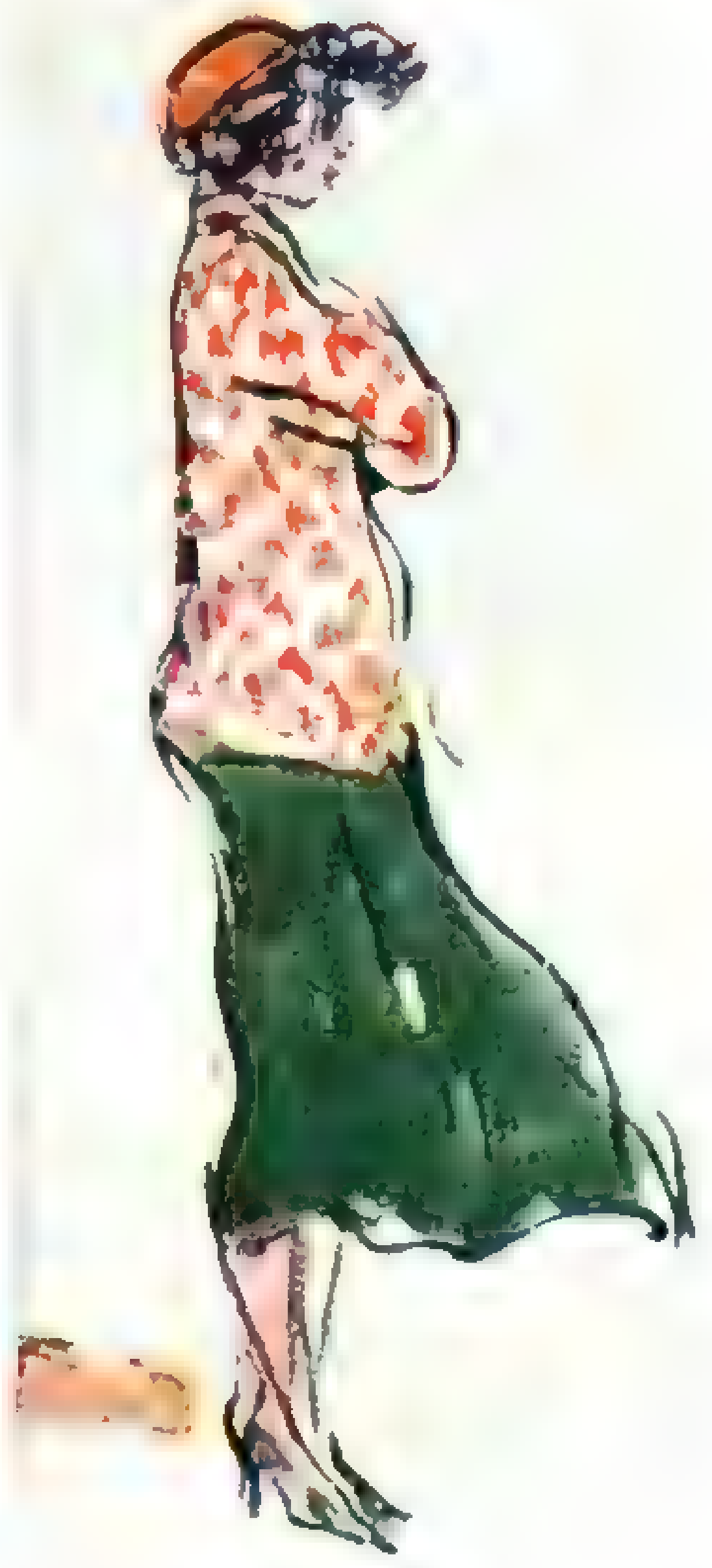
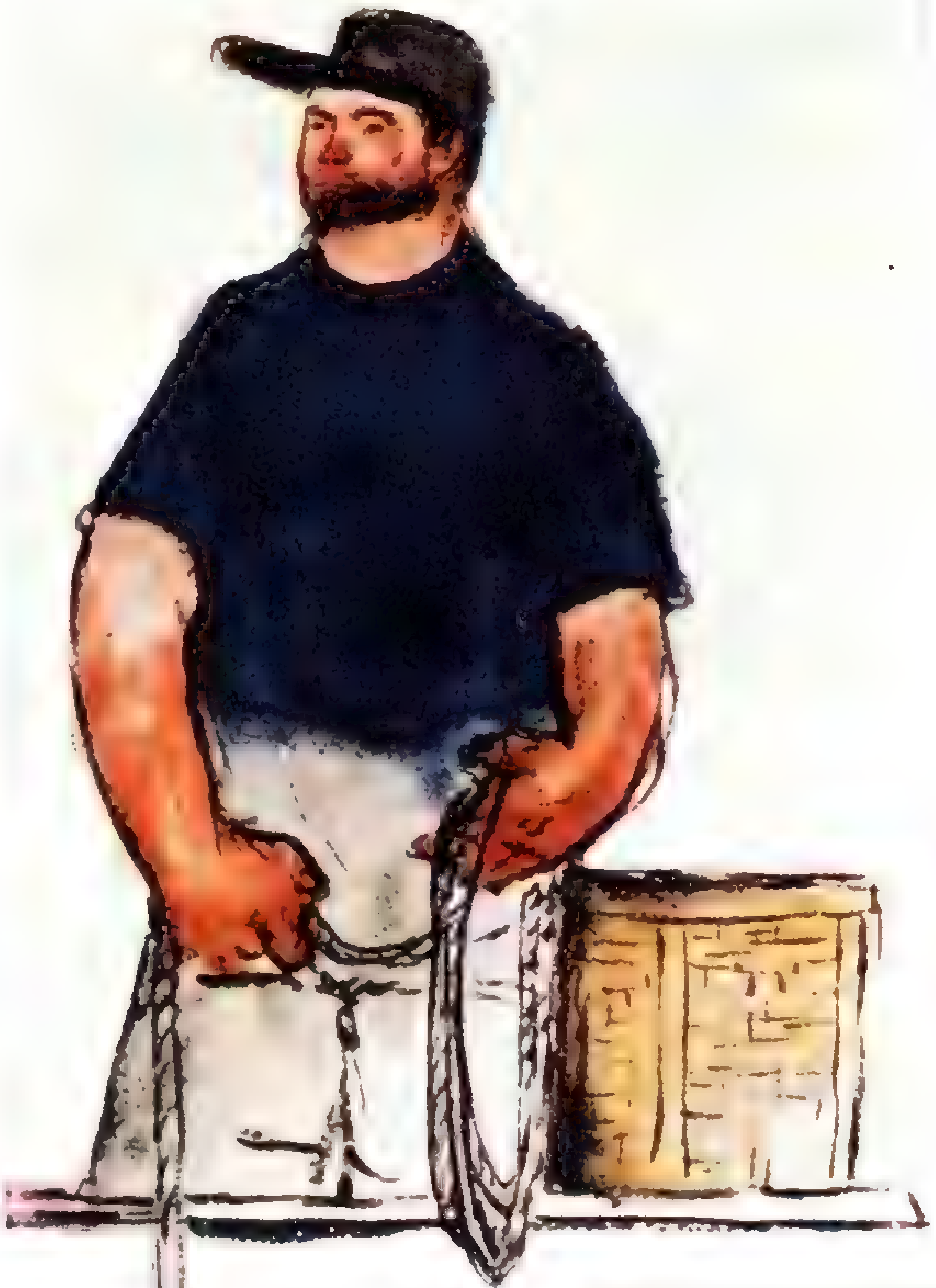
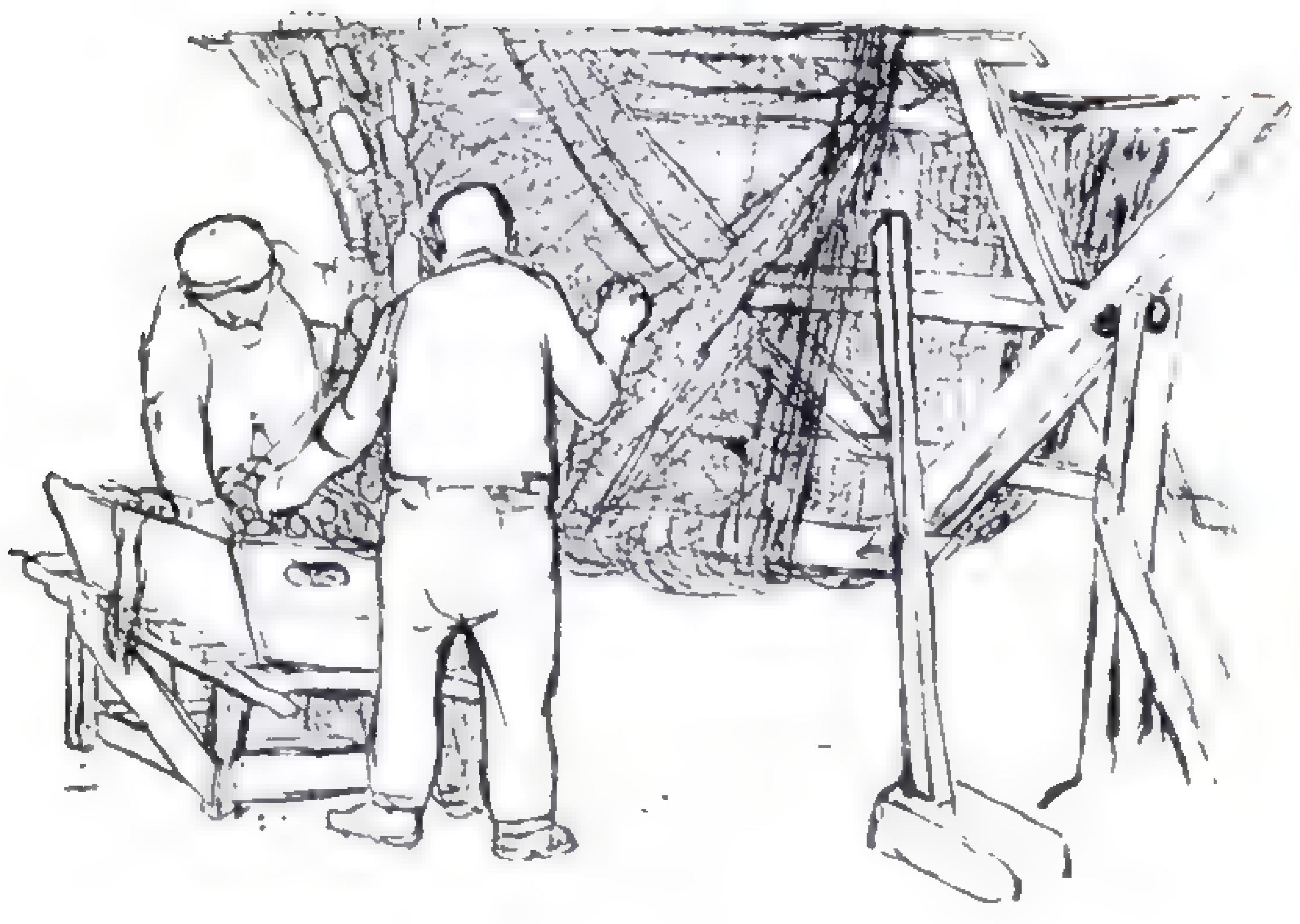
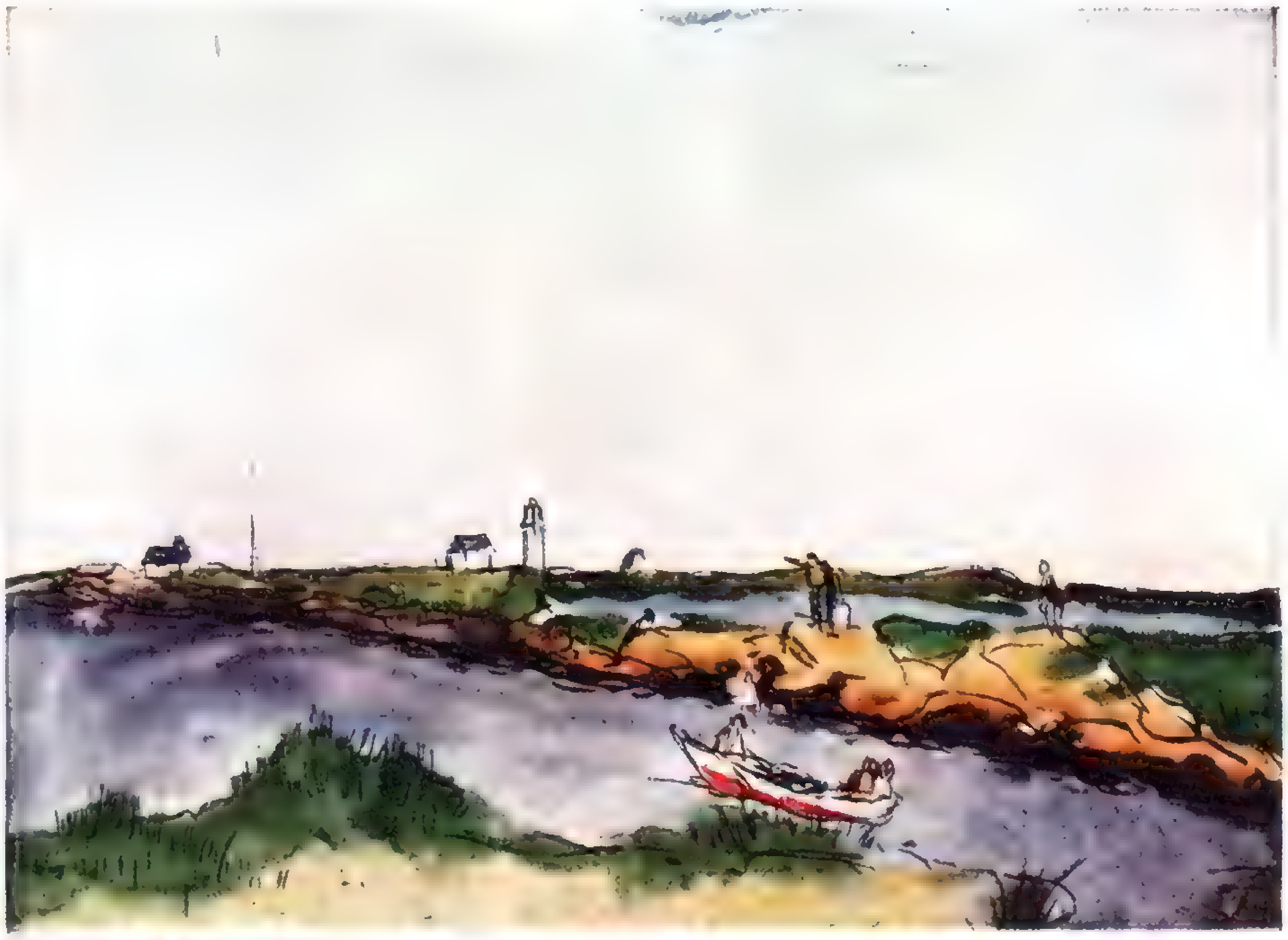
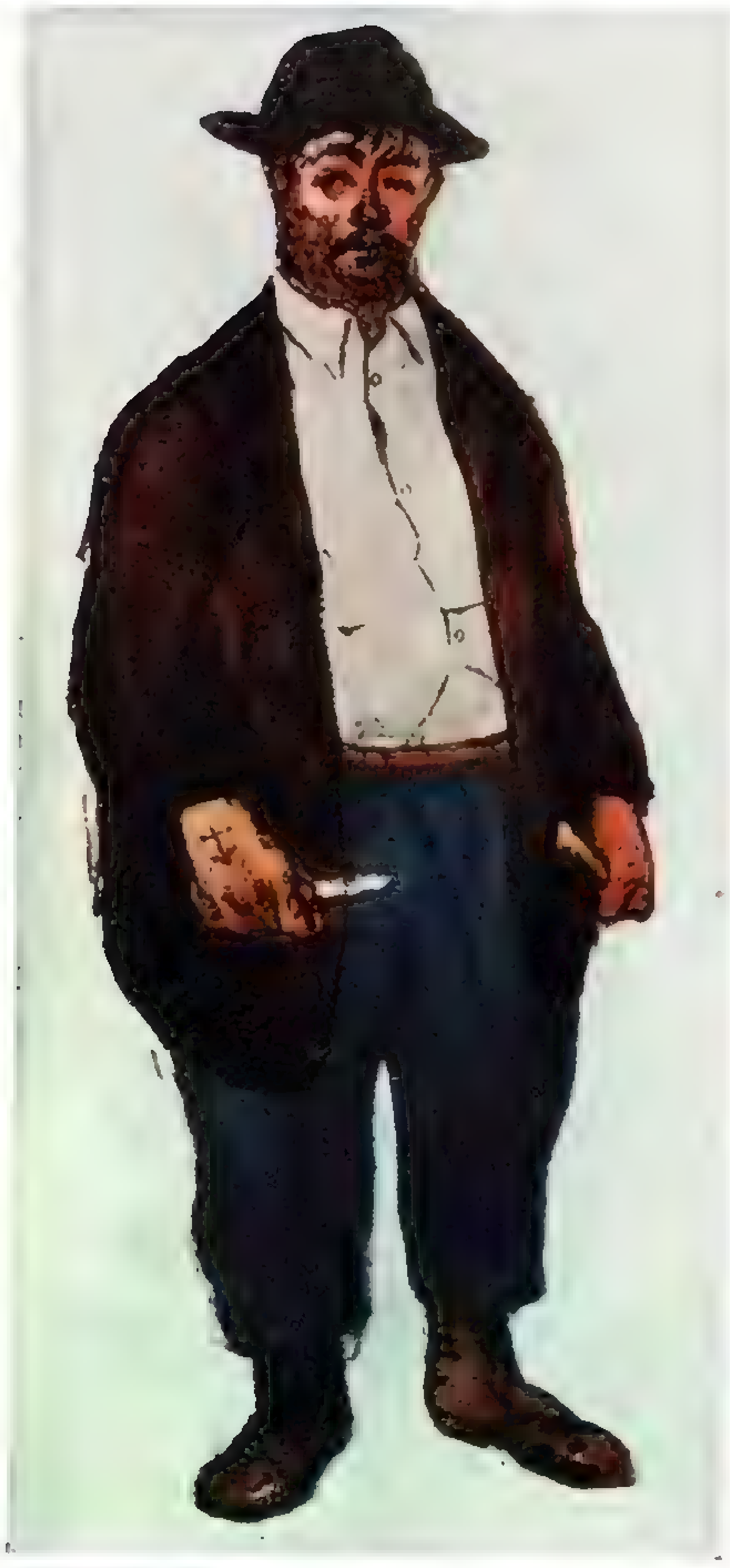

TOURIST

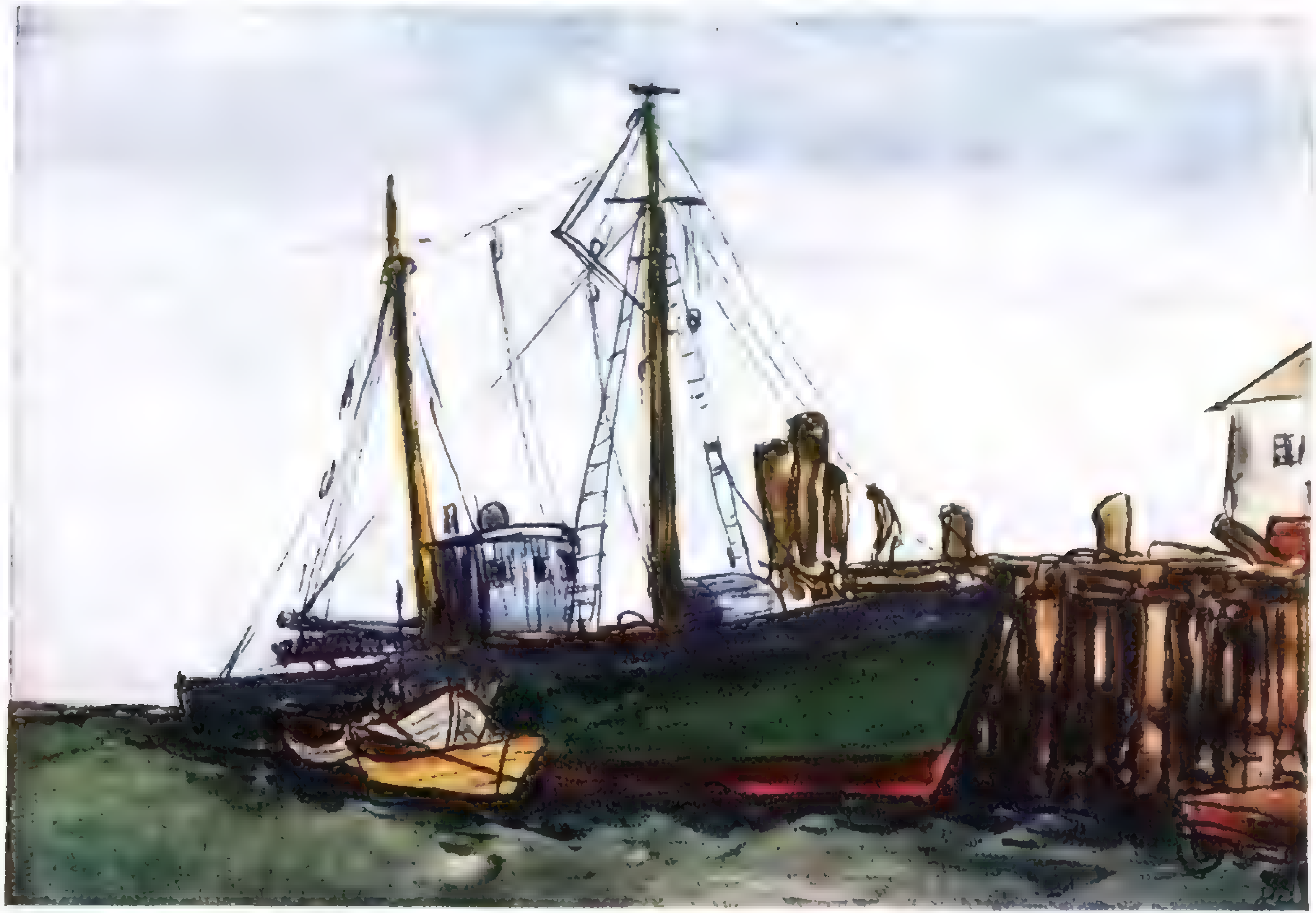

SALT WATER
SAILOR




PILGRIM'S LANDING



WHITTLER



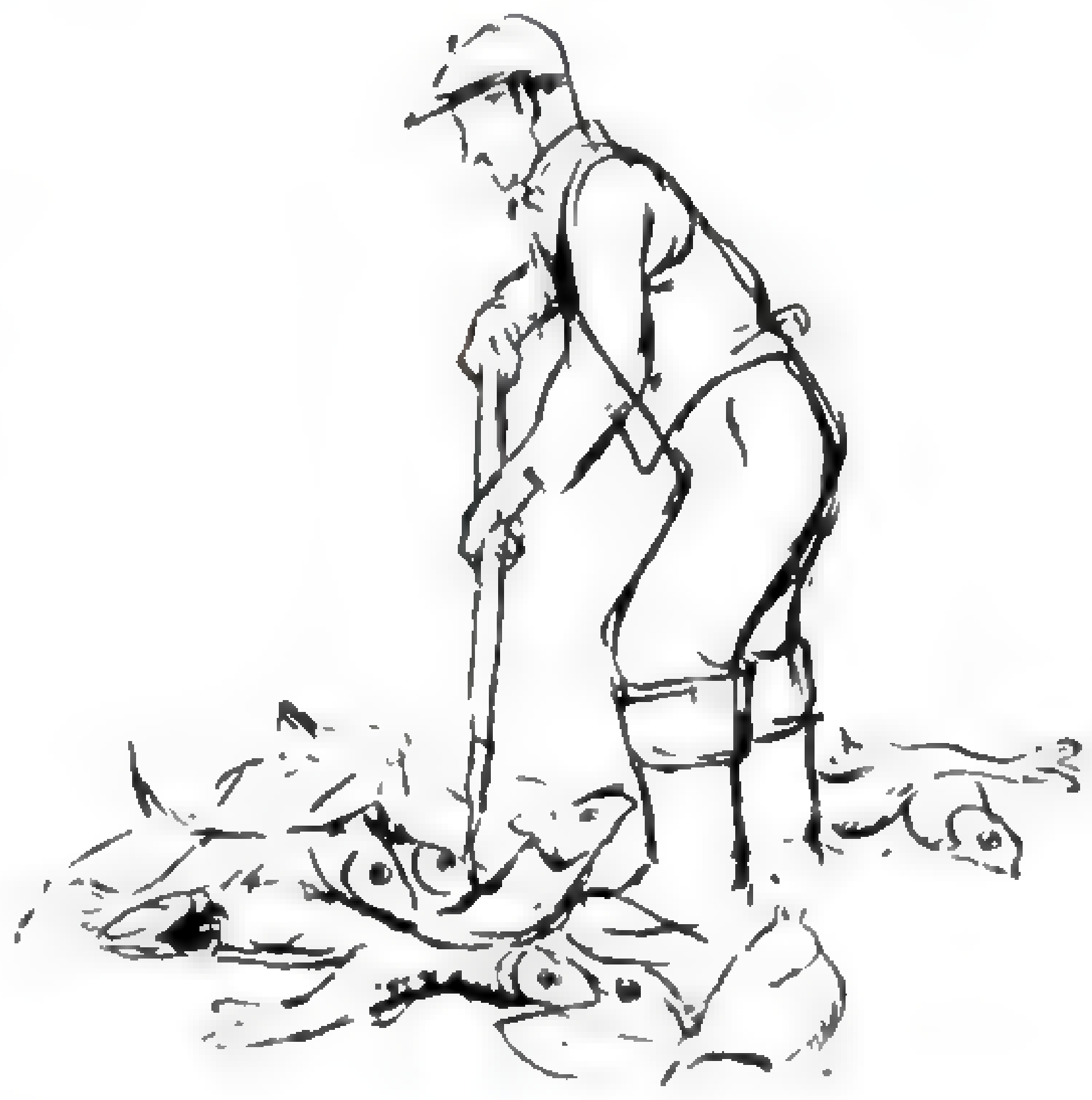
AFTER A RAINY SUNDAY

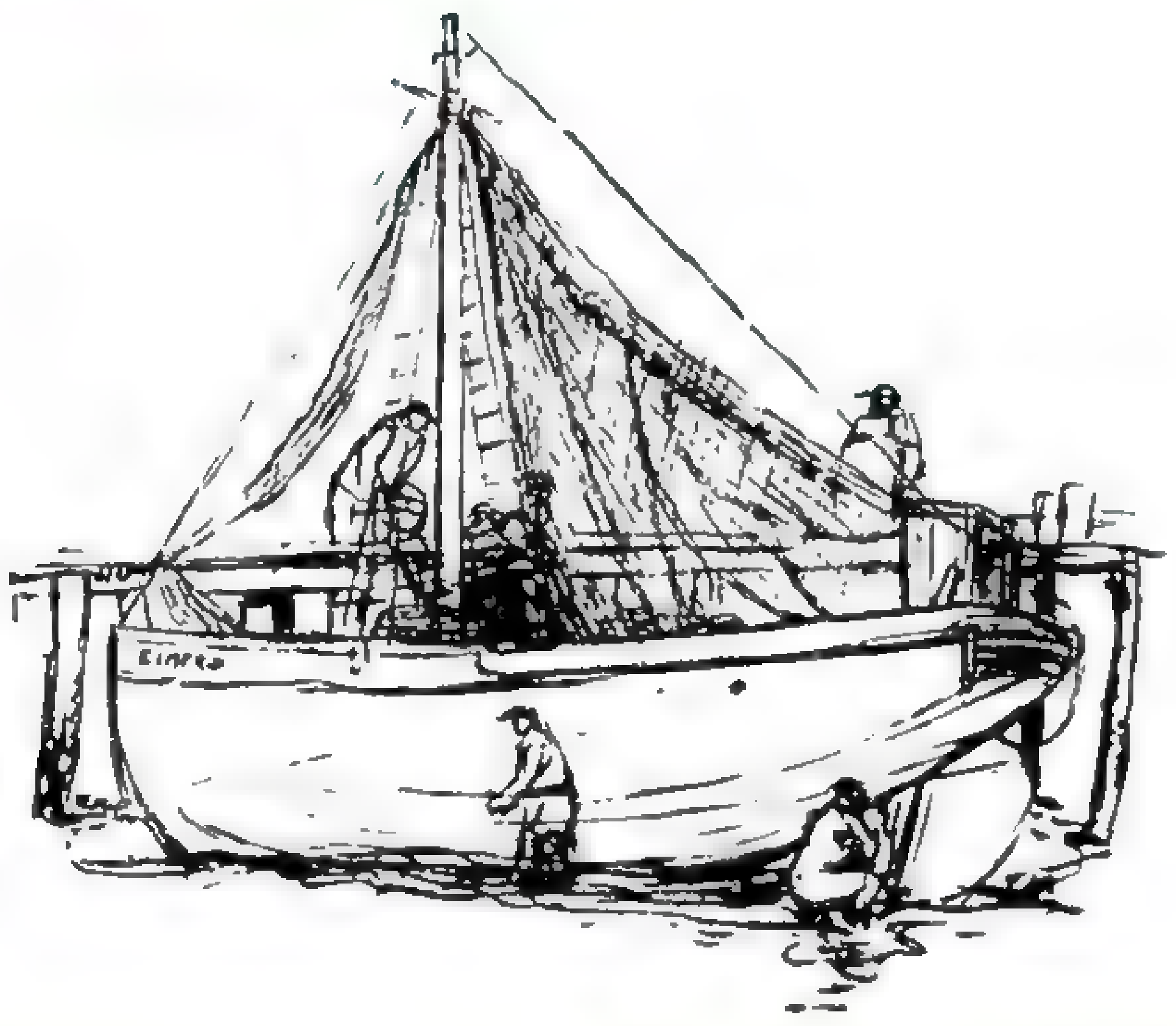
It was somewhat of a shock to hear in this salty atmosphere ships' carpenters building a boat, plying hammers and chisels to the tune of *Give Me My Boots and Saddle*, and warning one another against swearing while tourists are around.

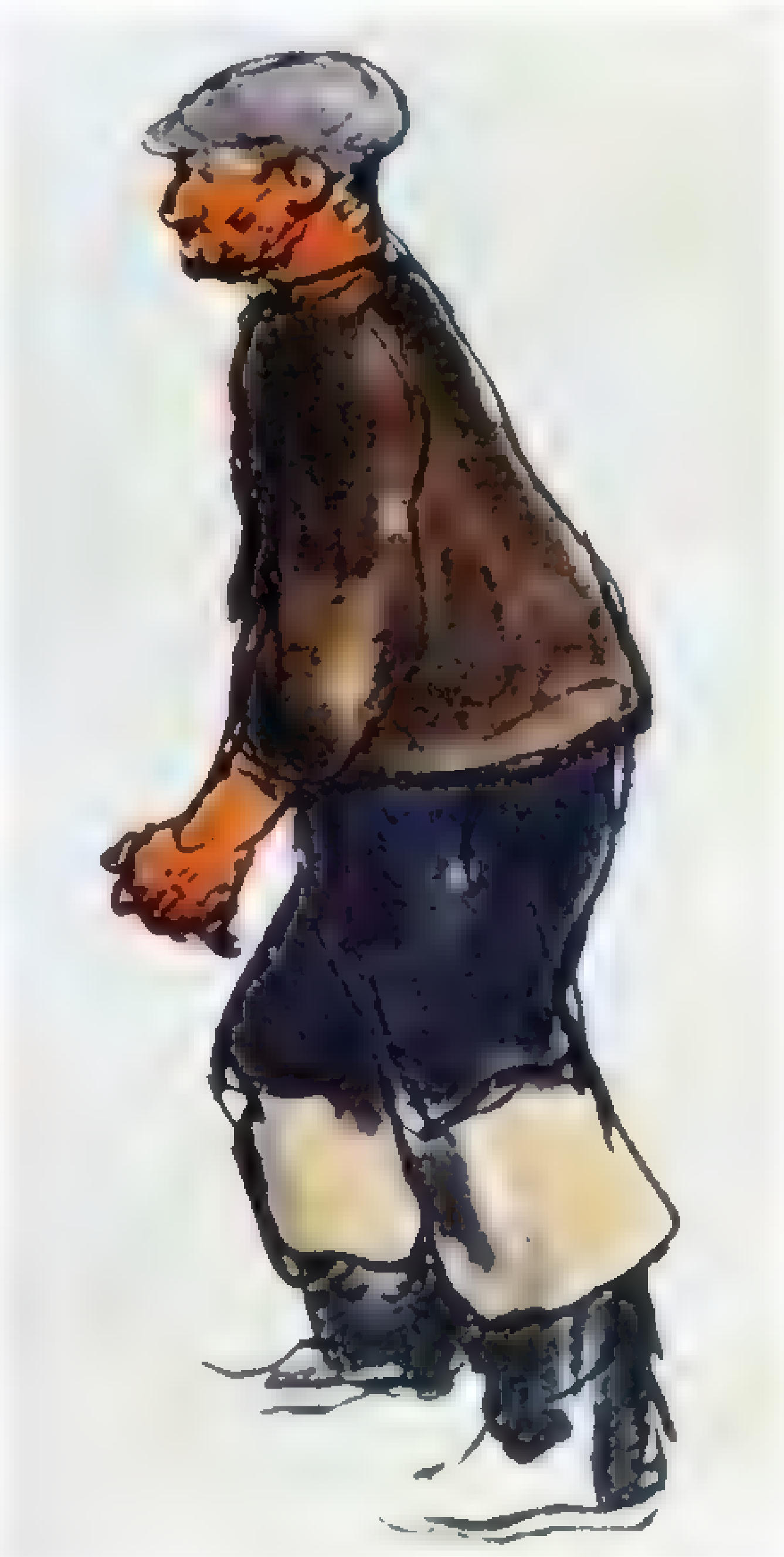
Tourists hire sailboats by the hour, eat clams with knife and fork, carry away carloads of ash trays, book ends and paper weights and take thousands of snapshots to show to friends back home.

Artists outnumber the fisherfolk in some towns. In many cases they achieve great aesthetic expression in painting reflections and roof tops.

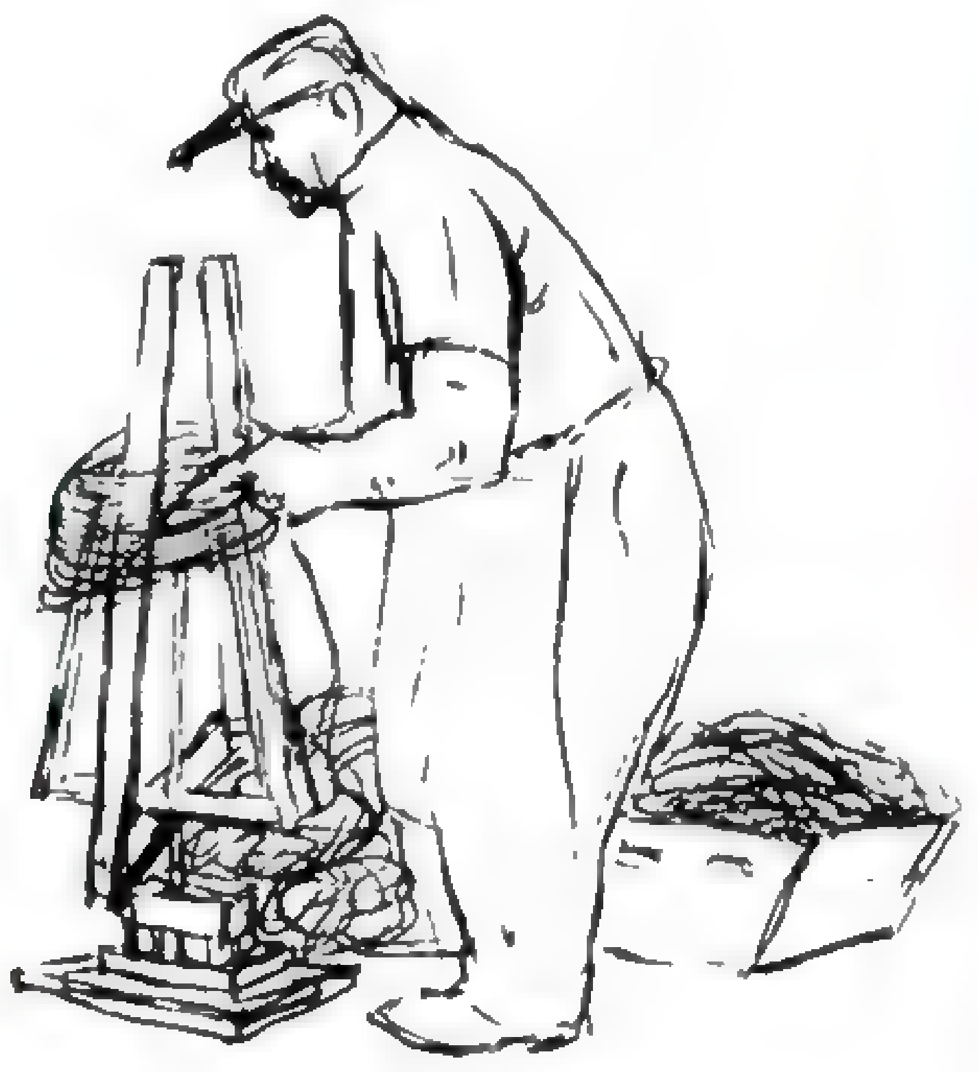
But after the tourists have departed and the last artist folded his easel, fishing still goes on, and swearing is resumed with a vengeance, while men gather in their nets even though the mercury falls to twenty below zero. —ERIC LUNDGREN

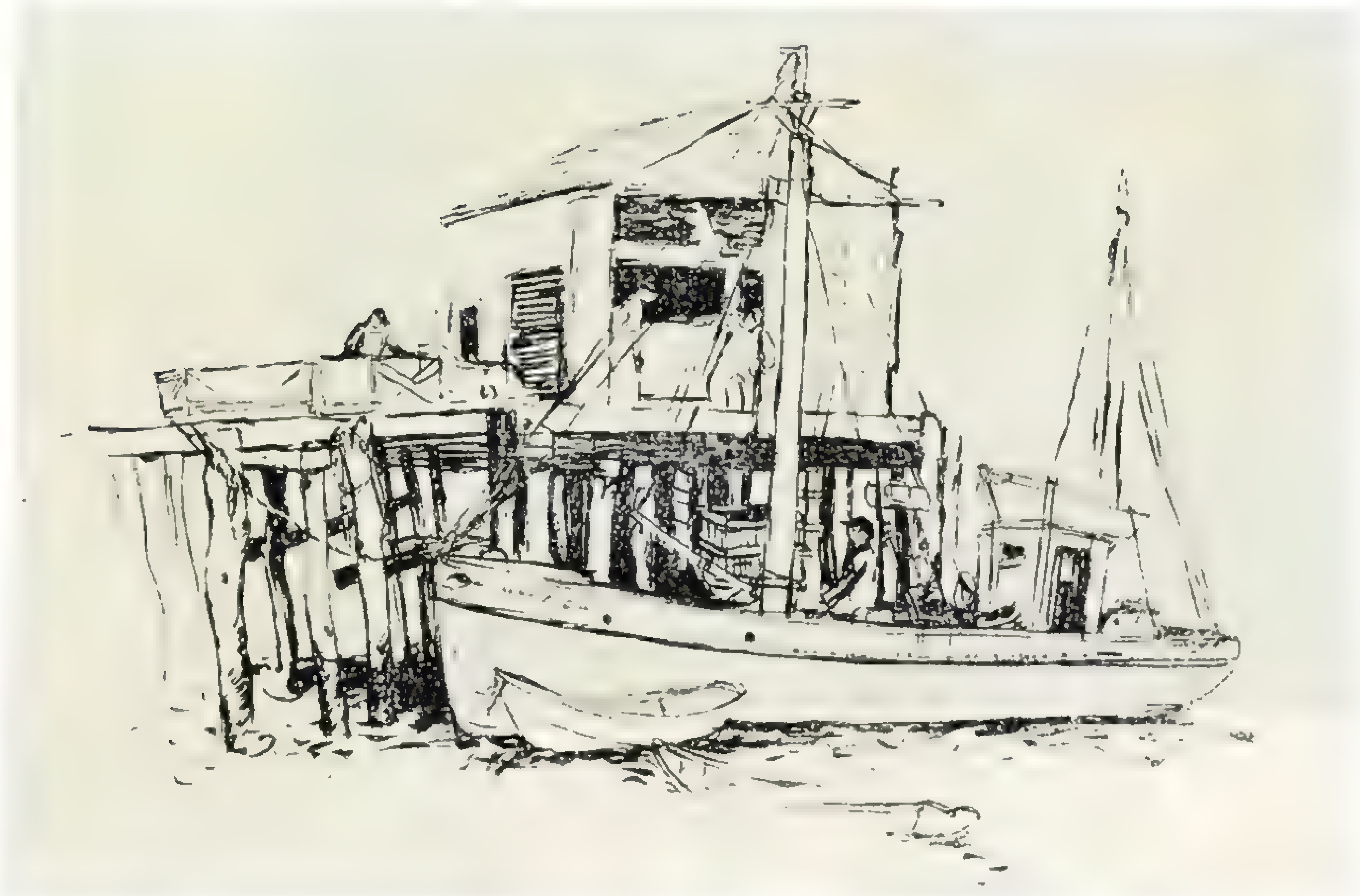




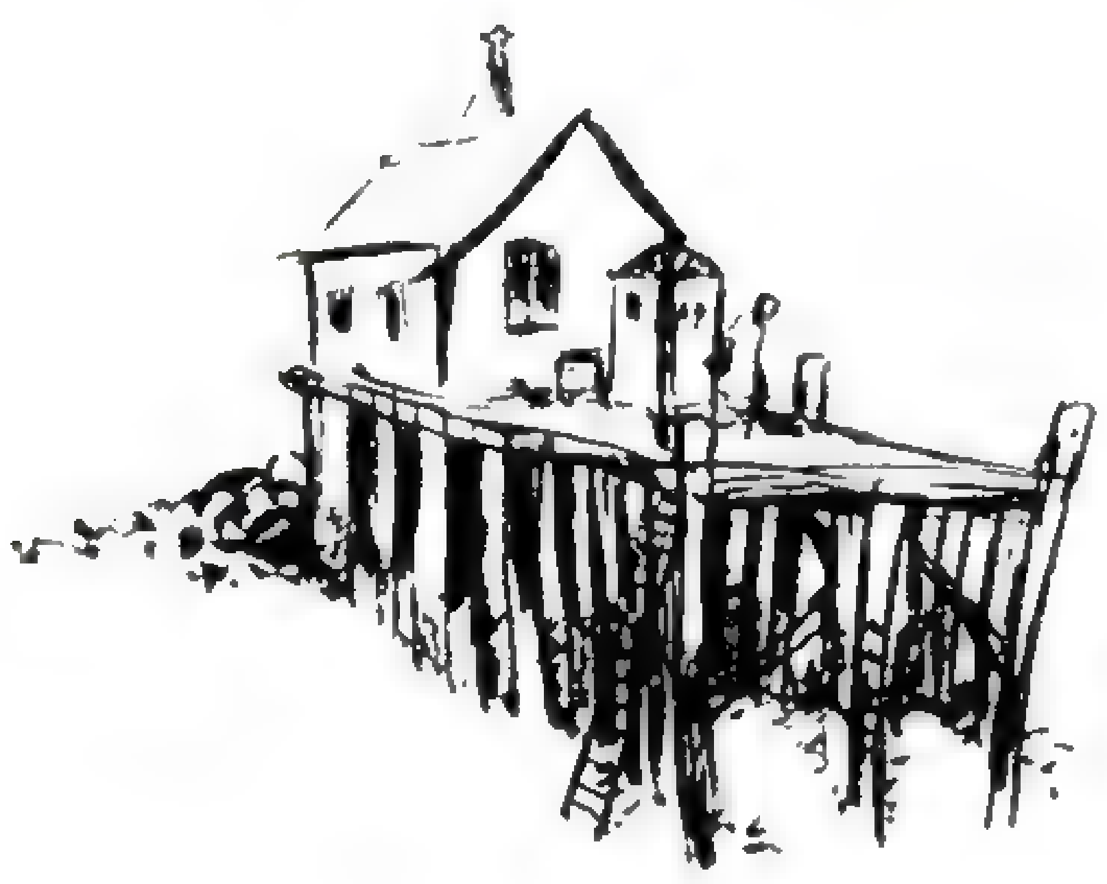


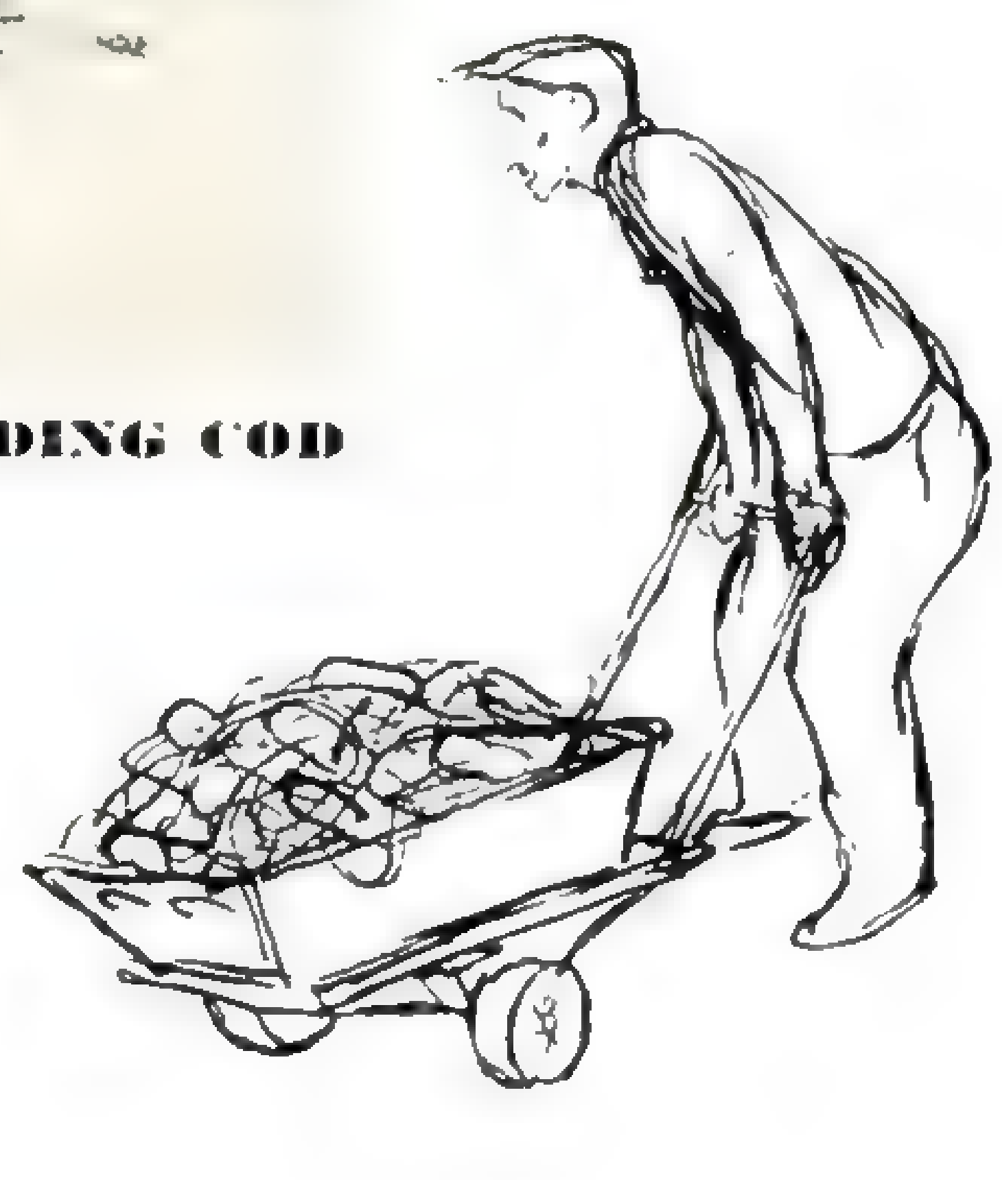
DECK HAND

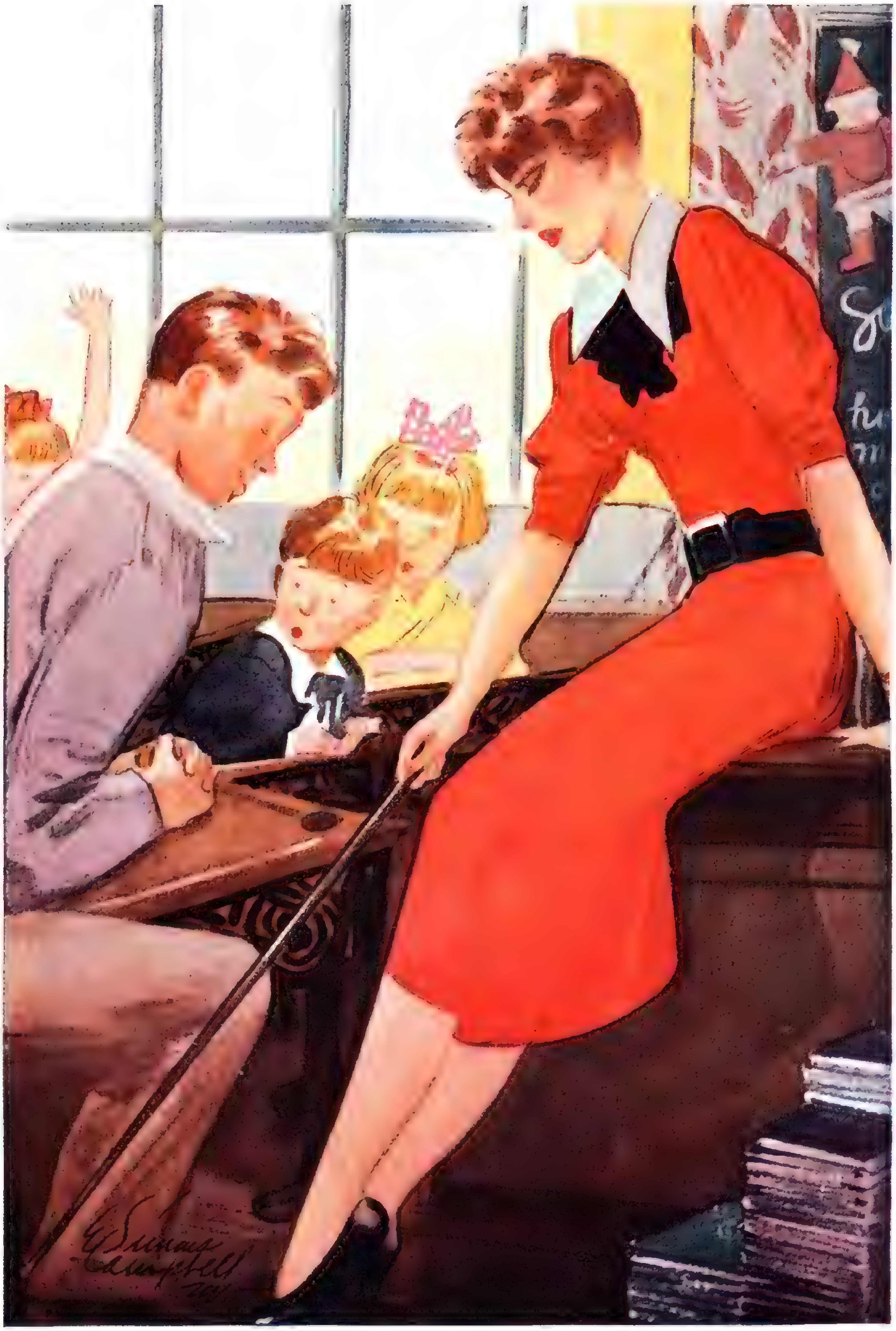




UNLOADING COD






E. Simms Campbell

“Well don’t flunk again this term—people are beginning to talk”

An Alcoholic Case

Continued from page 32

her own rising resentment.

In a moment Mrs. Hixson came out and, asking the other two to wait, signaled her into the office.

"I don't like to put young girls on such cases," she began. "I got your call from the hotel."

"Oh, it wasn't bad, Mrs. Hixson. He didn't know what he was doing and he didn't hurt me in any way. I was thinking much more of my reputation with you. He was really nice all day yesterday. He drew me—"

"I didn't want to send you on that case." Mrs. Hixson thumbed through the registration cards. "You take T. B. cases, don't you? Yes, I see you do. Now here's one—"

The phone rang in a continuous chime. The nurse listened as Mrs. Hixson's voice said precisely:

"I will do what I can—that is simply up to the doctor. . . . That is beyond my jurisdiction. . . . Oh, hello, Hattie, no, I can't now. Look, have you got any nurse that's good with alcoholics? There's somebody up at the Forest Park Inn who needs somebody. Call back will you?"

She put down the receiver. "Suppose you wait outside. What sort of man is this, anyhow? Did he act indecently?"

"He held my hand away," she said, "so I couldn't give him an injection."

"Oh, an invalid he-man," Mrs. Hixson grumbled. "They belong in sanitaria. I've got a case coming along in two minutes that you can get a little rest on. It's an old woman—"

The phone rang again. "Oh, hello, Hattie. . . . Well, how about that big Svensen girl? She ought to be able to take care of any alcoholic. . . . How about Josephine Markham? Doesn't she live in your apartment house? . . . Get her to the phone." Then after a moment, "Joe, would you care to take the case of a well-known cartoonist, or artist, whatever they call themselves, at Forest Park Inn? . . . No, I don't know, but Doctor Carter is in charge and will be around about ten o'clock."

There was a long pause; from time to time Mrs. Hixson spoke:

"I see. . . . Of course, I understand your point of view. Yes, but this isn't supposed to be dangerous—just a little difficult. I never like to send girls to a hotel because I know what riff-raff you're liable to run into. . . . No, I'll find somebody. Even at this hour. Never mind and thanks. Tell Hattie I hope the hat matches the negligee. . . ."

Mrs. Hixson hung up the receiver and made notations on the pad before her. She was a very efficient woman. She had been a nurse and had gone through the worst of it, had been a proud, idealistic, overworked probationer, suffered the abuse of smart internes and the insolence of her first patients who thought that she was something to be taken into camp immediately for premature commitment to the service of old age. She swung around suddenly from the desk.

"What kind of cases do you want? I told you I have a nice old woman—"

The nurse's brown eyes were alight with a mixture of thoughts—the movie she had just seen about Pasteur and the book they had all read about Florence Nightingale when they were student nurses. And their pride, swinging across the streets in the cold weather at Philadelphia General, as proud of their new capes as debutantes in their furs going in to balls at the hotels.

"I—I think I would like to try the case again," she said amid a cacophony of telephone bells. "I'd just as soon go back if you can't find anybody else."

"But one minute you say you'll never go on an alcoholic case again and the next minute you say you want to go back to one."

"I think I overestimated how difficult it was. Really, I think I could help him."

"That's up to you. But if he tried to grab your wrists."

"But he couldn't," the nurse said. "Look at my wrists: I played basket ball at Waynesboro High for two years. I'm quite able to take care of him."

Mrs. Hixson looked at her for a long minute. "Well, all right," she said. "But just remember that nothing they say when they're drunk is what they mean when they're sober—I've been all through that; arrange with one of the servants that you can call on him, because you never can tell—some alcoholics are pleasant and some of them are not, but all of them can be rotten."

"I'll remember," the nurse said.

It was an oddly clear night when she went out, with slanting particles of thin sleet making white of a blue-black sky. The bus was the same that had taken her into town but there seemed to be more windows broken now and the bus driver was irritated and talked about what terrible things he would do if he caught any kids. She knew he was just talking about the annoyance in general, just as she had been thinking about the annoyance of an alcoholic. When she came up to the suite and found him all helpless and distraught she would despise him and be sorry for him.

Getting off the bus she went down the long steps to the hotel, feeling a little exalted by the chill in the air. She was going to take care of him because nobody else would, and because the best people of her profession had been interested in taking care of the cases that nobody else wanted.

She knocked at his study door, knowing just what she was going to say.

He answered it himself. He was in dinner clothes even to a derby hat—but minus his studs and tie.

"Oh, hello," he said casually. "Glad you're back. I woke up a while ago and decided I'd go out. Did you get a night nurse?"

"I'm the night nurse too," she said. "I decided to stay on twenty-hour duty."

He broke into a genial, indifferent smile.

"I saw you were gone, but something told me you'd come back. Please find my studs. They ought to be either in a little tortoise shell box or—"

He shook himself a little more into his clothes, and hoisted the cuffs up inside his coat sleeves.

"I thought you had quit me," he said casually.

"I thought I had, too."

"If you look on that table," he said, "you'll find a whole strip of cartoons that I drew you."

"Who are you going to see?" she asked.

"It's the President's secretary," he said. "I had an awful time trying to get ready. I was about to give up when you came in. Will you order me some sherry?"

"One glass," she agreed wearily.

From the bathroom he called presently:

"Oh, nurse, nurse, Light of my Life, where is another stud?"

"I'll put it in."

In the bathroom she saw the pallor and the fever on his face and smelled the mixed peppermint and gin on his breath.

"You'll come up soon?" she asked. "Dr. Carter's coming at ten."

"What nonsense! You're coming down with me."

"Me?" she exclaimed. "In a sweater and skirt? Imagine!"

"Then I won't go."

"All right then, go to bed. That's where you belong anyhow. Can't you see these people tomorrow?"

"No, of course not."

"Of course not!"

She went behind him and reaching over his shoulder tied his tie—his shirt was already thumbed out of press where he had put in the studs, and she suggested:

"Won't you put on another one, if you've got to meet some people you like?"

"All right, but I want to do it myself."

"Why can't you let me help you?" she demanded in exasperation. "Why can't you let me help you with your clothes? What's a nurse for—what good am I doing?"

He sat down suddenly on the toilet seat.

"All right—go on."

"Now don't grab my wrist," she said, and then, "Excuse me."

"Don't worry. It didn't hurt. You'll see in a minute."

She had the coat, vest and stiff shirt off him but before she could pull his undershirt over his head he dragged at his cigarette, delaying her.

"Now watch this," he said. "One—two—three."

She pulled up the undershirt; simultaneously he thrust the crimson-grey point of the cigarette like a dagger against his heart. It crushed out against a copper plate on his left rib about the size of a silver dollar, and he said "ouch!" as a stray spark fluttered down against his stomach.

Now was the time to be hard-boiled, she thought. She knew there were three medals from the war in his jewel box, but she had risked many things herself: tuberculosis among them and one time something worse, though she had not known it and had never quite forgiven the doctor for not telling her.

"You've had a hard time with that, I guess," she said lightly as she sponged him. "Won't it ever heal?"

"Never. That's a copper plate."

"Well, it's no excuse for what you're doing to yourself."

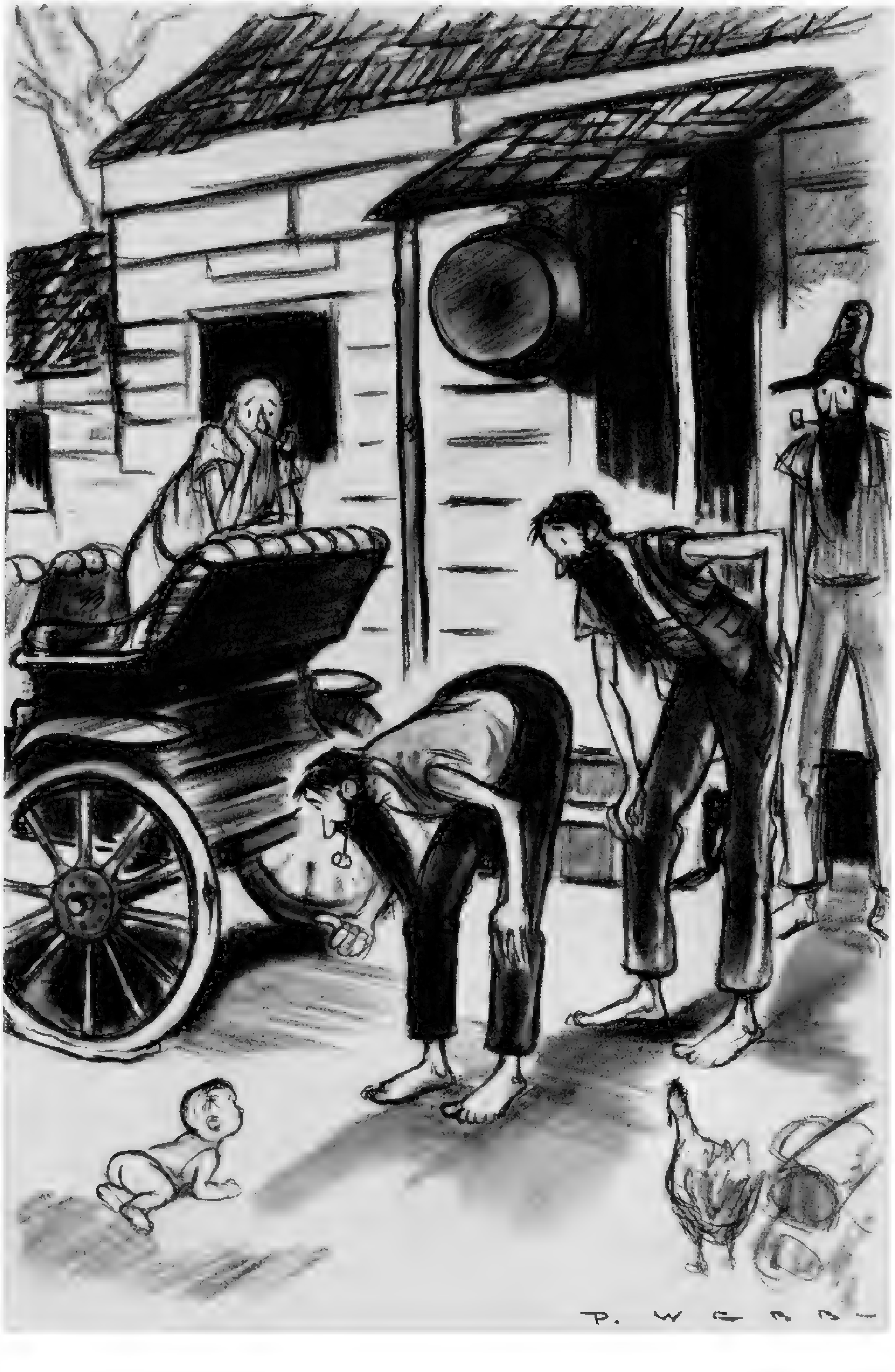
He bent his great brown eyes on her, shrewd—aloof, confused. He signaled to her in one second, his Will to Die, and for all her training and experience she knew she could never do anything constructive with him. He stood up, steadying himself on the wash basin and fixing his eye on some place just ahead.

"Now, if I'm going to stay here you're not going to get at that liquor," she said.

Suddenly she knew he wasn't looking for that. He was looking at the corner where he had thrown the bottle this afternoon. She stared at his handsome face, weak and defiant—afraid to turn even half-way because she knew that death was in that corner where he was looking. She knew death—she had heard it, smelt its unmistakable odor, but she had never seen it before it entered into anyone, and she knew this man saw it in the corner of his bathroom; that it was standing there looking at him while he spit from a feeble cough and rubbed the result into the braid of his trousers. It shone there . . . crackling for a moment as evidence of the last gesture he ever made.

She tried to express it next day to Mrs. Hixson:

"It's not like anything you can beat—no matter how hard you try. This one could have twisted my wrists until he strained them and that wouldn't matter so much to me. It's just that you can't really help them and it's so discouraging—it's all for nothing." #



"Gawamighty! Gran'maw'd better keep Oncle Rafe tied up—he's chawed a hole clean through the tire"

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 101

of novels. Some, like to *Go West Young Man*, are feeble transmutations from the stage. But while *Winterset*, too, stems from a stage play, it has been transformed into a camera-story far superior to the source play. Now as to what is meant by "classic." Next to the word "love," this is probably the most tortured symbol in our language. Narrowly, the word refers to a certain period or style in art which has come to be designated as "classic," the fuller use of the word is in reference to those works of art which are so purely the product of their day and age that they become timeless. We have classics of Greece, classics of the Renaissance, classics of English literature, and we have had a few classic films, such as *Caligari*, *Joan of Arc*. But I can think of no previous American film of a dignity and scope which might permit it to be placed in this high category. *The Informer* may in time come to be considered as a classic, but even though American made, it is a film of Irish life, and outside the present definition.

I have used the term "pure." This is to emphasize the quality of the classic sometimes described as vast simplicity, sometimes as a loftiness of viewpoint. Technically, I think it could be seen that classicism also involves a wholeness and an insularity of viewpoint. Every detail of a classic style is part of the same time and place, there can be no borrowing, no conscious adaptation of elements from other styles and periods, for then we have the work of a conscious artisan rather than the natural expression of an artist.

There may, however, be authentic roots, vital relationships to the whole cultural heritage of mankind; and I think it is legitimate in an American dramatist, since our language is the English, to show derivation from Shakespeare. I would say that Maxwell Anderson's transference of *Hamlet* to *Winterset* is the instinctive and legitimate continuation of a folk-idea, contrasted to O'Neill's merely cerebral exercise in making the story of Electra into a modern psycho-analytical analysis of a Civil War family.

But these distinctions become delicate and, at last, only matters of literary dispute. Mr. Anderson is admittedly soaked in Shakespeare; and he alone of our prominent dramatists retains the use of blank verse. The legend that *Winterset* shares with *Hamlet* is of a youth haunted by the unquiet spirit of a murdered father; and in both instances the murder was an expression of mankind's lust for power. Hamlet and Mio are thought-plagued lads, goaded to ineffectuality by their over-sensitivity, their passion for proof, for justice. Each, at some moment, holds the instrument of destruction in his hand, confronts his villain with sword or pistol, but cannot kill, because the ingrown futility of doubt. It could be said, too, that Mio has the same struggle as Hamlet against an instinct toward romantic love; the intellectual tries to be cynical toward his heart. Curiously, there is a resemblance between Esdras and Polonius, even a fatal plot involvement between Mio and Miriamne's brother, as between Hamlet and the brother of Ophelia.

But the relationship between the two works is only this partnership in the telling of a universal truth. I do not mean to infer that Anderson has the quality of Shakespeare; his word-use is inferior; his play is bereft of the lightning perceptions that constantly explode the Shakespeare text into immeasurable circles of implication; but his story is as warmly felt, and as socially true as was the story of Hamlet.

There, the transference is complete; the umbilical is cut, and *Winterset* is valid in itself. By drawing his story from the Sacco-Vanzetti case, Anderson has wedded his Hamlet entirely to the American scene; he has told his tale entirely in the terms of an American mind.

Hamlet's theme of justice was confined to palace intrigue; in our time and place there is less social insularity, and the theme receives its fullest explanation in an intrigue that involves payroll theft, gangsters, the frame-up use of the courts by reactionary money-forces, the railroading of a radical for a gangster's crime; in Hamlet's time it was a question of whether a gentle person or an evil should rule a kingdom, in our time it is a question of whether the evil nature of mankind shall thwart the persistent social reforms of the good.

If a work of art is supposed to contain an author's personal conclusions upon his theme, then we may read into *Hamlet* Shakespeare's gray feeling that the best that may be hoped for in the struggle between good and evil is the death of the evil with the good. Hamlet ends in a bath of blood. By the same measure, the stage-version of *Winterset* could be taken to say that justice cannot triumph in the world, for Mio was killed, and Trock, the gangster, lived, even though he carried the germs of a fatal disease within his body. And by this measure, some might be shocked to find the position of the characters reversed at the ending of the film, with Mio alive, ascendant, and the gangster dead. Does this pervert the message of the artist?

My own feeling has always been one of indifference toward any dead ending. What an artist has to say is given throughout his entire work, and cannot be told or substantially altered with the twisting around of a bit of action at the final curtain. If his story has been one of a long and almost even battle between two forces, then the choice of the victor is in any case arbitrary.

When we begin in the arts, we conceive a great respect for the "tragic ending" and we sneer at those who ask for concessions toward the public that does not "like things to come out so sadly." I feel that this attitude on the part of the mass public is not an expression of lack of taste, or of stupidity, but is rather in itself a superb demonstration of humanity's life-lust, humanity's positivism. I think the artist must consider that when the whole impulse of his people is toward an affirmative life, there must be something wrong when he can tell them only a message of death.

To me, there is nothing so flat as a conclusion in which the characters are killed. Death is the evasion of an artist when he can find nothing significant to say.

I do not say that the photoplay conclusion of *Winterset* is superior as art, though it may be superior in the giving of human satisfaction. To my mind, the story loses itself in plot, toward the close, just as *Hamlet* goes askew in its last act.

Once the characters have all confronted one another, the drama is completed. What follows, in the last act of *Winterset* on the stage, is a chase around corners, with pauses for pompous philosophical speeches. I remember that when I saw the stage version I was progressively enraged, throughout the third act; I could not understand how any writer could permit himself to let a fine work so crumble. The film suffers less, for the simple reason that most of the solemn valedictories have been omitted, and for the added reason that the elements of the chase are an integral part of the photoplay medium, and therefore do not break into the theme, as they did in the stage version.

And as to the film conclusion, I have already pointed out that it is preferable to me. I should like to add that from a purely technical sense it is valid, since the hand-organ and the cigarette-sniper are utilized as a part of the plot, and therefore give the photoplay a rounded completion that can be achieved in a story only when every dropped hint has been picked up and knit into the fabric. This is the principle of economy wedded to the simplicity of classic art: no move is wasted, no detail is without meaning.

There is one more important factor in the recognition of this classic: the factor of production. From the direction of Alfred Santell to the acting of every member of the cast, there is a sense of infallibility, and of permanence. The nervous and fatal mood is established in the entire forepart of the picture, which gives the history of the Romagna frame-up, and which was so badly missing in the stage-play; this mood is sustained with a beautiful sense of tempo throughout the film.

The most banal scenes are treated with remarkably fresh vision. For instance, when the crowd gathers around the organ-grinder there is a sequence of street dancing. The dancers move with a monotonous gracelessness that is at once imaginative, realistic, and within the mood of the scene. A kid dances, one leg of his knickers loosened, dangling, bagging. That simple and real touch is nevertheless a subtle piece of choreography; it gives his instant dance a lopsided movement in character with the twisted motivation of the story. This is in the classic tradition: no detail is out of harmony; even the song has ironic meaning, for the song, given wordlessly, is "I'll be glad when you're dead you rascal you."

It has been pointed out that the use of actors not well-known to the movie audience gives the action a greater reality. Another touch in the casting is worth noticing. John Carradine, hitherto associated with sadistic, villainous rôles, is presented as the idealistic Romagna. He acts the part with extreme effectiveness; there is subtle understanding in this bit of casting, for it is Carradine's air of idealism, his projection of character-integrity, of whole-souledness that makes him convincing in his villain parts. The character of Esdras, played on the stage as a long-bearded Talmud-mumbling Jew, a Fannie Hurst stock character that has lost all meaning, is improved in the screen performance; Maurice Moscovitch's seamy-faced, worriedly philosophical old Jew is closer to reality.

The classic nature of the photoplay is further enhanced by the fact that in its cinema essentials, *Winterset* is simply the traditional gangster movie, deepened to philosophical and social meaning. The ordinary gangster movie came closest to being a native American folk-story, and it is altogether fitting that the first poetically expressive American film should make use of the gangster legend. How even the worn out devices of the gang movie can be employed with fresh effect is shown in this film; the guns with silencers produce a sinister quality unused in, and yet related to the hundreds of bang-bang killing films that we have had. Perhaps this hushed and controlled effect is symbolic of the difference between art and mere entertainment.

In final definition, classic art usually deals with grand subjects, with the verities, the fates. The photoplay never loses this view of man as a struggling element in the complex of outer forces. There is almost a physical thrill for the spectator in the perfect art with which the camera follows the various characters, gradually converging their paths until they are all brought together by the dirge-like song of the hand-organ, in that gloomy square where the children dance. In this, the film again proves itself a true medium of the major arts. #

The Silk Doll

Continued from page 41

be." He lowered his head and put his hands around the silk doll, lifted it, turned the doll back and forth on the bed.

"Honey, don't get mad. Only—you said you wanted to do something to help me. There couldn't be anything bigger than this."

"All right," she said. "This is the down payment on what I owe you for all those dinners and nice parties."

He got up. The blood slid out of his face. "No. I'm not taking it that way."

"I warned you," she said steadily. "I don't come in the original package. But it's a bargain."

He looked at her. There was something strange about her, and yet she was just the same. All along he had known she was like this, and that was why he was here now, because to her he turned at once, not thinking any more. And now he looked at her with new eyes and felt how clean she was, so clean and cool.

He had never been in her room before, he had never come to see her here; he had known her in the days when he had dough, when he lived high and money flowed and life was free and easy, and he called up any time and it was all right, it was fine and they met some place and had dinner and took a long ride in the park and maybe did a little kissing under the moon and that was all. If they went dancing, nearly always they had a private booth and if they didn't have a booth, they found a hidden table back in the corner with a small lamp that flashed on and off, but mostly off. One night he gave the orchestra leader a five-dollar bill to play a tango, and she took a scrap from a wine list and wrote her house number on the paper and he remembered her fingers trembling under his hand and so he was here now, because this was the only place he knew to go.

"No," he said. "It's not a bargain with me."

She came near him. She put her hands up to his face and pulled his mouth and eyes down close.

"You mean that, do you?"

"Sure," he said. "Sure, I mean it, baby."

She kissed him softly on the mouth, and as she kissed him he heard the music floating from the radio, smooth and slow. An orchestra was playing the tango, the only kind of music he liked. He stood still a minute, his hands at his sides, not moving to take her.

"You can stay," she said. The cloth slipped from her thin shoulder, and her skin gleamed white. Her eyes were tilted, and her cheeks softly glowing.

He caught her arms. She was clean and cool. He brushed her shoulder with his mouth, and it was like sliding his lips over silk and satin. Then he pushed her away a little distance. Shivering as if he had been asleep, and just wakened in time, he said:

"No. I couldn't do it now."

He looked down at her for a long while, and they were very quiet. Suddenly he nodded, and jerked her against him with one arm, and they drifted a few steps to the music, locked together. Then they stopped swaying, and he held her another minute, with her face pressing against his and their bodies barely touching. What he felt then was fresh and gentle, and yet something hurt him more than he could stand, killing him with a soft cruelty; and he muttered:

"But I'm going to come back pretty soon, you know that, don't you, honey?"

"Yes," she whispered. She knew he thought he was holding her, and yet his arms were trembling and she was really holding him, holding him fiercely and thinking: he's so scared and he's running when he shouldn't be running . . .

"And when I come you're going along with me, and where I am, you're going to be."

He waited, and then he added humbly: "Save yourself for me, baby. Keep the way you are, so clean and cool."

She didn't answer, she didn't say anything. After a few seconds he released her and stepped away shaking.

"I'm comin' back," he said. "But now I got to leave, I got to move from here."

Not speaking, she unlocked the door and they went out into the hall. Again she said harshly:

"There's something queer. It doesn't look right to me. You're letting Morris rush you into something funny."

He said, "But Morris is straight, baby. He wouldn't cross me."

"I don't know much, maybe, but I've got eyes. You better watch him."

"He's gonna handle this end. All I got to do is be ready when he sends for me."

"Maybe he'll never send for you," she said swiftly. "He could get another boy, he could forget all about you."

"No chance of that. I ain't worryin'."

"But I am," she said. "Now."

He knew he had his answer. "Don't do it, baby, don't worry about me."

Then he took a breath and said: "Well, goodbye."

"Wait a minute," she whispered. "How are you fixed?"

"What way?"

"Have you got enough money?"

"I got enough. I got plenty."

"Have you?" she said. "Stay here."

"Where you going?"

"I'll be right back."

He stood shifting uneasily on his feet; he could hear her moving around behind the door across the hall, and he couldn't think of what she might be doing. Then she came into the hall again.

There was something in her hand, but it was too dark for him to see what it was. She fastened her fingers to his, then took them away, and he felt the crackle of paper. It was warm from her hand, and it crackled like money.

"Not much," she said. "Twenty dollars. I used to save that much all the time when I was in the show, for an emergency. You never know what can happen in show business."

"Listen, baby, I can't take this."

He folded the bills in a wad, and tossed them on the floor at her feet. She whispered:

"But I want you to have it."

"No. I'll get along, see."

"I know you will, but you never can tell. Maybe you might need it."

"Don't you worry. I'll be comin' back, and it ain't gonna be a long time till then, either."

The girl said faintly: "Well, I'll be here."

Then she grabbed him and said in a rush: "Give yourself up and take your chances."

"I can't do that, baby."

"If Morris doesn't stick by you, I'll get you out. Don't be a fool. They won't do anything to you. I'll raise the bail. I know how."

"No," he said slowly. "I couldn't let you do it, baby. And Morris is straight. He'll fix this end."

"Listen," she said. "Take my word, Morris isn't straight and you'll wait a long time before he sends for you."

He stood there, as if hoping she might say something else, but suddenly she shrugged and her lips didn't move; after a minute the blackness of the narrow hall was stirred, and she heard the floor creaking as his weight pressed it. Then she saw a thin streak of light come in from the street, and felt the dull soft slam as the door closed, and the light was gone, eaten by the swift darkness. She heard him go down the steps.

She searched the floor in the dark, and found the money wadded in a pile, still warm from where they had both touched it. She picked up the bills and slid them in her pocket and went back into her room. The radio made faint music.

She turned off the light and hurried to the window and put her face against the glass. She glimpsed him swinging along the street; he was taking big strides, and his head was lifted defiantly toward the sky. Then the rain blotted him out entirely.

She left the window and moved to where the doll lay on the bed, blank pink face upturned. She laughed a little: there was a slit in the silk body and some of the stuffing was coming through, wisps of straw scattered on the pillow.

She was tired. She knocked the doll away, and put her own face to the pillow. After a while the pillow was damp. She covered her face with her hands, but she couldn't keep from watching the telephone on the table near the bed. The rain swished against the window and she kept saying no, no, and she kept thinking: he's so scared and he's running when he shouldn't be running.

Yet when the telephone rang she turned and answered quietly, lying flat and taut in the bed. She knew the voice and the command.

"I don't want to work tonight," she said.

"Why not?"

"I don't feel like doing anything tonight," she said slowly. "I don't feel like it."

"What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing."

She listened and at last she nodded.

"All right," she said. "What's the room number?"

The voice muttered in her ear. She didn't ask what she wanted to ask: Is this one fat and old, with black veins in his hands?

"Evening dress?" she said. "So it's going to be a party."

She hung up and flung the kimono from her. She went into the bathroom and stood naked for a moment by the tub, looking at the white image of her body in the clear pool of water.

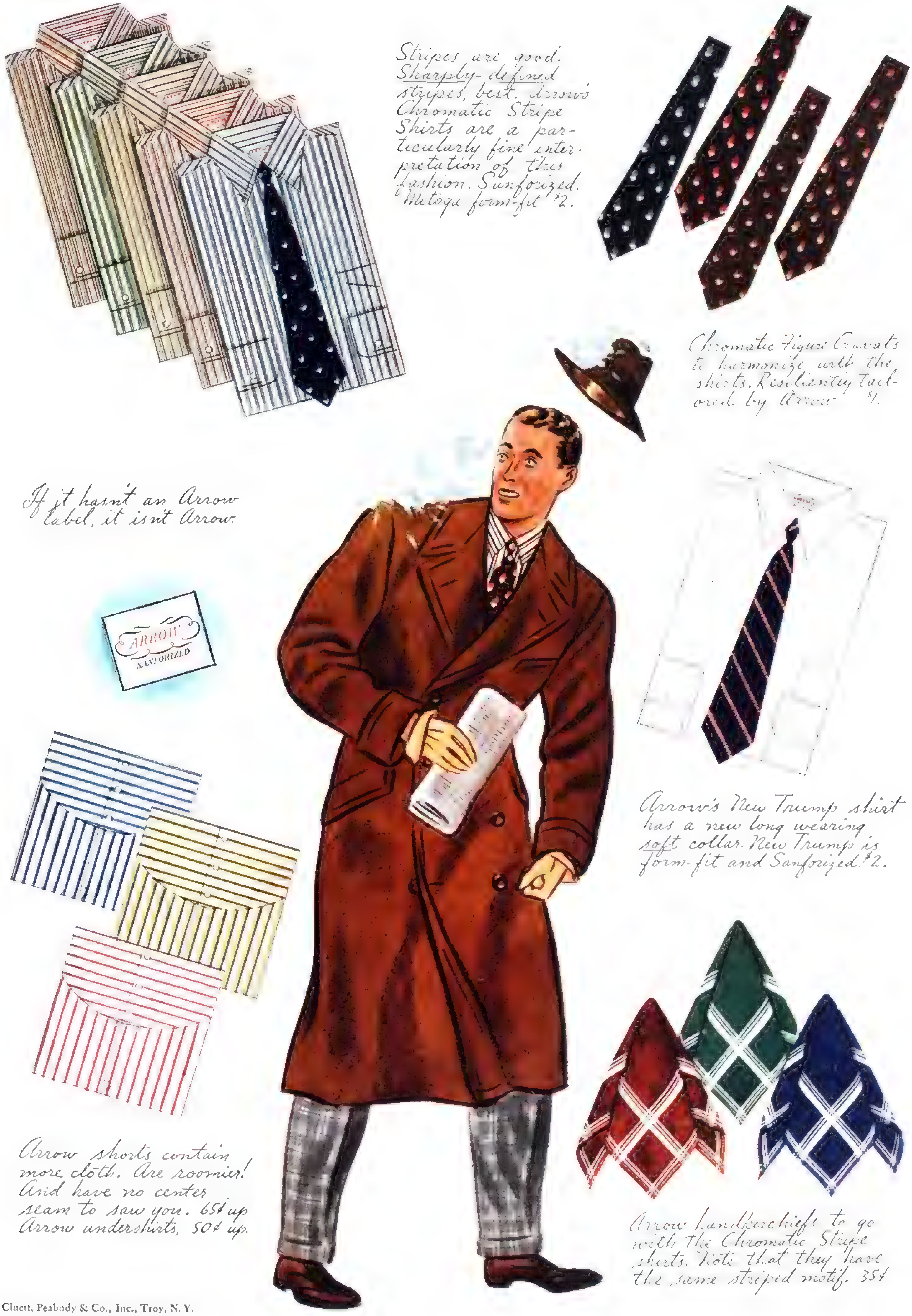
She came out again, taking small hesitant steps. She began to dress before her mirror. Then sheathed in silk, she rouged her lips carefully and examined her face in the glass to see if she were too pale. She added powder and put on a pair of tiny dancing slippers, silver sandals for her feet.

A little later, she left the house and walked rapidly north. She found a taxi the second block over. The taxi went north, toward the Mid Town Hotel.

She wore an evening dress, and the taxi driver slid his glance down her legs as she got in, the way he did them all, and thought she was kind of nifty; yet he wondered why she had gone for a walk in the rain.

There were wet streaks across her cheeks, but it couldn't have been the rain, because the rain had stopped an hour ago.

The cab hurried along the boulevard and she kept thinking: he's so scared and he's running when he shouldn't be running . . . The bright lights glowed ahead and she saw people moving slowly through the marble lobby of the hotel and as the cab scraped the curb she added more powder and ran one hand down the side of the cloth of gold dress. #



Stripes are good. Sharply-defined stripes, best. Arrow's Chromatic Stripe Shirts are a particularly fine interpretation of this fashion. Sanforized. Mitoga form-fit $2.

Chromatic Figure Cravats to harmonize with the shirts. Resiliently tailored by Arrow $1.

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Arrow's New Trump shirt has a new long wearing soft collar. New Trump is form-fit and Sanforized. $2.

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Arrow undershirts, 50¢ up.

Arrow handkerchiefs to go with the Chromatic Stripe shirts. Note that they have the same striped motif. 35¢

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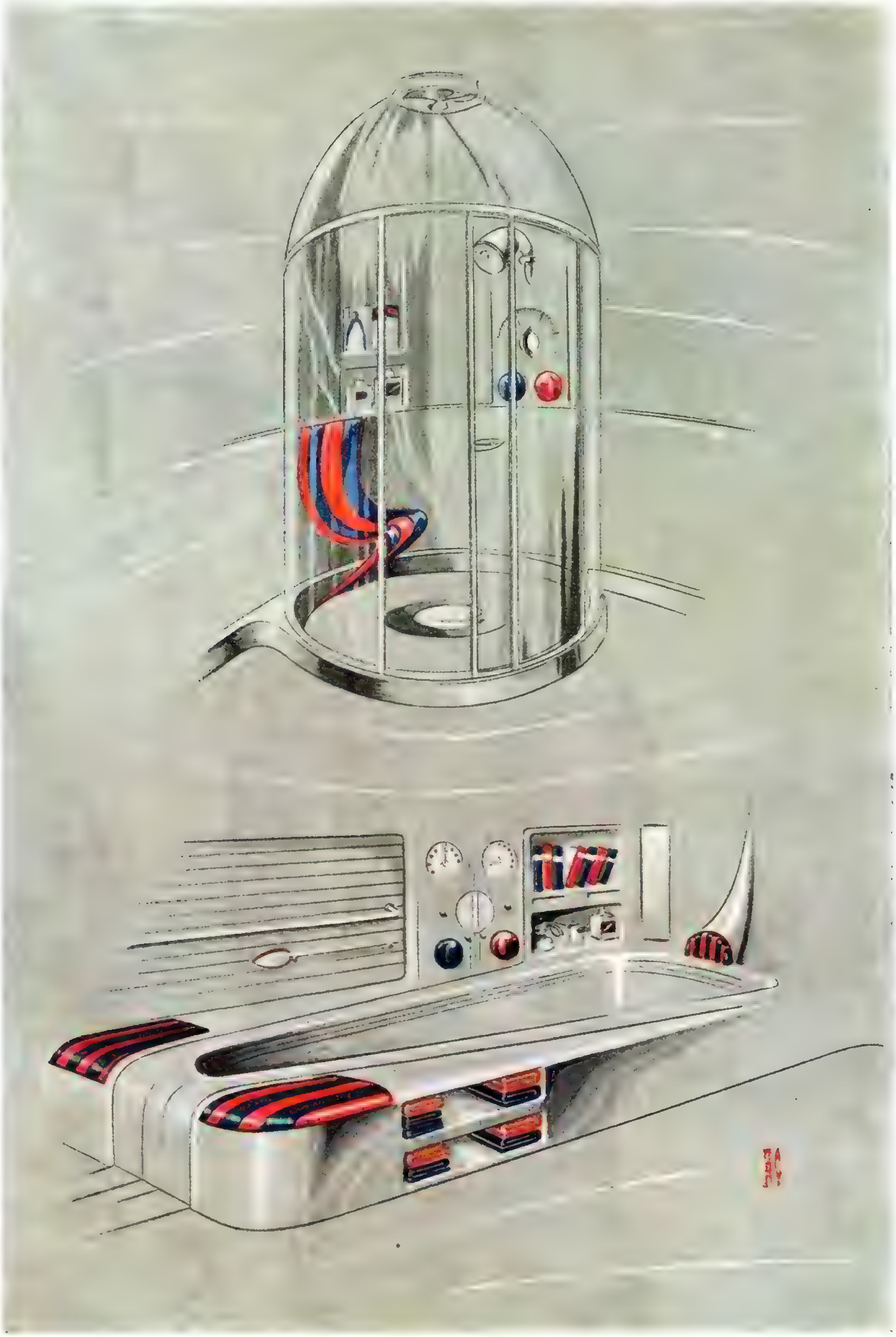

ABLUTIONS OF A HEDONIST *by* ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

The bathtub in the lower sketch is, oh the times, oh the customs, streamlined inside, affording a snug compartment for bath towels, heated by the water. Those striped seats matching the headrest are for guests, if you aren't fussy. A red translucent ball turns on the hot water; a blue, the cold. The gadgets on the "control board" include an electric thermometer and an electric clock. The center round opening is a radio loud speaker and also releases hot air to dry your hands before you touch the books. Below the bookshelf are grooves for soap and ashes; below *them*, a telephone, decanter and glasses. Some fun, eh? The top sketch shows a combination shower and steam bath, glass enclosed, with sliding doors. The fan draws out the steam if you want a shower; a lever controls the angle of the shower spray; a white rubber accelerator, the intensity. If Cecil B. DeMille wants to make something of it, he can.

Sea Going Suicide

Continued from page 67

some of them are tragedies. I remember one case of where a life preserver was almost responsible for taking a man's life.

On this particular occasion we were conducting night operations without lights. Ensign Backaburg had just taken off in his little single seater and almost as he went over the bow his engine had quit. His first thought, of course, was to turn and get clear of the onrushing carrier and at the same time he pulled a flare. Being so close to the water his flare scarcely lighted before it hit the water. He hit a moment later and flipped over on his back, no time to pull his flotation gear. As the plane floated upside down in the water his life preserver tended to push him up into the cockpit rather than permit him to get down and free. He managed to get free after a struggle, however, and climbed up to the bottom of the plane to await the ever faithful plane guard. A lookout on the destroyer had caught the brief flash of his flare and threw the searchlight on him. They picked him up and when we asked him about it in the wardroom later, all he had to say was, "Gee, my girl just gave me a new watch and it went down with the plane."

Another time in the Caribbean while on a search problem a plane became separated from its squadron and got lost. After cruising around until he ran out of gasoline the pilot set her down on the water and pulled his flotation gear. The plane floated for a couple of days and then sank and the pilot transferred to his rubber lifeboat. After four days he was finally picked up by a tramp steamer, nearer dead than alive from exposure to the blistering tropical sun.

One night off Point Loma Ensign Clyde got his plane into an inverted spin. He made several attempts to right the plane with no success and decided to jump. Before he could get clear of the plane, however, the tail came around and hit him in the shoulder, breaking it. The shoulder, not the tail. He fell clear and pulled his ripcord and as he neared the water he slipped out of the chute harness. When falling in water it is necessary to get clear of the chute in the last few feet of the drop lest the silk canopy come down and smother the man whose life it has just saved. On this night when the planes returned to North Island it soon became apparent that one of them was missing. Every available surface craft was pressed into the search and after five hours of sweeping the ocean with searchlights a destroyer finally spotted Clyde's head, held up in the water by his life preserver. They brought him in, in a slightly used condition it is true, but he came through all right.

It is not my intention to give the impression that the life of these men is the precarious existence that the foregoing incidents might suggest for they are the rare exceptions and for every such accident the service as a whole flies thousands of hours without mishap of any kind. I went through the whole thing without a scratch or even a quickened pulse.

Now for a typical day's work aboard one of these sea-going hornets' nests.

It is four in the morning and as my room boy awakens me I can hear the call to flight quarters coming over the loud speaker. We're on a war problem and expect to engage the enemy at any moment. I dress hurriedly in the dark, for the only lights burning are the battlelights, small blue lights placed about six inches above the deck and casting a dim circle of light downward. My roommate is already gone; he's a scout and they usually get out first. I hurry down the passageway to the junior officer's mess and as the other members of my squadron come and go I eat a hasty breakfast. The atmosphere is strained, and an old timer's attempt at banter falls on unappreciative ears. Another grumbles something about "Why the hell can't they find these swabs in the afternoon, just once." From the topside I can hear the wind screaming through the wires and struts, the whole ship a living thing, vibrating with a tremendous energy as the bow knifes through heavy seas, racing to get into position to launch. As I scramble up ladders and through darkened passageways the screaming wind aloft fades to an undertone as the roar of motor after motor being started joins the crescendo of noise.

The pilots' ready room, the jumping-off point, is filled with the blue haze of cigarette smoke. The skipper stands aloof, saying nothing, eying each man as he comes through the door. Handsome Harry Courtney he's called, two and a half stripes and known throughout the fleet as the toughest fighting plane skipper of them all.

As the last man comes through the door the skipper speaks. "Good morning, gentlemen. Our submarines picked up the enemy at about midnight last night, in the vicinity of latitude nineteen thirty, longitude one fifty eight. Estimated strength, eight battleships, ten light cruisers, two destroyer divisions and train. We, with one section of scouts as smokers, and one section of scouts as liaison, and one division of Torpedo Two, will form the fast attack group and our mission will be to repeatedly attack and harass the main column of the enemy in order to engage them while the main body of our fleet moves into position." The skipper is interrupted by a bluejacket sitting at a telephone in a corner of the room. "It's the bridge, sir, the scouts have located the enemy and report their course three zero, speed ten knots, strength estimate verified. They want you to take off at zero four four five, start your attack at six, continue it for fifteen minutes and return to the ship." The skipper nods and turns to us again. "That gives us just ten minutes to get underway. We'll rendezvous at three thousand over the port quarter. I want you men to keep closed up, it's going to be a little thick up there at first and we won't have time to look for anyone who falls behind. Tommy, when I give the signal I want you to take the last two sections over to the unengaged side. Start your dive from fifteen thousand ten minutes after the breakoff, pull out at six thousand to the north'ard and get clear, we'll be coming down there from the other side and I don't want a mêlée. Your feint should let them get their guns on you about the time we hit them. Mike, you start your smokers to the windward when Tommy begins his dive and Johnson, bring your torpedoes in on an echelon so as to remain screened behind the smoke. Take every other ship in the column starting with number two. My squadron will start with number one, and I want you men to come down low and fast. After the initial attack jump on anything that floats as you come north, rejoin at eight thousand. That's all, let's go."

As the skipper finished speaking we filed out onto the flight deck one by one, then crawling on hands and knees we separated into the darkness. Impossible even to think in this pandemonium of noise and wind.

As I reach my plane my mechanic yells in my ear, "She's running like a sewing machine, sir, and good luck!" I climb into the tiny cockpit, cinch my belt up as tight as it will go, test all the switches, glance at all the instruments. The plane ahead of me is pulling out, then the one to the left, and now it's my turn. I get the signal to go and give her the gun. Stick forward slightly, then ease back, she's beginning to lift and the deck drops out from under me. I circle to the left climbing steeply to keep in sight of the plane ahead and as the whole squadron joins up we move off to the south. No lights burning, we keep in contact by the tiny blue flames of the exhausts of the planes ahead. We're climbing almost at full throttle up through a layer of broken clouds, eight, ten, fifteen, and finally we level off at eighteen thousand feet. The horizon is clear to the east and the sun is just beginning to make a thin red line across it. The planes around me gradually begin to take shape as the darkness fades. At a signal from the skipper, we open the formation up slightly and cruise along a little more relaxed.

I glance at my watch. Fifteen minutes to go before we're expected to attack. Though I can't see them I can visualize the two great fleets on the surface beneath me, the one, if our plans are working, all unsuspecting, the other, steaming at full speed into position to strike.

Suddenly the skipper signals to close up. Tommy breaks out of the formation with his planes, and we get set to begin our dive. The scouts have done their work well for through a break in the clouds I can see the tiny ships of the enemy, thousands of feet below. The sky is clear of opposing aircraft so our plan must be working.

The skipper waggles his wings and starts down. I follow him, nose straight down. I ease the stabilizer forward to keep her in the dive, two hundred miles an hour; I start to over-run the skipper so I ease back on the throttle. Airspeed three hundred now and down to fourteen thousand, I cut the throttle clear back. My plane has reached terminal velocity now and the airspeed is up against the peg at three fifty. The wires are screaming, high pitched, shrill, my lungs are bursting and I yell to relieve the pressure. We pass down through two thousand feet of clouds as though they were mere wisps, the ships beneath us come into view and I align my sights on the foremast of the leading vessel, eight thousand now and the ship is coming up through that sight like a rifle shot. I reach for the bomb release, my right hand closes over the trigger on the stick, I ease the cross hairs of the sight slightly to port and I'm on, dead on. Three thousand feet, I hold it a split second and release, squeeze the trigger. Can I hear the purr of my guns above the scream of my tortured wings? I put both hands on the stick and pull, I catch a glimpse of the water and it seems I'm almost in it. I brace my feet and pull the stick into my belly and I feel as though all the weight in the world were trying to push me through that seat. My feet are lashed to the rudder bar and my hands are weighted with lead. My eyelids are closed by that force, but no matter, my eyes are sightless anyway, my jaw sags on my chest and I lapse into unconsciousness.

As I regain possession of my faculties, my whole body aches with the punishment it has taken but I know that this will wear off and my plane is stalling, my zoom has carried me back up to five thousand feet and I ease the throttle on to rejoin the skipper.

Back on the ship again in my room, my roommate is talking as I lie smoking on my bunk. "Too bad about Dusty, they say he never pulled out of the dive, and his plane flew into a million pieces when it hit the water. I expect he's already made his formal call on old Davey Jones. Say, we're due to drop the hook off Diamond Head about eight o'clock, what do you say we go ashore and see if we can scare up a little excitement." #

There's a Red Light on the Track

Continued from page 82

wise shooter was using. In a week he was as good as ever.

The reason. A Frankford Arsenal "National Match" Springfield case was defective because the Arsenal had tried to economize by using fewer operations in drawing and annealing the brass case. It had ripped open for the last half-inch of its length, and then "around the corner" clear into the primer pocket, a crack 1-16th inch wide, gas-cut and melted from the terrific erosion of the escaping gas. No man could prophesy the happening but it is something that may happen any time with a high pressure rifle and brass cartridge cases. But the shooter had brains enough to know that such things happen and he wore shooting glasses.

Moral. Risk the loss of your eyesight if you want, that's your business.

Five

The Episode of the Unfortunate Coincidence

This shooter also believed in wearing glasses when shooting a powerful military rifle. But the light was failing across the range, the glasses were dark, and he decided to take them off for the last few shots of the string.

He also saw that great flare of flame across his vision, blood trickled down his face from many tiny lacerations in his cheek—but the good old right eye was not so good.

At the end of three weeks of pain—have you ever enjoyed even a single bit of steel imbedded in your eye?—the oculists had taken the seventieth bit of brass from the eye, the sight was saved, and vision bids fair to be restored all except for what interference may come from bits of scar-tissue on the eyeball. The cost—well, let's talk about something pleasant.

The reason. He was using reloaded ammunition and carefully reloaded ammunition, with good cases. But a war-case made of brittle brass to start with, and no better for its 18 years, had become mixed with his empty cases and was reloaded with the rest of them. It went to bits like a case made of glass and those bits rode the blast of gas into his eye.

Moral. To get a firm belief in the Jinx, let your insurance policy lapse a few days, or take off your shooting glasses when you are used to wearing them.

Six

The Episode of the 20-Gauge Shell

He came back from Station Five, rubbing his shoulder and glaring at his poor gun. "Boy, that shot pretty nearly kicked my shoulder off," he said. "Did you see all the confetti it blew out?" He fished into his shell bag and brought out a 20-gauge and a 12-gauge shell. A great light burst upon him, then he looked more sharply at his 12-gauge skeet gun.

It was a good gun, with barrels of the most modern alloy steel, which is the reason why no part of the barrel and no finger of the shooter were missing. But it had a most unseemly bulge near the breech end of one of the shining tubes. Repair, consisting of a new pair of barrels, cost only $50 or so.

The reason. This little shooter had been on a dove hunt the week before. His pal shot a 20-gauge gun. During the day they traded guns for a few shots and the 12-gauge owner had not been careful to remove all the 20-gauge shells from his coat. He said, did the little shooter, that he thought he had loaded the gun for Station 5, but when he looked, no shell was in the breech, so he put in another. A 20-gauge shell fits neatly just forward of the chamber of a 12-gauge gun, its rim catching on the cone that leads from chamber to bore.

Moral. Regard a 20-gauge shell, if you also shoot a 12, with the same care and suspicion you would use toward a loaded gun. Check carefully to make sure no 20-gauge is in your shooting coat, shell can, skeet jacket, before you start using your 12. Sometimes the story is less happy than merely a bulged barrel.

Seven

The Episode of the Laminated Barrel

Nobody knows what happened to the jack-rabbit because having a thumb blown off lessens interest in rabbits for a time.

The shell was normal, proved by its appearance, primer, brass and all, the rest in the box were normal, high velocity, progressive burning duck loads. But the cheap, twist, Belgian-made, laminated steel barrel had ripped out an inch section just at the thumb of the shooter, taking the thumb with it. It was a low priced American double, a quarter century old or more, but some American double gun makers have always been steady customers for Belgian barrels, and some of them, in the old days, none too good.

The old barrels were full of dents, and probably a dent was in the missing section.

The reason. Modern American high velocity duck loads develop no higher pressure at the chamber than the older high velocity loads. The pressure continues a bit higher than the old loads for a few inches, not to exceed six or seven, then drops to the old figures. It rises more slowly, it drops a bit more slowly, hence better shot patterns and high velocity with no increase in chamber pressure.

Old time double gun makers, lacking reliable, modern steel tubes, had to build up their barrels by slow and painful lamination of layers of iron and steel, welded into strips, the strips wound around a mandrel and then welded together. Much fuss was made as to the resulting beauty of the convolutions of dark iron and light steel showing through the finish of the barrel. The finer ones were called Damascus, the cheaper ones, Twist, but the process was never anything but an uncertain, unscientific makeshift. No man knew whether all the welds were complete and solid. Also corrosive gas from the primer had the habit of penetrating into the layers of the steel and iron, or faulty welds and there setting up internal corrosion, working slowly through the years, creating weak spots invisible to the owner of the gun. This is known as gas occlusion.

Also a dent in a barrel is a weak spot. It is a weak spot because it is a sharp bend in the structure of the steel. It is a weak spot because the dent on the outside means a bulge on the inside. Such bulge slightly checks or obstructs the passage of shot and wads, sets up a momentary wave action in the powder gas, raises the pressure at that point above normal.

Moral. Regardless of how much the barrels cost and how high your esteem for them, do not use modern, progressive burning powder, heavy duck loads in them, if they are of the laminated, twist or Damascus sort. Specially is this true if the gun is fairly light, or the gun is pretty old or much used. You might get by, but the episode I recite is of one chap, with an old borrowed gun, who did not get by.

Eight

The Episode of the Smart Aleck

Because it was a fine rifle, made of the finest of alloy steels, heat-treated by modern methods, nothing happened in this case. This brother had bought a .220 Swift, a rifle having the highest working pressure of any rifle on the market, or a bit over 50,000 lbs. As long as the barrel's internal size was held to standard, the bullets to standard, the primer, case, powder and other details to standard, the rifle was entirely safe. But, a very small bore, very high-pressure rifle running at 50,000 lbs. or more is very touchy. A seemingly small item in loading may run up the pressure enormously, a combination of seemingly small items may create dangerous or wrecking pressures.

So this person wrote a series of abusive letters to the factory, thoroughly proving his own utter ignorance of guns, gun-making or ammunition, but conveying to the makers his idea that they were a bunch of apes; that their experimental department was inhabited by idiots; that their letters were written by office-boys and their rifles built from material bought daily from John the Junkman.

The rifle punctured the primers, said the goof, it extracted hard, it showed all the signs of high-pressure with a load he knew was just what the doctor ordered. He prepared this load himself and no better ammunition could be loaded by the Twelve Apostles.

The factory, properly abashed and fully put into its place, asked him humbly for the prescription of his remarkable load, or else for samples of it. It varied from the standard only in a few details such as a much heavier wild-cat bullet, too much powder and a few other minor details. Shot in the pressure gun it showed just 70,000 lbs., or 40% increase over the high factory load pressure, equal to the proof load which the Army uses for testing its rifles as the final operation, but during which test the rifle is put into a sheet iron box—just in case.

Moral. Don't fancy you are a ballistic engineer unless you are one.

Nine

The Episode of the Punctured Primer

The crow was really out of range, as is the fashion of most crows you shoot at with a shotgun, but the matter was still funnier to the crow because the stock split right off the head of the gun and the shooter appeared for a time to be shell-shocked. On either side of this double hammerless gun the panels had split clear off the head of the gun, leaving the shooter with a take-down gun but not taken down at the usual spot of the double.

The reason. This was a low priced double, and the main springs had weakened through age and because they never did have any too much authority. So eventually the gun commenced to misfire, and the owner took it down to Adam Ham, the village gunsmith, also sewing machine fixer, bicycle repairer, locksmith, with a little side line of magneto tinkering and ignition disarranging. "I'll fix the so and so," quoth Adam, and he did, the process being to sharpen the ends of the firing pins so they would penetrate deeper into the primer. They did, all right, and the gas, working at a pressure of 9,000 lbs. per square inch, blew out that section of primer, forced back the firing pins and weak springed hammer and got into the action of the gun. And be it thoroughly understood that the mechanism of no gun, bolt, double, single or any other, is designed to handle gas. It is designed to withstand a heavy back-thrust, but not the disruptive effect of gas within it, exerting pressure in every direction, having something the same effect as kicking a man's feet from under him when he is braced to stand a heavy thrust from in front, like a football linesman, for instance.

So the gas in this case, exerting a heavy pressure within the ac-

Continued on page 118

2 DOZEN MED. TINS
HEINZ VEGETABLE SOUP
H.J.HEINZ CO. PITTSBURGH U.S.A.
57
57
57

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

ONE doesn't have to be a crystal-gazer to prophesy a lifelong honeymoon for this household—numberless *return engagements.* Many a well-meaning dad has brought home a knickknack when his wife would have preferred a quick snack! Dads should say it with orchids, yes; but they should also be taught to say it with delicious home-style soups, and with all the other eloquent, ready-to-serve 57 Heinz Varieties. For then they are presenting a gift that makes entertaining a delight rather than a drudgery; and the planning of home meals a temptation rather than a task . . . The *case* way, incidentally, of buying Heinz products saves sufficient time and money to permit more frequent visits to the florist's.

• • •

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There's a Red Light on the Track

Continued from pages 82-116

tion and stock of the gun, in spite of having a hole only 5/100 inch to pass through from the primer, split off the thin panels of the stock and nearly deafened the shooter.

Puncturing primers constitute one of the most dangerous phases of shooting a gun. Not only do they spell something very, very wrong—thin primer material, over-hard primer material, too sharp firing pin, firing pin with too much protrusion from the face of the bolt or the standing breech; amalgamation of the primer brass with the mercury of mercuric type primers, weak mainspring, and last but not least, excessive pressure in the cartridge, but the matter is progressively worse and worse. The gas cuts the firing pin point, alters its form, exaggerates the puncturing tendency. In a bolt action rifle it may likely blow the firing pin to full cock, and if the shooter is very close to it, and wears glasses, the blow of the sudden, piston-like thrust to the rear of the cocking piece, may break the spectacles, such as I saw at Camp Perry in 1913.

Gas escaping into the bolt of the Mauser type of rifle, Springfield, Model 54 Winchester, 30 Express and 30 S Remington, Mannlicher and similar rifles, converts the inside of the bolt to the equivalent of a one-cylinder gas engine, complete with piston. The piston is the firing pin, and unless the valve opens promptly —the same being exhaust ports cut along the bolt cylinder as in the Mauser and later Model 54 Winchesters—the firing pin is driven violently to the rear just as far as the mainspring coils will let it. And, alas and alack, in the type of firing pin put in from the rear like the Springfield and Model 54 Winchester, very excessive pressure as from a heavy over-load can shear off the little "button" on the front end of the firing pin, and drive it out of the rifle, through the shooter's face. This is more possible than probable, but a most disagreeable possibility.

It *has been done* on test with both rifles, with thin primer stock and heavy overloads. So convinced is the Winchester Company of this possibility that in all later Model 54 rifles, their fine bolt gun, they cut large gas escape slots in the cylinder of the bolt like the Mauser. In the rear end of the firing pin they milled a flat, and engaging in this flat they installed a lock or safety screw through the sleeve of the bolt, to prevent blowing this firing pin out of the bolt. The latest type sleeve can be recognized by a screw passing through the sleeve—the part where the safety is mounted—from the left side, just below the safety housing, just above the little, white, sleeve lock. The Winchester Company strongly urges owners of older model 54 rifles to send them in to the factory to have a new bolt fitted, complete with the slots cut in it, and the new sleeve. This is specially true with the high pressure cartridges such as the 30.06, and the .270.

Even the chap who never reloads must figure on disagreeable possibilities at times. Last year, through error of a cartridge company in using their pressure gun too long, or until it gave false readings of the pressures, they put on the market a batch of .270 ammunition which gave over 80,000 lbs. and under some conditions, much higher than this. A number of Model 54 rifles were replaced by that company (not Winchester) without charge, but luckily nobody was hurt. It is human to err, and a rifle of that sort is a terrific engine operating, even at normal pressure, at more than 50,000 lbs. per square inch or about 22 ballistic long tons per each square inch of chamber area.

The wise shooter, getting a single punctured primer, even though no harm is done, stops right there. It is a signal as urgent as a sudden knock in the motor of the automobile, or a sudden inability to hold the car on the road. At times a punctured primer turns up now and then, in the variation of all materials, but any repetition of the puncture is something to worry about. Fooling with a puncturing gun of any sort is like fooling with the heels of a mule. The puncture is not only an indication that something is very, very wrong with the load or with the gun, but in itself it is extremely dangerous and injurious to the rifle with the terrific melting, cutting tendency of the gas in the high power rifle, cutting channels across steel in its path. Also some primers, such as still used by the Government, are highly corrosive, and getting into the action of a gun, will rust it overnight. It is the primer alone that causes rust in any smokeless rifle or shotgun, not the "powder residue."

The shape of a firing pin is very carefully determined by factory engineers. Generally it is practically a half-sphere at the point. It has a ticklish job, it has to punch in the rear wall of the primer until the priming chemical inside is crushed down upon the little "anvil" set in the middle of the primer and caused to explode. The firing pin must support that little depression in the primer, hence a strong mainspring is necessary. It must not punch out the hole or weaken the walls of the little cavity it makes. Blown out or punctured primer impressions often follow weak mainsprings in the bolt guns, the spring lacks the force to hold the firing pin into the cavity against the back-thrust of that 50,000 lbs. of fuss inside the cartridge. The primer itself, especially some of the later non-rusting sort, can develop several tons' pressure within itself and its pocket. The primer alone, all powder removed, has sufficient force to flatten itself thoroughly against the bolster of a revolver, and lock the cylinder against rotation. This is marked with such cartridges as the .357 Magnum, all powder and the bullet removed. So the primer itself tries to burst out through this firing pin imprint.

The protrusion of a firing pin or hammer point is very carefully gauged and set, and must not be tampered with.

Moral. A hint is as good as a kick in the pants, to a sensible man. See what the red light means. And if you need a new part in your gun, use a factory part, installed by the factory or a gunsmith of proved ability.

TEN
THE EPISODE OF THE WISE GUY

As usual he had carefully let down the firing pin of his Springfield on a loaded cartridge. You didn't catch him traipsing around with a cocked and loaded rifle, not he. He played safe, this brother.

The muzzle of the rifle caught in the fork of a bush through which he was forcing his way and he gave the rifle a yank to the rear to clear it. The cocking piece tapped a rock beside his path, not much of a tap, either.

Oh well, no harm was done, the muzzle was still ahead of his legs when the rifle went off. All it did was to scare the Wise Guy out of six months' growth and scare all the game out of the township.

The reason. This Wise Guy, who knew just enough about rifles to be dangerous, had the hazy idea that carrying a cocked and loaded gun was dangerous, safety or no safety. So very carefully he would load his Springfield and then hold back on the trigger as he closed the bolt slowly, the firing pin following down the bolt cam and coming to rest with its point digging into the primer with all the force of a mainspring which requires more than 18 lbs. weight to compress it. The least blow on the cocking piece or a heavy jar to the rifle would fire it. "Under no circumstances should the firing pin be let down by hand on a cartridge in the chamber." From War Department booklet on the rules and description of the Springfield rifle, No. 1923, furnished to the Army and Navy as the standard instruction book.

The fact is that the bolt action type of safety is about the only safe safety put on guns. It turns in behind so much steel that nothing short of a sledge hammer could fire the rifle from a blow. Carrying the rifle with the firing pin let down by hand is something a bit more dangerous than carrying it cocked with the safety off.

Moral. Wise Guys rarely read either their car instruction book or the dope on the gun they buy.

ELEVEN
THE EPISODE OF THE MUD IN THE BARREL

"Something went haywire," said this brother ruefully as he inspected the jagged muzzle end of his high priced double hammerless.

He had stepped into the "borrow pit" of the duck pond from which the dirt had been scooped to make the retaining dike and as he staggered and nearly fell in the sticky mud and his clumsy waders, the muzzle of his fine gun scooped into the mud of the dike.

" 'S all right," he called to his pal, in a blind some 50 yards away, "little mud in the muzzle but I can see through the bore and you can't blow up a gun you can see through."

So when that bull sprig came sailing past before the brother had more than got back into the blind, he took a slam at the duck with the muddy gun.

It took off only three inches of the muzzle and bent the other barrel, so he can make a nice sawed-off gun out of it.

The reason. Guns burst from obstructions heavy, or tight or sticky enough to cause a little check in the progress of the shot and the wads down the bore—the speed, near the muzzle, being from 1200 to 1400 ft. per second. It is perfectly possible to seal a gun bore and not cause it to burst, as from a bit of light snow; it is perfectly possible to burst a bore through which it is easy to see, with only enough mud or whatever is along the side of the barrel to check the charge as it roars down the barrel. This check sets up a violent surging of the powder gas, a wave action the ballistic men call it, with terrific pressures at that point. The ancient idea of the necessity for "sealing" a bore, or that a burst is caused by compressed air between obstruction and shot or bullet, is as obsolete as that other quaint notion—that the highest velocity of a firearm is some point away from the muzzle by many feet, and not at the muzzle. Spark photographs are great debunkers ballistically.

Moral. If you have reason to suspect anything in your gun barrel that should not be there, stop and inspect it. And even though it does not seem to amount to much, like the gal who said she was just a little pregnant, don't shoot the gun with anything in that bore that does not come with the gun. An obstruction in the bore of a rifle—not a shotgun with its light barrels—may be removed if not too heavy or too firmly stuck, by pulling bullet from a cartridge, dumping out half the powder, firing the remaining half-charge in the rifle.

Continued on page 120

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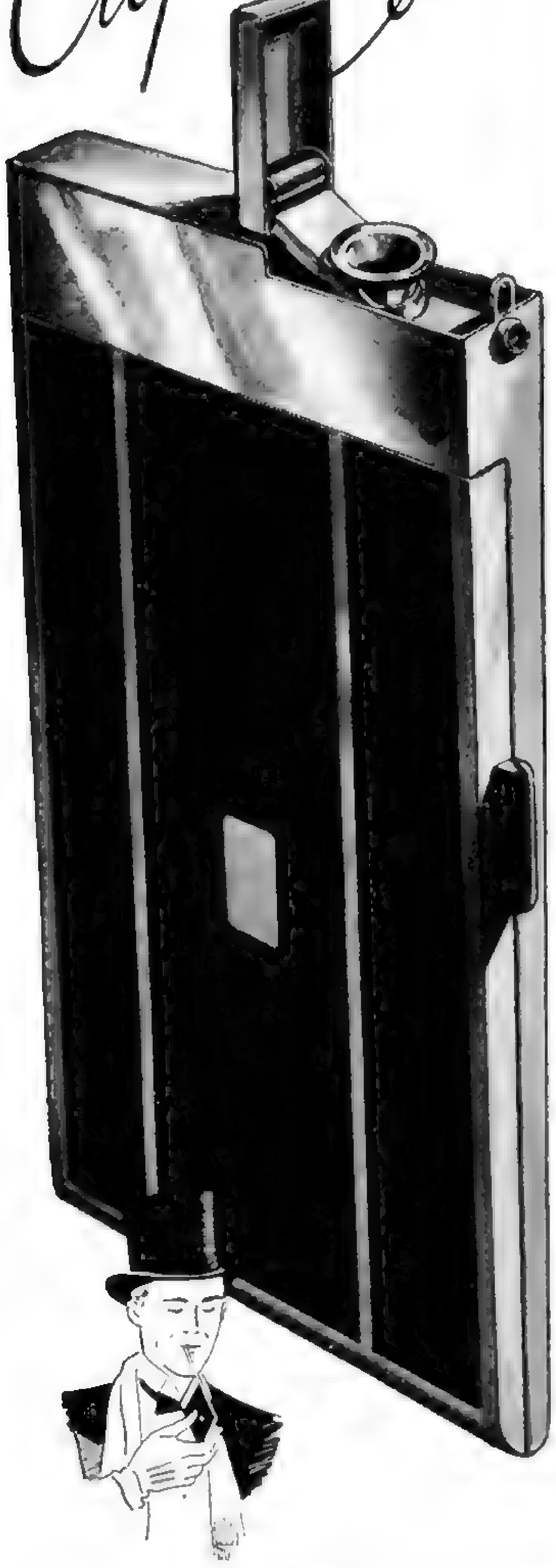

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STREET____________________

CITY____________________
E2

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CITY____________________
Dictograph Silent Radio sent Carriage paid $65.00
E2

There's a Red Light on the Track

Continued from pages 82-116-118

Twelve
The Episode of the Shotgun Safety

One wheel of the buckboard dropped into a hole the driver did not notice in his eager peering for the whereabouts of the covey, and the light rig turned over on its side, spilling out the two hunters. There was a muffled report, a groan—and the start of an existence for one of the men, with only one leg instead of the two good ones he had up to that instant.

The reason. The double hammerless he carried loaded between his knees was supposed to be safe. The safety was on. But it did not hold the hammers under a jar to the stock of the gun.

Few double hammerless gun safeties are safe, and for that matter, few safeties on any other form of gun except the bolt action with its positive lock of the part that moves to hit the primer.

Double gun safeties lock the triggers, but above the triggers are the sears and above them, the hammers, free to jolt out of their shallow notches and fall without any movement of the triggers, if a jolt is applied hard enough, in the line of the hammer movement. A double gun safety should be used only to prevent accidental firing by something, such as brush, catching on the triggers, never to prevent firing by a heavy fall or blow.

Moral. The safe gun is the unloaded gun—when it is really unloaded, not just supposed to be.

Thirteen
The Episode of the Man Who Takes Guns Apart

He said, when he got down to the famous Red Elliott's shop, that he was mad at his gun; that he had most carefully taken it apart and cleaned it up and yet when he met up with a buck that was two sizes larger than an elk, the so and so gun misfired three times. He said he considered trading the gun for a yaller dog and shooting the dog.

So the sympathizing Red pulled the Marlin apart and then he smiled a little smile. Because this brother had got it all back together again, except for one little part which was then probably home on the garage floor. And this little part was the locking bolt of the high power rifle, which holds the breech bolt from blowing out into the face of the shooter. Because the locking bolt has to push into line the two parts of the firing pin, the hunter could not fire the rifle, the two parts did not line up.

"Better go home and burn a few joss sticks or candles or something," advised Red. "If that rifle had not misfired, you wouldn't be here telling me about it, though you might be talking to the pretty nursie when you came to."

Moral. Take clocks apart, but not guns.

Fourteen
The Episode of the Wild Cat Gun

"Sure I can rechamber it for the .220," said Rule Othumb, the well-known gun butcher. "All I gotta do is to run in a chamber reamer and there she is. Yeah, the bore is about a thousandth smaller but that's all the better, rifles ought to be plenty tight. Strong? Heck yes, that action was the best they had in 1885 and it's better right now than this bolt action junk."

Even good honest malleable iron has its limitations, but the shooter was not hurt, and the scope blocks on the barrel were as good as ever to put on another gun.

Moral. —but what's the use, they keep right on doing it.

Fifteen
The Episode of the Combination of Cussed Conditions

The weather had turned bitterly cold, it was nearly the end of the open season, but abnormally cold even then. The mercury flirted with the 25 below mark; only the lack of wind made hunting at all pleasant. As the hunter skirted a patch of brush, a buck stepped out into sight 150 yards away and stood sampling the light zephyr. The .270 swung from its position hanging from his shoulder by its sling and dropped easily into line with the deer.

The crash of shot saw the buck doing a series of crazy leaps, each time going over on his nose from the broken shoulder, but the shooter became more interested in his rifle. Wisps of smoke curled from the bolt, the firing pin was at full cock, a shallow split ran across the left side of the rifle over the magazine, the bolt would not open. Angrily the shooter pounded the bolt knob against a nearby stump and finally forced the bolt lever up and back, dragging the case with it.

The case had pancaked over the head of the bolt as if made of butter, the primer was gone, the primer pocket far larger than the factory had made it.

The extractor was sprung outward, dragging against the receiver wall, the magazine walls slightly bulged, starting the stock to splitting.

The reason. The shooter was a firm believer in the theory that he could produce better cartridges than the factory. He was of the intelligent class of shooters and knew most of the answers. His powder charges were handweighed, and he bought special bullets from a small concern which he considered better game bullets than the factory .270. He loaded strictly to the powder weights shown on the powder can.

But—there was some answers he did not know, and some that some of the ballistic gentlemen themselves did not know until lately. Consider, then, the chain of circumstances that nearly blew up his fine .270 rifle.

He had changed to a new type of non-corrosive primer, much more violent in its action than the older Government primers he had been using. The change alone called for a 3-grain reduction in his powder load.

He was using a very powerful type of double-base powder, high in nitro-glycerine content. Because of its nature, being a newly developed propellant, the full load, giving him 3160 ft. speed in his bullet, left considerable room in the shell—in ballistic language, he had a very low loading density.

This powder, being a nitroglycerine sort, is very brittle when at very low temperatures. He had been carrying the rifle, muzzle upward, hung from his right shoulder by the sling. He had lowered it slowly and cautiously lest the deer see the sudden motion. The powder was packed at the rear end of the cartridge, next to the primer, by the position of the rifle and the constant jarring of the rifle in this position.

The violent detonation of this new non-corrosive primer, much more violent than the older types, having less heat but much more force, drove the powder charge forward against the base of the bullet, cracking the grains and producing a quantity of powder much finer and much faster burning than the normal web and cut of the powder, regulated for the normal pressure of that rifle. That is, the primer blow had created a "booster" or priming charge of powder that raised the pressures skyward because of increased rate of burning.

The combination had developed probably 70,000 lbs.

Yet his ammunition was carefully prepared, his powder charge correct, his only mistake a change in primers without reducing powder load, which in itself would not have produced any evil results.

But the combination, a source of worry to the factories and some powder makers—change in primer, low loading density or too much room in the cartridge, very low temperature, and powder at the primer end had combined to produce violent, almost wrecking pressure. Tests run for me at one powder plant showed a rise in pressure of 4500 lbs. or about two tons, when we jarred the powder to the primer end of the cartridge, as against jarring it to the bullet end. And this without considering low temperatures or a change in primers, or the use of nitro-glycerine powder, having still more room in the case, and being more brittle than powder used in this test of ours.

Moral. Because of the many factors which may combine to cause dangerous pressure in a rifle, the hand-loader should not crowd maximum safe pressures. Too many little things he does not appreciate can conspire to make safe pressures suddenly unsafe.

Sixteen
The Episode of the Plinker

Eb Hawkins, hired man to Farmer Jones, suddenly let go the plow handle and slapped the back of his husky left arm, with a naughty word for the deer flies that would bite a chunk right out of a man. His hand came away covered with blood and blood dripped brisky down on the clods. By twisting his upper arm he could see the "fly bite," a little round hole from which the claret was flowing. Then he knew that he had unjustly accused some innocent fly or the entire tribe of flies and would have to look for some other form of insect.

They sent Eb down to the village where old Doc Whistlebreeches said the bullet had stopped against the bone and presently presented it to the aggrieved and somewhat pained Eb, while Farmer Jones set sail in the old Model T to see about things.

Two "quarters" or about a half-mile from the spot of Eb's discomfiture, and on the further side of a patch of woodland, Farmer Jones found three happy plinkers with a .22 rifle and a sack of empty cans for aerial practice.

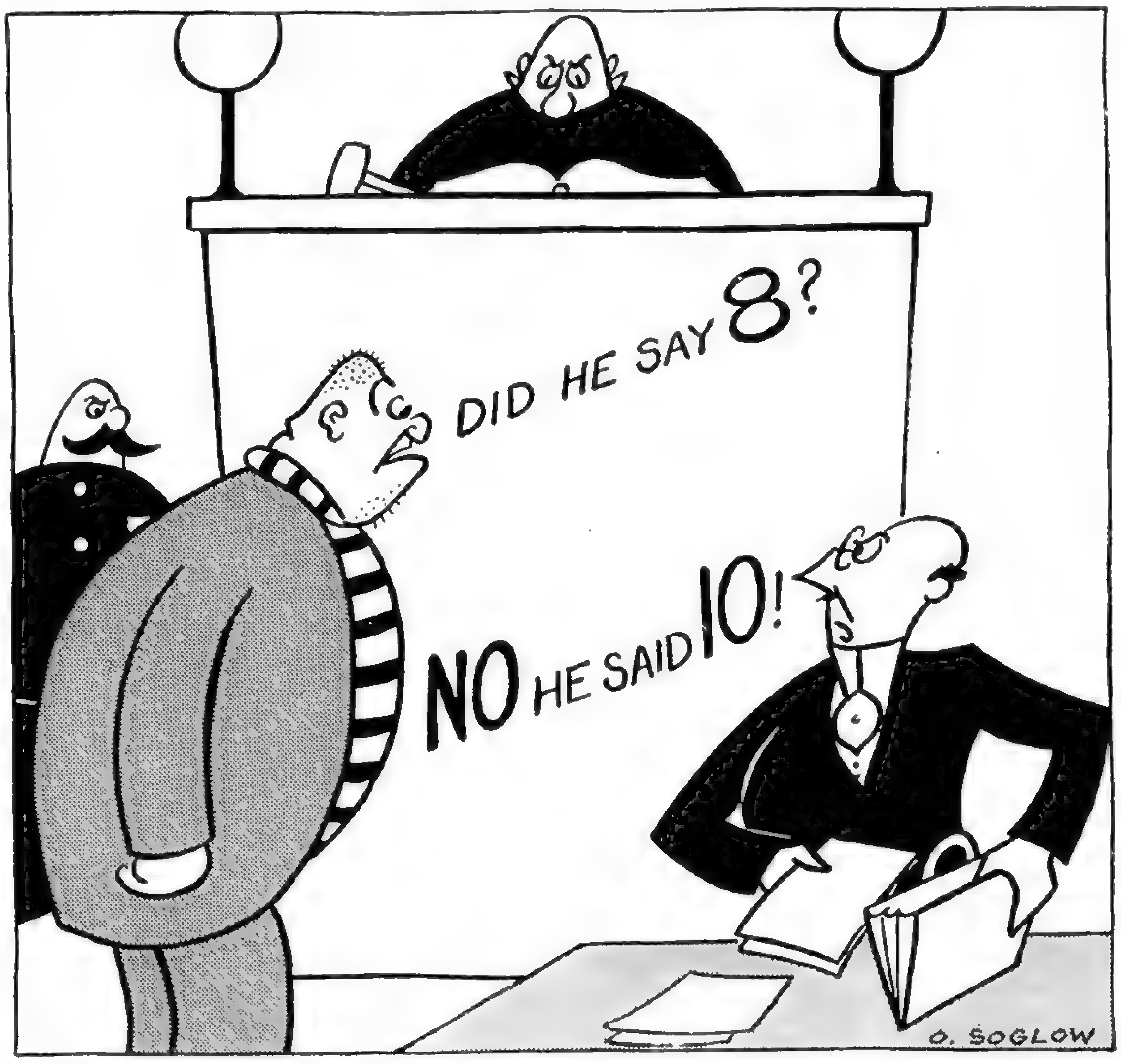
As the farmer watched one of the lads tossed a can into the air, and the one with the rifle shot and missed at a high angle with the earth.

Laid by the heels the three youths, one of them 20 years old, protested that they didn't believe their rifle had hit the far-off Eb, that even their Dads had told them a .22 long rifle wouldn't shoot much farther than a city block. They had checked this, they said, by shooting at a rock about a block away and the bullet hit the ground before it got near the rock.

The reason. Even though the .22 with its low velocity, does travel only a short distance when aimed at about the horizontal, yet this bullet, fired at an angle of about 30 degrees, will travel from 1400 to 1600 yards, which means about 90% of a mile. At a half mile it can produce dangerous wounds.

Moral. When you engage in high angle fire with any sort of a gun except the shotgun, see that there is a safe back-stop, such as a nearby hill, or that the country is unoccupied by man or owned beast for a long distance —and that means the best part of a mile with the .22 long rifle, and two miles with the 30.30 class of rifle. Remember that a .22 long rifle bullet, fired at a bird on a telephone wire, killed a woman in her own yard, some 660 yards away from the shooters. #

CONSIDER THE
AGE AS WELL
AS THE BRAND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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 98

mechanical gadgets, and young composers competed to get the most varieties of noise in a single symphony. It was considered epic.

There were endless battle hymns, paeans of praise for fighting and defense . . . medleys about revolutions, past, present and those to come . . . encouragement for the workers to continue the annihilation of their oppressors. Each detail of the Civil War was hashed over . . . every crime of the Whites was sounded afresh . . .

Later, when the benefits of technocracy dawned on Russian engineers, and all Russia was to be made overnight into a huge Ford factory, a new style of composition came into fashion, based on "a highly developed industrial technique," and known as "constructivism." It was to "reflect the ideology and outlook of the technical workers and keep production and industry constantly in view." For a time every new slogan was set to music; tone poems were constructed out of the Five Year Plan.

After the novelty wore off and these brain-babies died, the classics were revamped. To remove emphasis from its pessimism, a critic proposed to interchange the third and fourth movements of the Tchaikovsky *Pathétique*, so that the *allegro vivo* would come last.

Along about that time, kings and queens were allowed back on the stage. Hamlet was given a gilded crown while he recited "To be or not to be." Little Eva became a crusading young Communist championing the cause of the downtrodden Negro without benefit of Hebben, and King Lear was made over into a symbol of the Tsar's feeble-mindedness.

New stories and libretti with social significance were provided for old operas. Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* became *The Decembrists*, and Puccini's *Tosca* turned into *The Battle of the Commune*. These experiments were given up finally as miscarriages. The music simply would not awaken the proper Revolutionary spirit.

About a year ago, *Pravda* (the official newspaper) gave up the ghost and restored to full favor the classic artistic heritage. It demanded a return to "natural, human music," and charged Shostakovich with "deliberately turning his music inside out, so as not to have it reminiscent of classical opera music . . . so as not to have anything in common with symphonic harmonies or the plain language of music which can be understood *by all*."

At last, after twenty years, the Party remembered Lenin's advice: "The beautiful should be preserved, taken as a model, used as a starting point, even if it is old."

But art leaders in Soviet Russia still claim to hold certain mental reservations about the classics. They accept Bach and Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn—in fact, call them the "fountain-heads of Soviet musical culture." Nevertheless, their works had to be restudied in the light of their socialist content.

By some process of mental sleight-of-hand, good Communists hear in a composition only what pleases them. They take the "brotherhood of man" idea in the *Ninth* symphony of Beethoven without the mysticism. They understand and like Bach's *Passions*, but laugh at the religious thought which inspired them. They enjoy the music of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, but see the appearance of the Commendate as a joke.

"There is no classical work which we can entirely accept," the secretary of the All-Union Committee on Art pontificates. "We listen to Beethoven's symphonies and admire his protesting, his revolutionary spirit, his love for life, but we cannot believe in his mysticism. Likewise, we love Tchaikovsky's beautiful melodies and deep feeling and, while we understand his pessimism, we reject it. It is not for our healthy, strong working people who are intent on building a new Socialist state, and now flushed with the joy of fulfillment."

Every new composition must reflect "the social existence of the proletariat." This is what is lacking in the classics, which revolve around the individualistic fate of a man battling for existence with surrounding society. The Communists find in all art, right up to 1917, the underlying assumption of private property. To them, the most important struggles reflected in great music are not those of man's soul and spirit, which remain the same in all ages. Rather they are those which result from the lack of bread, from man's degradation by that two-legged spider, the capitalist exploiter.

Since the Socialist victory has destroyed the old slavery, the centers governing human actions have changed: "Socialist productive relationships give rise to qualitatively different motives of human behavior. Labor, for instance, which was a heavy and shameful burden, has now become an affair of honor, valor and joy."

They reason: "Socialism has created for the first time in history the conditions necessary to a harmonious synthesis of the social and the personal." The citizen of a Socialist state knows that his destiny is decided by the destiny of the group. Therefore, he demands a new Socialist art which will reflect the changed basis of his mutual relationships with those around him . . . etc., etc.

Literally years are spent in Russia ranting about the proper ideological content of art. The various trade unions of writers, architects, and composers have formal discussions, write papers, and indulge themselves in childish quarrels over labels and tastes. Such confused and laborious thinking is rarely encountered even in Carnegie Hall conversations on music.

At the moment, Soviet composers are engaged in denuding their creations of formalism and naturalism, and outfitting them in *Socialist realism*. Formalistic music, it appears, lacks deep feeling, is over-refined, concerned only with form. It comes, as all corrupt things do, from the West where the idea that gave birth to great art has long been dead. "Instead of Beethoven's conversations with an imaginary God, with destiny and with death, there is nothing left but disintegration of a fabric, interest in what is strange, occult, mad."

The true Bolshevik musician turns away from all this and also from naturalism, which only mirrors daily happenings. He will not be a slave to detail, to what is trivial, and thus miss the meaning of the whole. His motif will contain only Socialist realism . . . a realism filled with the most enchanting optimism, with the dream of a "certain future." He will sing of the "hero-individual," inseparably linked to the masses —and also the "hero-mass," capable of producing the hero-individual. Missing will be the old bourgeois hero inspired by narrow, personal aims, who stood out from the ordinary people. Under Socialism, the ordinary people are the heroes. Gone forever will be the old, demoralized mass of Shostakovich's *Katerina Ismailova*, capable only of diseased, malicious sentiments.

The new art will "unite depth of thought and clarity of form without being primitive. It will communicate to millions of men great philosophical ideas, in a simple and comprehensible language . . . It will exude Socialist realism."

These empty sounds and the confounded bombast about "isms" could be overlooked if only some real stuff were turned out now and then. It isn't, because composers are afraid. They talk to cover up their confusion. No one is free to interpret his ideas in his own way; neither can he be certain of the current "official" teaching. With accountability for political ignorance strict, he does not dare to risk catching an ideological chill.

Absence of impartial criticism only adds to the muddle. Composers are hermetically sealed from foreign comment and see only the Soviet press. *Pravda* itself complained that in these sheets the young Shostakovich received no practical, serious criticism, but only flattery. Ordinary music critics do not express honest opinions. Their editors still fear Siberia.

Visiting foreigners also only praise. Their adverse comments are not printed. A Moscow *Daily News* reporter elicits your statement at the opera, that the production is excellent, the music is mediocre, the orchestration immature, the singers inadequate. Next day the paper leads off with: "The eminent Mr. S. . . . . found the production unsurpassed, the greatest in the world," and more blah, blah. No matter what you have said, it appears in print as an unqualified endorsement of the shaving-ad variety.

A broadcast from Moscow to the United States brought me into speaking acquaintance with the censor. He asked to have a copy of my talk 48 hours beforehand and, knowing that last year an English professor who had planned to say: "The Soviet dramatists are making slow but steady progress," was asked to omit "slow but," I feared the worst. An American specialist who had failed entirely to get into the Moscow station for his own broadcast described how armed guards examined your pass and person when you walked from one studio to the next, somewhat like Sing Sing.

For one reason or another, I had no trouble. My script was finished 4, not 48, hours in advance. And, free day and all, the hard working censor rushed through the job. He did suggest changes, but so tactfully and suavely that one couldn't refuse to make them. He didn't want me to say that the Moscow Art Theatre had introduced the collective idea of acting a drama long before the Bolsheviks applied that conception to every phase of Soviet life. Somehow, such a statement reflected on the Party, seemed to intimate the theatre had the idea first.

He didn't mind in the least if I told the American bourgeoisie that Soviet songs encouraged the worker to overthrow the capitalistic system, to prepare for world victory. In fact, he was much more concerned about the interpretation of my talk inside the Union where English is not spoken, than in its effect in America.

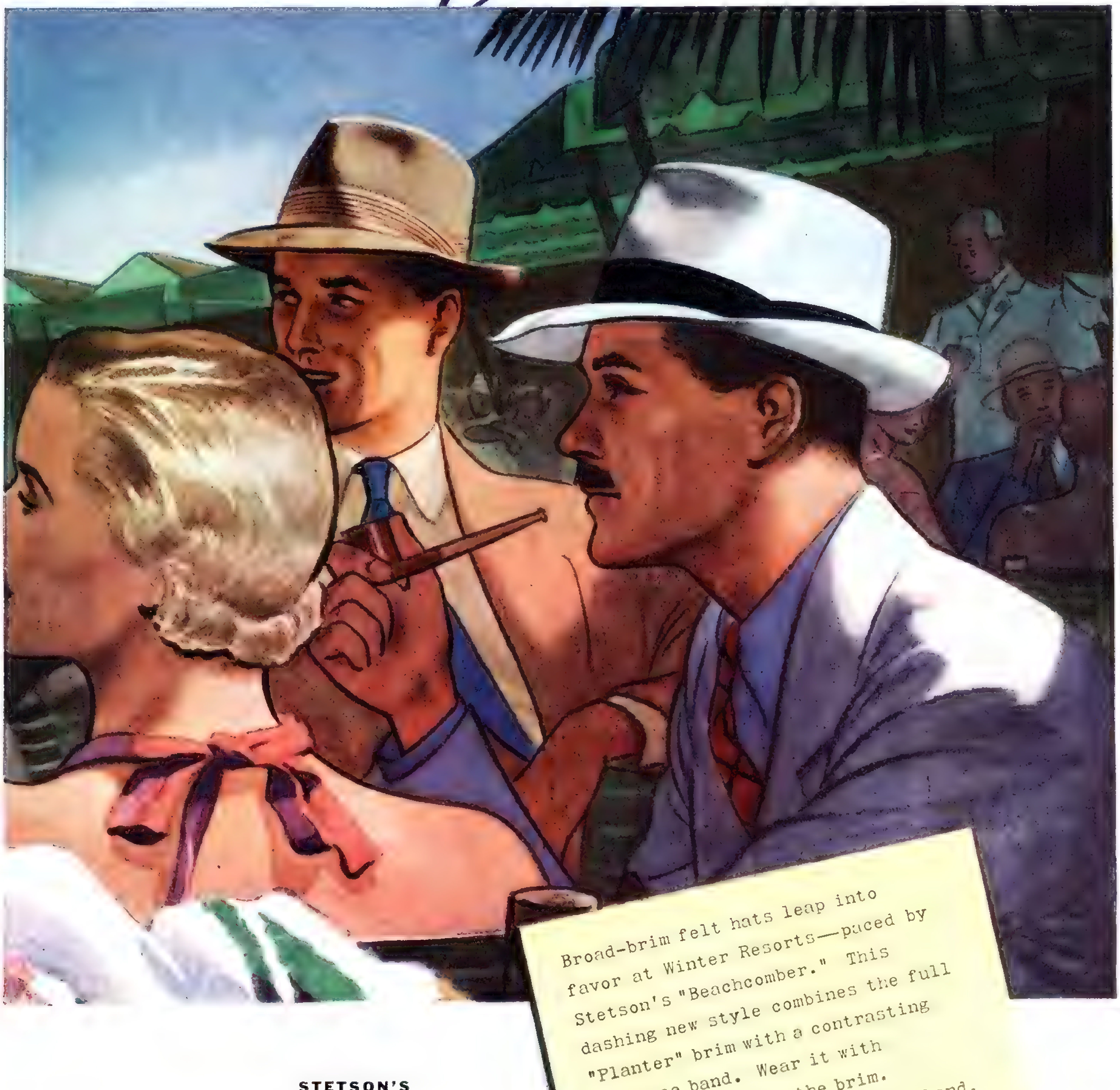
No word from the outside reaches the Russian people, which might, by the remotest stretch of the imagination, reflect any discredit on the leaders, the Party, or the Union. There are periodic waves of self-criticism, and purges led by the Party itself. These call forth a uniform reaction. The press speaks with one voice, showing plainly that the freedom of the press guaranteed to the citizens of the U.S.S.R. by Article 125, Paragraph B, of the new Constitution, does not include the freedom to disagree. Undoubtedly, criticism and its control are left to the Party itself.

* * *

In its recent criticism of music, *Pravda* had much to say that was sensible. It advised Russian

Continued on page 125

NUMBER ONE HAT STYLE *for the Resorts*



Broad-brim felt hats leap into favor at Winter Resorts—paced by Stetson's "Beachcomber." This dashing new style combines the full "Planter" brim with a contrasting Puggaree band. Wear it with pie-crust dents in the brim. Colors shown: Grouse with tan band, Silver with deep blue.

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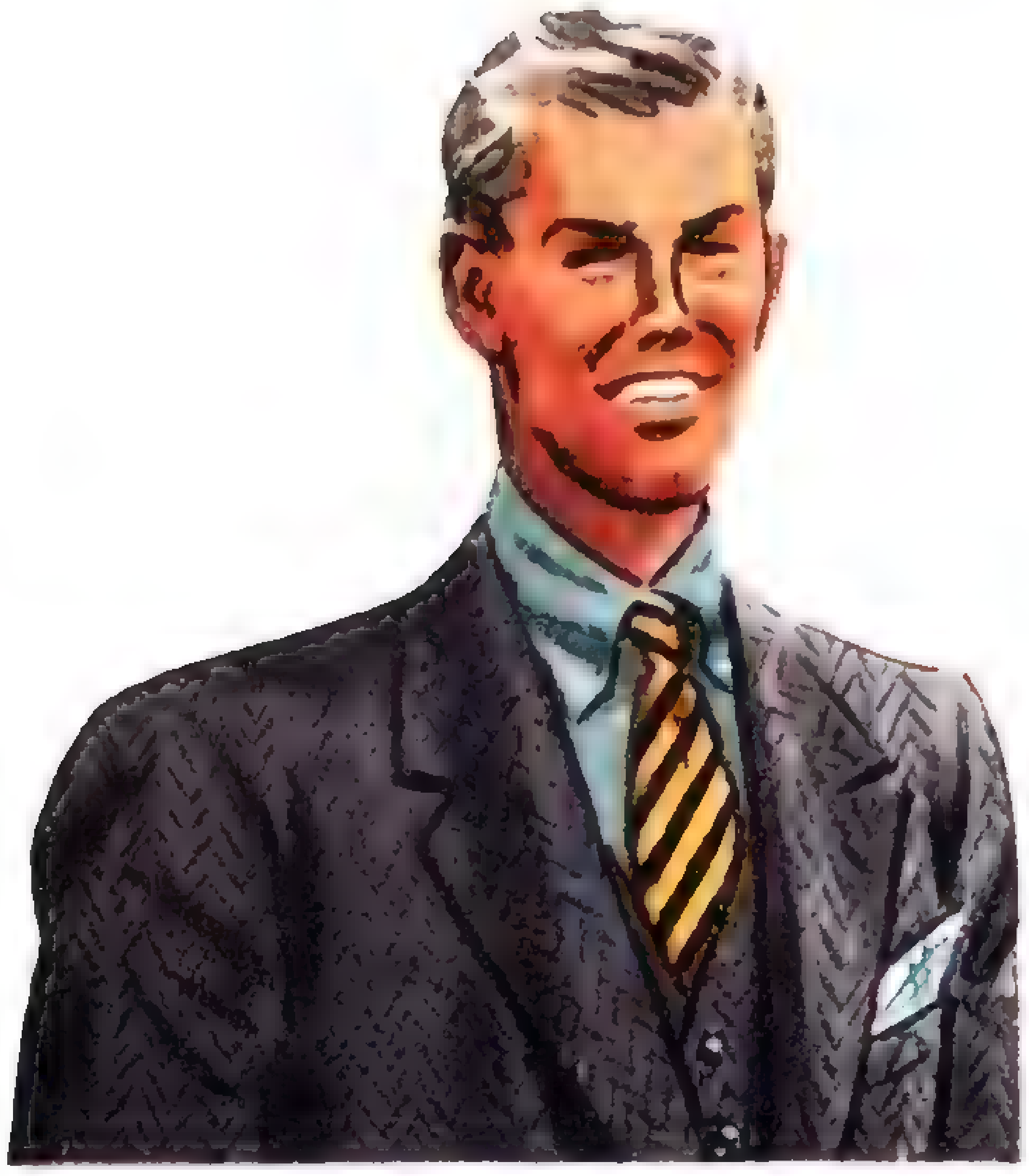
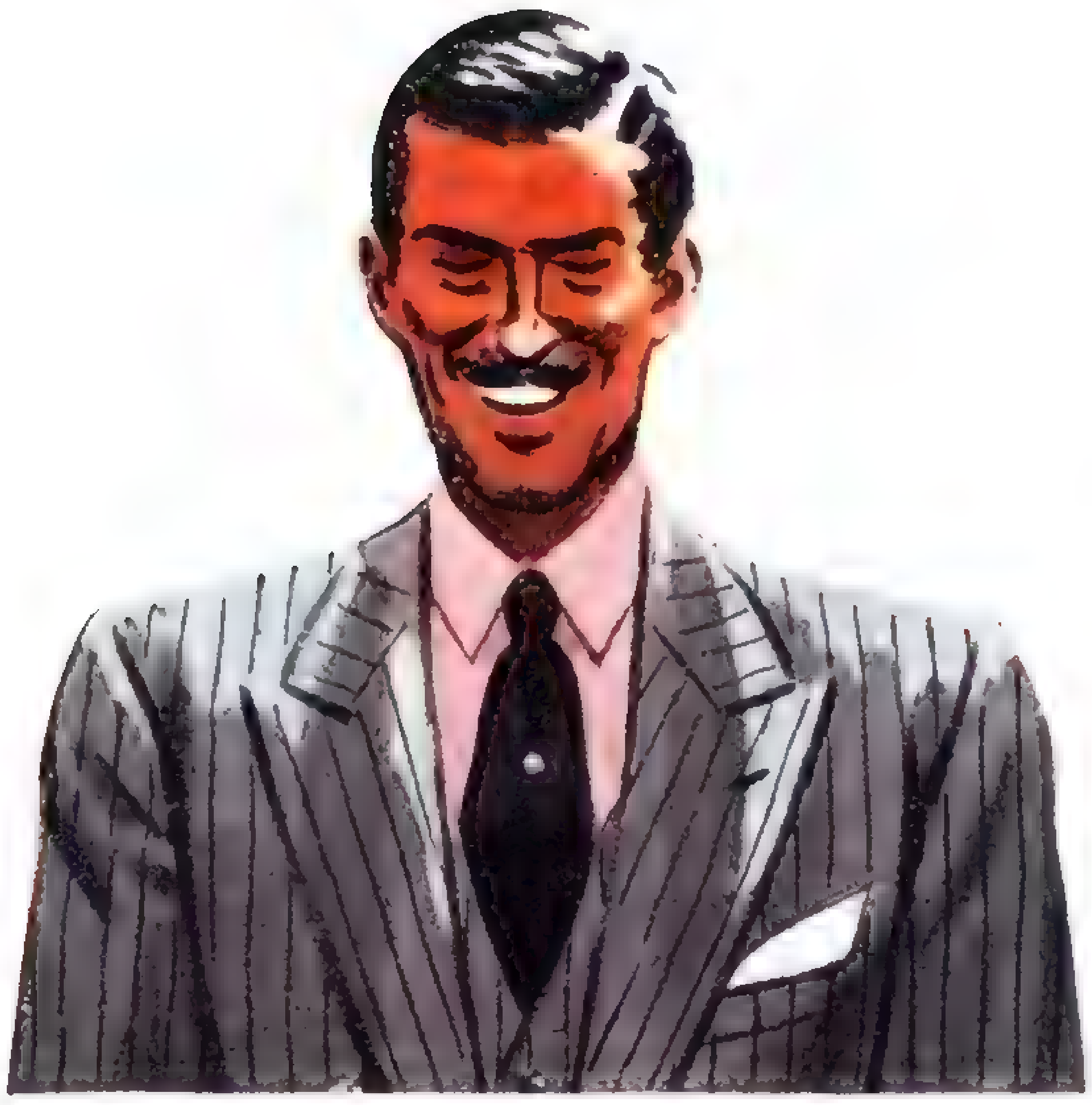
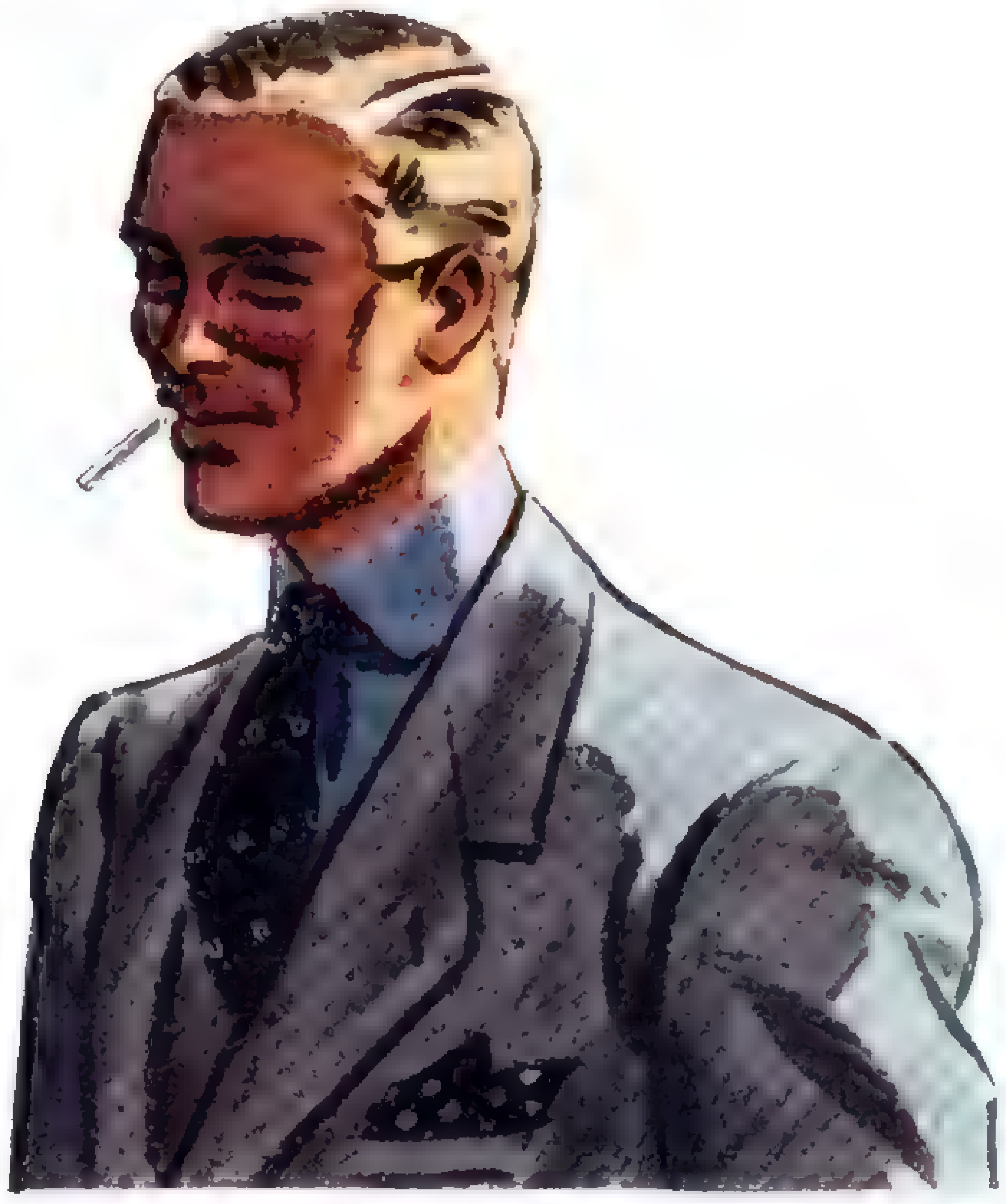




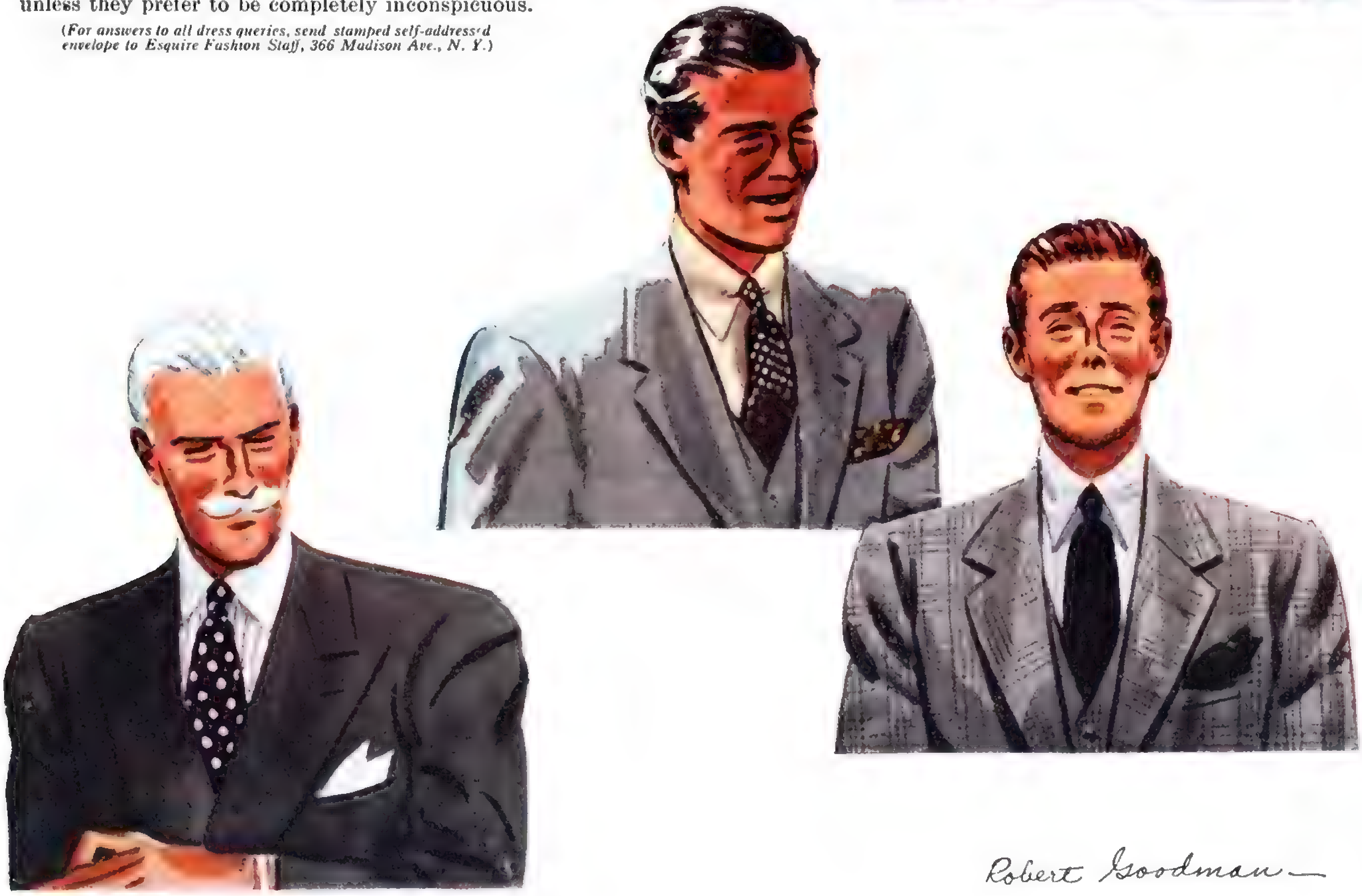


Color Guide for Various Complexions

The fashion for colored shirts continues in favor. However, care should be exercised in the selection of shirts, ties and handkerchiefs of suitable colors. The color combinations suggested here are those best suited to the particular types shown in the accompanying illustration.

Generally, redheads should avoid brilliant colors, with red a danger signal—warm browns, medium greys and grey-greens are good. Fair people have a wider selection in the color range but should avoid light shades of grey, tan and yellow. Dark people have the most latitude (provided the skin is not sallow) and may wear rich colors to advantage. Men with grey and white hair should avoid wearing pale tones unless they prefer to be completely inconspicuous.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Robert Goodman

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 98-122

composers to seek simplicity and folkness in their music, to turn to the masses for inspiration. It called for the genuine voice of the workers to ring out in Soviet song, and implied that the fathers of the art of music had laid lasting foundations on which the proletariat should not be ashamed to build. It asked for that same inner spiritual vitality that the Western world has sought in great art for several centuries. It condemned Shostakovich for copying the "tricks and distortions" of our decadent eccentrics and found, in plain language, almost the same faults with his opera that Mr. Olin Downes did in the New York *Times*, two years ago. It said: "*Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* is crude, primitive, and vulgar. The music croaks and hoots and snorts and pants in order to represent love scenes as naturally as possible. And 'love' in its most vulgar form is daubed all over the opera. The merchant's double bed is the central point on the stage. On it, all the 'problems' are solved."

These frank statements from an authoritative source encouraged impartial observers of Soviet musical life to believe that better times were coming. But the panic that followed was disillusioning. The clumsy frenzy of the underbureaucrats suggested anything but an understanding of the new creed. Critics who only a few months before had praised Shostakovich's opera now reviled it. Singers and regisseurs brought pieces to the newspapers, deriding their own current interpretations and declaring "non-existent" their formalistic and naturalistic achievements. The boards advertised: *Meyerhold against Meyerhold-ism.* Incredible as all this seems, they were on all fours and rolling in the dust.

Composers held special meetings to denounce their past sins and those who didn't come forward were publicly asked to do so. Every artist made a full act of contrition and hastened to baptize his inspiration at the font of Socialist realism. To an outsider, the whole performance resembled nothing so much as "Save Your Soul" week at a Missouri camp revival.

If you asked those who were shouting the loudest hosannahs just what Socialist realism was, they could not explain. "It's music with a tune in it, music that can be whistled" . . . "It's an art expressing a Socialist view of the world by means of a realistic system of imagery" . . . "Melody is the characteristic of Socialist realism, since it contains reality. The recitative represents naturalism," they said.

"Socialist realism engages itself with suggesting in poetic images the reality of the newly created society with its labors, ideas, and dreams, and not backward and arbitrary guesses about it—still less, small-scale emotions and miserable ideas inherited from the epoch of bourgeois decay," said another.

"It is in the form of our time . . . and contains the big, simple and profound feelings of the Socialist man. It has always existed in Soviet Russia, only now we have a name for it. Of course, there is no perfect example that we can point to and say: 'Take it! This is Socialist realism.' But we have works approaching it. Dzerzhinski's *And Quiet Flows the Don* is a good example . . . and every work on our stages expresses in some measure what we mean by Socialist realism . . ."

After five hundred such explanations, each longer than the last, it dawns on you that Socialist realism is Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalin rolled into one. In practice, it's what the Party leaders at any given moment think best for the masses.

* * *

Unfortunately for the composers, the big shots think out loud only now and then, usually *after* something has gone wrong. In between-times the little guys who merely write the music go crazy trying to guess the next pronouncement from the top. Outwardly, they appear calm and announce with a dash of bravado that their coming works contain only the essence of Party doctrine. Inwardly, they are shaking in their collective boots, not knowing which way to jump.

Artists are a beloved class in Russia. Nowhere are they more idolized. But as "soldiers of culture," they are subject to the same discipline as their brothers in the Red army. What makes it dangerous is that their generals don't know where they are going.

Dzerzhinski's opera, *And Quiet Flows the Don*, is taken as a model because word got around that Stalin, present at its first performance in Moscow, liked it. It is a simple, pleasing work with effective moments. There is nothing bizarre, nothing offensive in either the libretto or the music. The orchestration, though mentored by Shostakovich, shows it to be the work of a beginner. To an ordinary individual, unaided by holy Communist zeal, it doesn't appear pregnant with profound inspiration. Nevertheless, as soon as the score is printed, some enterprising impresario should present it in America, as it offers the best contemporary evidence of the direction Soviet composition is taking.

Art officials spend hours trying to convince you that the people themselves discovered this Dzerzhinski opera. This is the bunk. *And Quiet Flows the Don*, though a work that large numbers would enjoy and understand more readily than *Lady Macbeth*, was helped by the support of Party leaders. Its initial success does not reflect any considerable discrimination on the part of the public, which gave Gliere's *Red Poppy* and Shostakovich's ill-fated opus similar acclaim when they were thought to be approved by the higher-ups.

As a matter of fact, the masses have had small opportunity to express their preference. Until recently, tickets were simply handed them. And, with the shortage of entertainment, everything is accepted though not, of course, with equal enthusiasm.

The Soviet government now orders what it is pleased to call democratic art. What is of no use to the toilers cannot be of any aesthetic importance. But for the time being, at least, what is of use to the toilers is decided by the All-Union Committee on Art. Sitting in Moscow, it determines where and to whom State funds shall go, what music shall be written, which operas shall be performed, and, equally important, which will be boosted. It may be that certain soundings are made—undoubtedly, some consideration is given to the reaction of the workers—but the final say is by no means left to the box office. "What the people want, they get" is just so much rhetoric.

Indeed, one hundred sixty million people with a mental age of seven, who have only begun to read and who yesterday were serfs, cannot be expected to decide what art is good for them. They need direction, and direction they get. The dictatorship of the proletariat does not hesitate to give its citizens only the paintings, books, plays and music that it considers good for them.

Next October, on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of the Revolution, a new batch of artworks will be presented. At least ten new operas are expected. Dzerzhinski has chosen another story by Sholokhov, *Soil Upturned*. Shostakovich is working with a libretto based on the Civil War.

Stentich will set the Dos Passos novel, *1919*, which the Bolsheviks, in company with our editor, find a work of great art brilliantly expressing the individual in terms of the times.

Each composer is scraping his guts and giving his utmost in the hope that it will be worthy of the regenerated masses. What they turn out and what luck they have with the Powers, remains to be heard.

* * *

To date, nothing has been created in Soviet music that would appear to have permanent value. Writers of music have concerned themselves with ballyhoo and small talk, with actualities of the moment, the journalism of their art. They make musical posters either because they find it expedient to do so, or because they can do no better.

The level of creative ability in Soviet Russia is not high. No real genius has come forward. Composers manipulate . . . chew their pencils. Their expressions are consciously forced, obviously attempts to satisfy what they are told is the need of the hour. As a result, there is scarcely a single composition that can be said to contain the germ of a really great proletarian ideal, or, what is more important, to be born of an instinctive impulse to express feeling and beauty.

Undoubtedly, the time is not ripe for such things. The blood and terror, the hours of desperate need are too recent. But when the struggle for necessities is ended, when the leisure earned by efficiently exploited natural resources is being enjoyed, a genius may appear who can catch the worker's hopes and aspirations, his sorrows and defeats, and put them in the frame of music which will sing for centuries.

Such a genius will not be content merely to reflect reality, to titillate the mass ear. He will lead, precede reality, in short, blaze the trail and beckon his listeners to follow. He will make his own rules, create his own form. If he explains himself, it will be when he has written, not before. This present system-planning, this laying-out of ideology and trying to fit music to it afterwards, will come to nothing.

It is useless for the Communists to continue deceiving themselves and their people. They cannot command the creative impulse. Genius will not be budgeted on a five-year plan. Stakhanovism will not stimulate composers. No committee has ever written a successful symphony. It can only hope for the vision necessary to recognize a work of genius when it appears.

These ideas are beginning to be understood in Moscow. Certain leaders seem to realize, also, that the utilitarian, bureaucratic existence of the day is not a fertile soil for music.

The Russian Revolution is the most significant event thus far in the 20th century. It undoubtedly contains subjects for great art. But, as always, they lie deep. They are not to be found in carefully selected externals, but in the heart and soul of man.

Amen. #

A Case of Acrophobia

Continued from page 85

though he would only need to think of himself as less than Barrymore and the result would be the same—who if he be so unfortunate as to be forced to take a room in a hotel higher than the second story, spends his entire night lying prone on the floor with his two hands holding tightly to the legs of the bed, in a supreme physical effort to prevent himself from going out of the window. So great is his fear that nothing short of physical strength can save him. Back of his fear is his urge to do away with himself; it is his phobia which saves him. And it is these warring impulses—the desire for death and the fear of the act—that sets up the torn personality resulting in the schizoid state described as phobia.

Case histories of acrophobiacs repeat the same pattern over and over again—fear of height in any of its forms. Institutions which are caring for these mentally disturbed people take great care that the patient is never faced with any problem of height; a flight of stairs can precipitate his condition—it looks to the acrophobiac like the descent into the impenetrable abyss of death. To the phobiac, the floor tilts as though it were slipping from under him to precipitate his body from the window; the roof feels as though it were pouring him away from it; the building itself vibrates to shake him off into space—he can see nothing but his poor defenseless body hurtling through the air to crash, a mangled bloody mass, upon the earth beneath.

A peculiar criminal aberration that in some instances exhibits itself as a variant of acrophobia, is the desire of the phobiac to push someone else out of the window, to give his companion that fatal shove which will send him—or her—off the cliff. The fear of doing this is quite as real to him as is his fear of the height for himself and sets up a very strange schism in his mind impelling him to all sorts of presumably inexplicable acts.

The fear of stairs—climacophobia—bears a close relationship to acrophobia. It is again the fear of falling, of being cast down from a height, coupled with the antagonistic urge for self-destruction. It is undoubtedly based on a conviction of failure; an aggravated inferiority which the victim believes is making him lose caste in the eyes of his fellows; plus a far deeper belief in his own inadequacy. (The common aversion of short-sighted persons to stairways must not be confused with the phobiac's irrational fear. It is only natural that the myopic person who frequently looks beneath his lenses when walking down stairs should feel a fear and hesitancy due to the limitation of his vision.)

Mechanophobia—fear of machinery; here again is a form of phobia usually the result of inadequacy and impotency. The victim fears and loves the power of which the machine is the symbol. The gigantic and effortlessly functioning dynamo exemplifies the strength and ruthlessness he lacks. Bracketed with his diseased symbolism is the phobiac's urge for peace through self-destruction and while this type of suicide is far less usual than the countless instances of people throwing themselves from windows, nevertheless there are any number of recorded cases where men have thrown themselves into the grinding wheels of the machine.

Less is known about a weird and rather horrible form of phobia known as aichmophobia. This expresses itself in an intense abhorrence and fear of sharp and pointed objects. The maladjusted man who from personal conviction or perhaps by reason of the restraining hand of social forces has disregarded or held in a too strict restraint his natural urge for sexual gratification, ends by wishing for death—or castration—to relieve him from the fury of an appetite he is unable to gratify. And so the aichmophobiac fears the cutting edge of the family carving knife for a very obvious reason; he is not quite sure whether or not he will be able to resist the appeal. This form of maladjustment frequently exhibits itself in prisons and asylums; driven to frenzy by enforced sexual inactivity, inmates mutilate themselves with wire, with glass or with their implements of eating. And the aichmophobiac is constantly haunted by the vision of himself committing such an act—either to his own person or perhaps opening the veins of his friend.

Since the appearance of my recent article on phobia, friends and critics have said "You expose these phobias and give up the artist's point of view, but you offer no solution or any help." I feel that this statement can be made by me; I have helped in far more than a general way by unhesitatingly exposing taboos and taking the mystery out of phobias. Plus the hardly less important task of debunking the type of person who likes to boast that he has a phobia—perhaps he thinks it makes him more interesting. More than this the artist cannot be expected to do. There are sound and brilliant psychiatrists available just as there are surgeons and oculists. The world in general knows too little of the contribution men like Dr. Harry Stack Sullivan are making towards the cure of schizophrenia, hitherto considered hopeless; and of the work of men like Kaempf, Brill, Vittels and others in the field of practical psychiatry.

Trick Shots on the Ice

Continued from page 70

the fortunes of the game would let him.

He would skate ahead, pushing the puck with little pats from side to side so quickly that his stick seemed never to leave it, until an opposing player started to reach for it. Then, instead of passing it to a team mate, or swinging wide of the opponent, Bun would suddenly stop the puck, hold it motionless against the blade of his stick, and pivot around it, forward or backward, in loops four to fourteen feet in diameter—while the opponent sped past him safely. He would flip it in the air over the opponent's stick—long lobs or "hoists" are easy to execute with a puck, but short flips aren't—jump over the stick or skate around the opponent and be on his way with the puck again. He would slide the puck against one skate-blade and kick it, either back to the stick or to the other skate, while the opponent's stick thrust out to where the puck should be but wasn't.

Again, instead of stroking the puck, he would switch his stick over it and knock the other player's stick out of the way, meanwhile kicking the puck to right or left or ahead or behind. He would swing the puck to either side, continue the swing until stick and puck were behind his back, and pass laterally—or take a half turn with his body and shoot sidewise, hard and clean—or with a one-handed, wider sweep he would slide the puck behind him and around to the front again.

All this at full speed, remember, with other players trying to stop him with their bodies or take the puck from him with their sticks, and usually he had his head up, not looking at the puck.

It was easy to see why they said he was the greatest trick shot in hockey.

I saw, too, why his tricks struck the other players as funny—they were so unexpected, so apparently the exact opposite of the right thing to do; they all contained the essential element of any joke, surprise. As for example when, suddenly turning and skating backward, he would shoot the puck between his feet in the direction he had been facing, or when, a harder trick, he would carry the puck behind him and shoot it forward between his legs.

And not even these last were purely trick shots, in the sense of being for exhibition purposes only—they were useful devices for outmaneuvering an opponent. Bun was unquestionably the great trick shot of hockey, but unlike the trick specialists of some other sports, he was a great player too, as you probably know and as other players would tell you.

I wanted to ask Bun a question or two about his stick, obviously an important adjunct to his skill, but in so doing, I got to talking with Bill Cook, his brother and the Rangers' coach, and Frank Boucher, the center, who, with the Cooks, formed the all-time greatest forward line in hockey, and with Nels Stewart and Harry Oliver of the New York Americans, and I discovered a curious thing. Not one of them knew how much his stick weighed—they guessed anywhere from 14 to 26 ounces—and some weren't certain of its angle—"lie"!

Now the stick, its length and weight, the angle of the blade and its lay-back, are as important to a hockey player as are the equivalent features of his club to a golfer. Sticks are hand-made, of seasoned rock elm steamed and bent in the squared timber, then sliced and treated with various preparations to further their toughness and resistance to water. Each player has his favorite length—53 inches is the limit, according to the rules, but some players use shorter sticks and some, be it whispered, get away with lengths up to 58 inches—and his favorite lie, both length and lie determined by the player's height and reach and his characteristic position while skating. Joliat, for example, uses a Number 0 lie, so they told me—a very wide angle, the nearest approach to a straight prolongation of the shaft, and Nels Stewart said he thought he used the other extreme, a Number 11, not far from a right angle. Bill Cook and Frank Boucher favor a Number 3 lie, and Bun said he wasn't sure, but he thought his was a Number 3 also. Imagine Kirkwood as uncertain about his clubs!

But there's still more to worry about in a hockey stick. There are right and left handed players, of course—right and left "shots" in hockey parlance—and sticks are made to suit, that is, with the blade laid back slightly on the face that strikes the puck from the forehand. But even the best work of McNeice, Choquette, and the other makers isn't precise enough for careful players, and they whittle and sandpaper and shave to change the angle of the lay-back, and sometimes bend the blade a little to make the forehand face concave. They tape the butt for grip and balance, and the blade to make it hold the puck, and some of them even use what you might call the wrong stick—Bill Cook, for example, is a right shot, but he uses a left shot stick because he thinks its forehand lay-back helps him when he has to shoot backhanded.

With all this particularity, it seemed very curious that the players weren't all certain what lie they used, and had never heard how much their sticks weighed. Of course they didn't think it curious.

Continued at top of page 128

MANHATTAN AND THE MOUNTAINS

. . . a movement springs . . . a newspaper pushes . . . and now it's a matter of he's and she's on skis

A ski used to be something your spoiled-boy neighbor got for Christmas, which the gravure editors showed you on Sundays, and which — outside of the Arctic Norwegians and the equally egregious Austrians, nobody but a Winter Carnival hero or a hardy Canadian ever used.

• • •

Out of Manhattan — of all places Manhattan where the apartment-house aborigines dive from door to taxi to subway to avoid the blasts of a temperate zone winter — there has developed within two years an interest in wintering outdoors so great that a new market has literally grown right out of it. Merchants, manufacturers, railroads, resorts, victuallers and visionaries have all been capitalizing it.

Manhattan, in a word — or six words—has come to the Mountains.

It took Manhattan a while to catch on. It was two years ago — on January 12th, 1935, that a newspaper, the New York Herald Tribune, made so bold as to emphasize that a mid-winter vacation in the North was quite as logical as one in the South, that men (and women) were actually buying clothes both sensible and decorative for invading the northern fastnesses, that there were right ways and wrong ways of booting, trousering and wrapping yourself for snow sports, and that if you did have a yearning to get out in the snow and be playful, you didn't need to suspect yourself of having an igloo complex. This vacation idea, by the way, was voiced at a time when a vacation was something the *other* fellow took . . . .

Neither Manhattan nor Manhattan's morning *Herald Tribune* pioneered this movement in strict historical chronology. It was seven years ago that the first snow train pulled out of the Boston & Maine terminal with 197 people aboard, most of them reasonably sane, and — in subsequent years, to be joined by several thousand other Bostonians. That train is the Mayflower of its day.

The New England rustics have since been sufficiently impressed by the pioneers and those who followed them as to develop all told some 300 miles of down-mountain ski trails — some of them, as in Vermont, functioning from mid-November till May.

Air View of Manhattan—Fairchild

But all that has dropped into the limbo of things that happened when nobody particularly cared. Then somebody within the sacred walls of Saks Fifth Avenue figured astutely that the way to make Manhattan come to the mountains was to give it an easier mountain to come to. So they built a mountain — on stilts — on one of the store's floors, poured borax flakes on their man-made slide, engaged the requisite number of well-travelled, outdoorsy, European-mountain-mad experts, and proceeded to spread the already-planted ski madness all over Manhattan.

What with one thing and another, this finally led to ALL of Manhattan talking about he's and she's on skis, ALL of Manhattan's major department stores devoting important floor areas and major advertising space to the sport and its clothes, ALL the major railroads plugging ski-specials and snow trains and what not (the New Haven even set one up for Juniors on a Saturday morning, experimentally . . . then decided to make it a regular thing and turned the train itself into a playground).

. . . until during the current season, a Winter Sports show has been held in New York's Madison Square Garden featuring nearly every brand of ski jumping, running, turns and such known to man, manufacturing its own snow flurries, and exhibiting — in special booths — all the aids, comforts, clothing, equipment and services that this new sport of riding winter-in-the-raw requires.

Included, and prominent among the exhibitors, was the newspaper which had so much to do with moving Manhattan to the mountains, the newspaper whose famed Harry Cross is a recognized winter sports authority, the newspaper whose intensive coverage of all phases of winter sports has been dictated by the demands of readers who either live where they can enjoy them or have the (now modest) requirements to travel to resorts and spots which offer them.

It is the same newspaper which every Friday through the winter season prints an extended resume of the events which are scheduled for the growing population of winter sports week-enders — with detailed last-minute accounts of snow conditions at the leading resorts, by special wire.

It is the paper whose society pages cover the socially important in the northern winter sport resorts — through special correspondents.

• • •

In these news-flash times, movements are spread by word of print as much as by word of mouth. For news of a new America which has gone forth to conquer the outdoors on skis — as for all other winter sports news — better read the newspaper which helped to move Manhattan to the Mountains—the New York Herald Tribune.

It is the very same paper, by the way, which one-third to one-half a million New Yorkers now prefer every day in every season because *all* its news is sharp, quick, better written.

{Advertisement}

Trick Shots on the Ice

Continued from pages 70-126

"We go by the feel," Bill Cook said, "and we can tell better by that than we could by measuring." And Stewart said: "You can feel the goals in some sticks, and others you can feel are empty." Which was nice and romantic, but still strange.

So I dropped in on Bill Douglass, the expert who sees that the players get the sticks they are used to, and he set everything straight. Lies range from 1 to 10, he said, except for goalers' sticks, which run from 8 to 12, and therefore there were no such lies as 0 and 11 and it wouldn't be correct to say that Joliat and Stewart used them. But their custom was to take their 1's and 10's and bend them further during play, so that 0 and 11 were just about what they used, after all. And Bun Cook, no wonder he wasn't sure what lie he used, said Mr. Douglass. He always got a Number 4, but he rounded off the blade-bottom at the heel and toe so that it was shaped something like a chair-rocker, and there was no lie number to fit it. As for weight, players liked the lightest sticks they could get, barring those so light as to be whippy, and what with taping, weights were bound to vary, and even without tape, identical sticks from the same timber might not weigh the same. Thus all was made clear, and Bill Cook and Stewart seemed more logical, with their talk of "feel."

"Yes, I guess it does take practice," said Bun, as though he had never thought about it before. "I used to practice only three hours a day at first, but that was when I was little—so little that a puck was too heavy for me to handle and I used a barrel bung instead, and I guess that's how I learned to stick-handle by touch. But we had maybe four or five months of ice in the year so it was quite a lot of skating at that. Of course, I didn't play in organized hockey until I was almost nine" (he evidently felt apologetic about such backwardness!) "but later on, when my father and my brothers and I skated together, my mother would lay an old carpet on the floor so that we could come in off the river and eat without taking off our skates, and we spent most of the day on the ice. Yes, I guess it does take practice."

When you see him in action, you believe it. ⧺

A Form of Release

Continued from page 97

the car. He stepped savagely on the starter, raced the motor furiously, sending clouds of smoke from the exhaust. With a grind of the gears he shot the car out before the house. In silence they drove off through the night.

III

When they returned home it was late. The clock in the telegraph office in town had read two-thirty as they passed, but it was fully three before the car swung up the driveway to the house. Duecette stopped at the back terrace to let Yvonne out before driving up to the garage. His head was swimming, he had had too much to drink, and the smoke and heat and dancing . . . Yvonne ran ahead to swing the garage doors open. Duecette hesitated a moment before shifting the car.

The bright floodlights glared full in her face and threw shadows diagonally upwards across her. She looked a little absurd standing there, her long gown touching the wet grass, and the lights throwing weird shadows on her face.

The well behind her loomed tall and dark. "Like a guillotine," thought Duecette. A sudden wind cut through the back trees and blew wildly against her. Her hand moved to her face to keep the hair out of her eyes.

"Hurry, Melvin," she called irritably.

He did not move; his eyes were fastened on her face. She took a step backward impatiently. One of the doors banged shut and she made a move to go forward but stopped suddenly. Through the glaring light and darkness their eyes met. Her hands rose to her throat. She screamed and started to run toward the house. The spell was broken. He shot the car into first, there was a terrific roar of the engine and the car jumped forward. Then a sharp shriek of the brakes, a spasmic jerking, and the car, halfway across the lawn, stood still.

Her body had been thrown against the house. He knew by the terrific impact that she was dead. A few drops of rain spattered against the windshield. He sat numbly for a moment staring through the gleaming drops. It was cruel, he admitted that; it was brutal, bestial; perhaps if he had thought twice he would never have done it. Yet it was done in a rage, and that gone, he felt no emotion, no fear, no regret, only a sense of relief. The windows were blurred with water now, he could no longer see her body. Switching off the lights of the car he sat in darkness.

It was hot and the car reeked of stale smoke. Opening the door he was thankful for the cold wind and rain that swept against his face. He ripped open the clown suit at the neck.

Duecette glanced searchingly through the rain. Yvonne's body sat almost upright against the house, her head to one side, her hair clinging wetly to her face, and her legs ridiculously wide apart.

He sat for a moment longer and then got out. The rain was coming down in torrents and he was soaked the moment he left the car. He reached in and turned on the dim lights and then walked through the wet grass and mud to where she lay. Reaching down he grasped her under the arms and lifted her body. She was still warm and her wet head rolled forward and touched his shoulder. He shuddered and let the dead weight slip from his arms to the ground.

Staggering he climbed the steps to the back verandah, crossed through the house to the living room and sank shivering from the wet and cold onto the couch before the fireplace. Lighting the lamp behind him, Duecette poured himself a large drink from the cut-glass bottle of brandy on the coffee table near by. He gulped it down, it burned his throat and brought tears to his eyes, but it brought a delightful warmth and tingling and he gratefully drank another. A half an hour later, the bottle emptied, he staggered from the house, drunken and half-conscious, his clown suit torn, wet and muddy, in the direction of his wife's body.

IV

The bright sunlight filtered through a crack beneath the blind and formed a glaring trail of dust from the window to the floor. Duecette stirred uneasily in his sleep and then awoke. Lying quietly for a moment he stared at the ceiling. His head throbbed painfully and his eyes smarted from the bright sunlight. On the mantle, the clock, with a slight metallic wheeze, toned out the quarter hour. Six-fifteen. With a dull almost unseeing stare Duecette glanced slowly around the room. A chair was overturned near the door, and on the brick flooring of the fireplace the bottle of brandy was smashed. The broken glass caught the sunlight and splattered it across the ceiling. Duecette, pressing his fingers to his temples until his knuckles grew white, straightened himself to a sitting position. A thin sharp pain jabbed continually through his head.

He ran up the shades and was blind for a moment in the sunlight. A vision of darkness, and rain, and the sound of soft sucking mud around his feet . . . A violent shuddering shook him as he suddenly remembered Yvonne.

"Yvonne!" His voice echoed through the house.

The scream of brakes muffled in wind and rain . . . He groped madly for an explanation. He would say it was an accident, her long gown had tripped her, he had jammed on the brakes but it was too late.

His head was clearing, the pain wasn't as intense, though there was now a gnawing fear within him. He'd carry her body into the house. There was plenty of time to think before calling the police. Perhaps it would be better to call a doctor first. He could profess a wild grief and frustration, refusing to believe she was dead. The doctor would undoubtedly phone for the police. There was the element of time, however. He could say they had left the party at two-thirty, and driven around for several hours through the country. Yvonne complained of not feeling well and thought the air would do her good.

It was near five when they got home. Then the accident occurred. In a stupor of grief and horror he had carried her body into the house and tried to revive her, dropping the bottle of brandy while trying to force some down her throat. Finally he had phoned for the doctor.

The clock struck six-thirty. Duecette straightened the rug and turned up the chair. With a calm deliberation he glanced around the room. Then with a steady, unshaken hand he quietly picked up the phone to call a doctor.

When he replaced the receiver a faint ghost of a smile touched his lips. He stood unmoving, and then turned and walked through the house to the back terrace. The car stood where he had left it, the front wheels buried deep in the mud of the lawn. Yet he took no precaution to move it. Had he not swerved the car trying to avoid her?

Seized with the same repulsion as the night before Duecette could not bring his eyes to look at Yvonne. But he realized that to save himself he would have to carry her body into the house; he glanced along the walk to where her body lay. Was it not inevitable that he should stand staring, quietly, dazedly, his eyes fastened on his own muddy footprints on the walk, on the deep one he had made in the flower bed, on the soft impression in the mud *where the body of his wife had lain?*

In a sickly, almost detached horror, he searched for his footprints on the walk. Wild, drunken imprints that fell from the path now and then, leading past the garage and across the back lawn to the well. From one of the curved beams over the well, wet and soiled, moving slightly in the morning breeze, hung a ragged torn strip of Yvonne's dress. Fascinated, smiling faintly, Duecette approached the well in a movement he did not feel. Leaning over he felt the cold damp air rise from its wet walls. Below was a long falling darkness. ⧺

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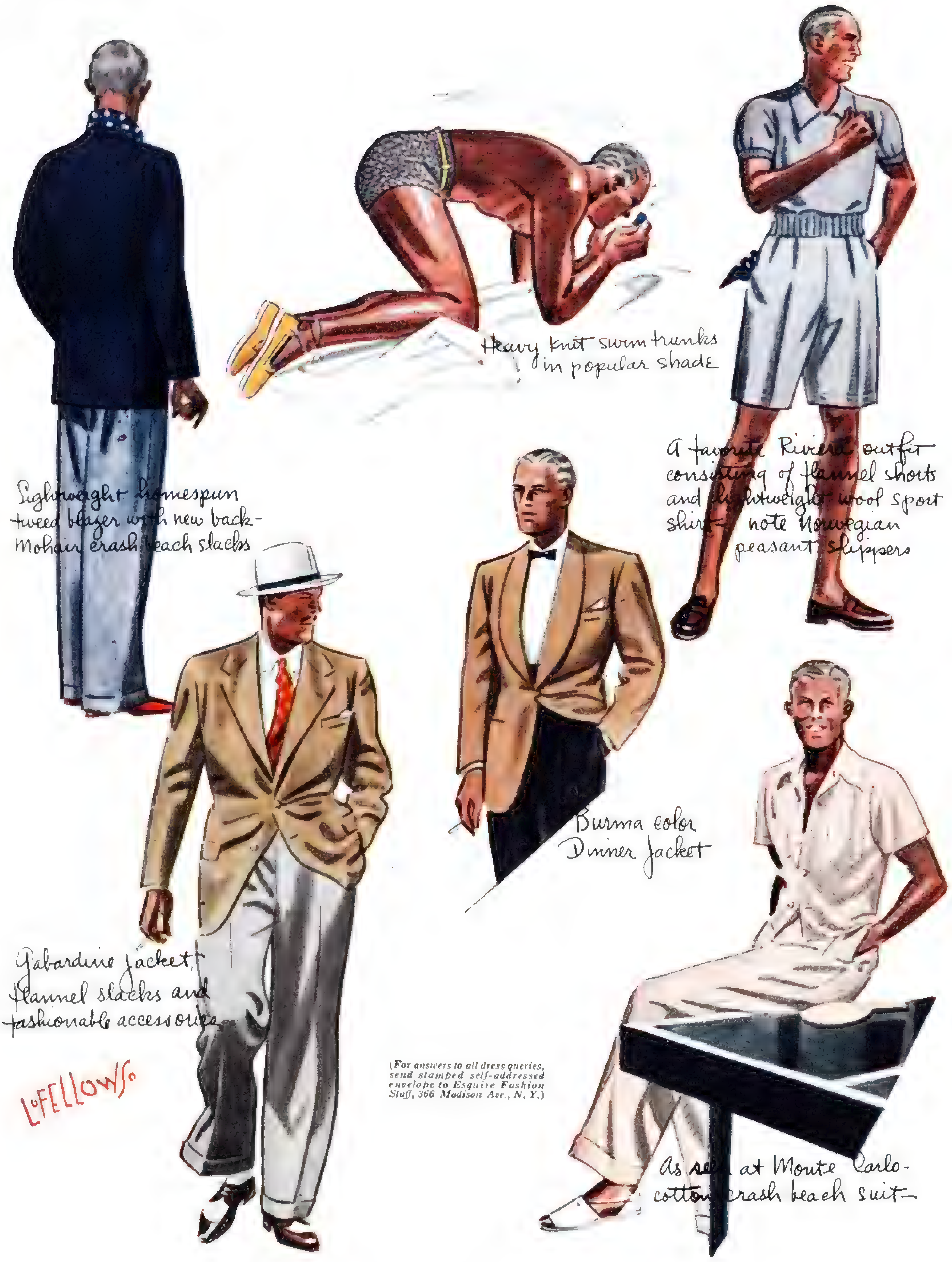

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FOR THE TROPICAL WINTER RESORTS

Three Came Armed

Continued from page 75

"I got tired of the place."

"Sure ya weren't tryin' to duck us?"

"No," she answered truthfully. "I moved because they asked me to."

"'They'?"

"The renting agents."

"Well, ya won't have that trouble any more."

"Not if she behaves herself," said the Young One.

"And ya ain't heard what's goin' on?"

"No."

Max watched her, trying to decide if she were telling the truth or lying.

"You weren't very glad to see us," he said.

"She don't like our crowd," said the Dark One.

"She'd better like it," said the Young One.

"The boys are kinda sore about the way you received us," said Max. "They ain't used to it. From here on you'd better be good—and truthful."

"I'm being truthful," she said.

Max ignored her. "Neva didn't welcome us because she knows all about me—or she thinks she does—ain't that right, Neva?"

She did not answer.

"Neva and me were goin' to do business a couple of years ago, but some of the girls put a wet blanket on the deal. They told her what a tough guy I was to work for."

"She heard wrong," said the Dark One.

"I've never worked for anybody," she said quietly, "only for myself."

"Yeah," said Max. "Neva's exclusive—always made out swell on her own. How much you good for a week now, Neva?"

"It's been pretty bad."

"We can fix that."

"Sure," said the Dark One.

"How much you good for a week?" repeated Max.

"Nothing to what it was two years ago."

"That's no answer. Give us the figures."

She knew what they were getting at; had known when they first appeared at the door, but asked the question hoping faintly she might be wrong: "Why are you so interested, Max?"

He watched her closely. "Don't ya really know, or are ya just plain dumb?"

"She knows all right," said the Dark One.

"Maybe she likes my voice," said Max. "Maybe she wants to *hear* what she already knows." He made a quick movement with his lips, the ashes from the cigar sliding over his coat and onto the floor. "Well, are ya goin' to work for us without any trouble or do we have to—" He stopped speaking, his voice fading into a void as though he had suddenly grown tired.

The fear was now around her heart like a hand, closing upon it with steady pressure: "Why do I have to work for you, Max? You got plenty of girls."

"Sure we got plenty—lots of ones you know too—and before we're through we'll have them all."

"Why do you want so many, Max?"

He moved his body for the first time since entering the room, walking to the large chair where the Dark One sat. The Dark One got quickly to his feet. Max took the chair, still keeping his hands in the pockets, pulling the coat upward around his hips: "To build. We're a company. We got guys workin' for us just like salesmen. They bring business—plenty of business. We take a cut on all that comes in."

"It works like a machine," said the Young One in that high voice, almost as if he were singing the words. His right hand continued to open and close.

"I wouldn't want to work that way," said Neva.

"It's not what *you* want," said the Dark One. "It's what Maxie wants."

"It's a syndicate," said Max. "You know what a syndicate is, Neva?" He didn't wait for her to answer. "Well, that's the way all big businesses are run—and we're Big Business. Tomorrow you can report to Mrs. Dauberts."

The years from the dirty coal mining town in Pennsylvania down to this room suddenly became as clear and as vivid to Neva as the thin straight line which was Max's lips. All the sordidness, waste and hopelessness paraded in bright staccato flashes before her eyes, and this thing they wanted her to do seemed more vile than any of it. Before she had never seemed what she was. She took the ones she wanted and let the others go, and sometimes, the ones let go could have done more for her than the ones accepted. Now they were taking that privilege from her. She could see the gigantic machine the Young One had spoken about. She would become part of that machine which Max with his cold ruthlessness would run furiously until the small parts such as herself would wear away and disintegrate, finally to be discarded and replaced by new ones. But she would remain in the machine until all usefulness was spent. As a part she would crack and break and be patched up time and again, ultimately to journey to an inevitable junk heap where all abused and once-perfect units lie rusting under the skies of many seasons.

This thing could not happen to her. She had saved herself from it too long. The thought made her sick at the stomach. The blood drained slowly from her head, bringing a giddiness, leaving the temples icy cold. Vaguely she knew her mouth was open and heard a voice crying shrilly at a great distance. The voice died brokenly to a low moan. Not until

Continued on page 132

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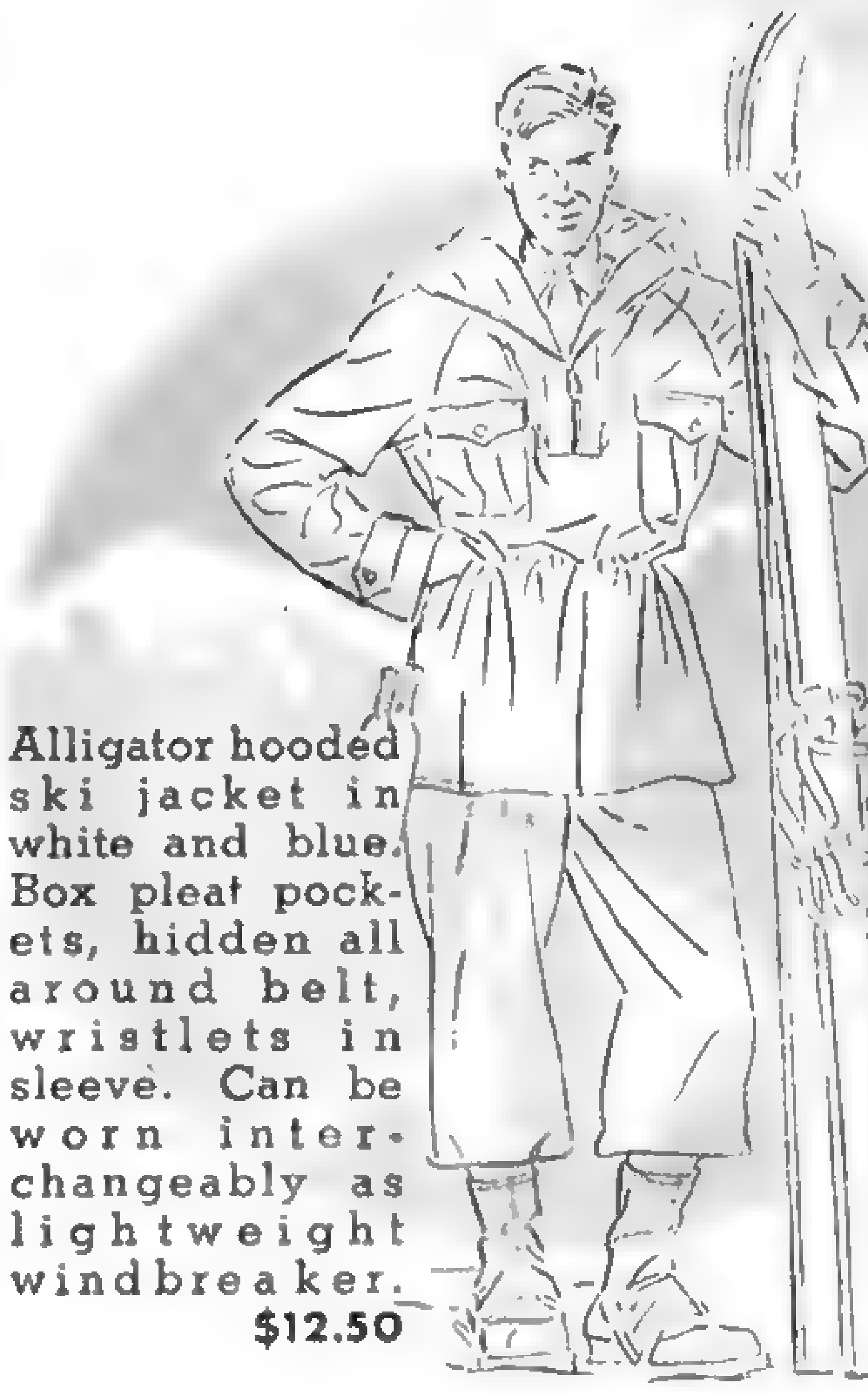

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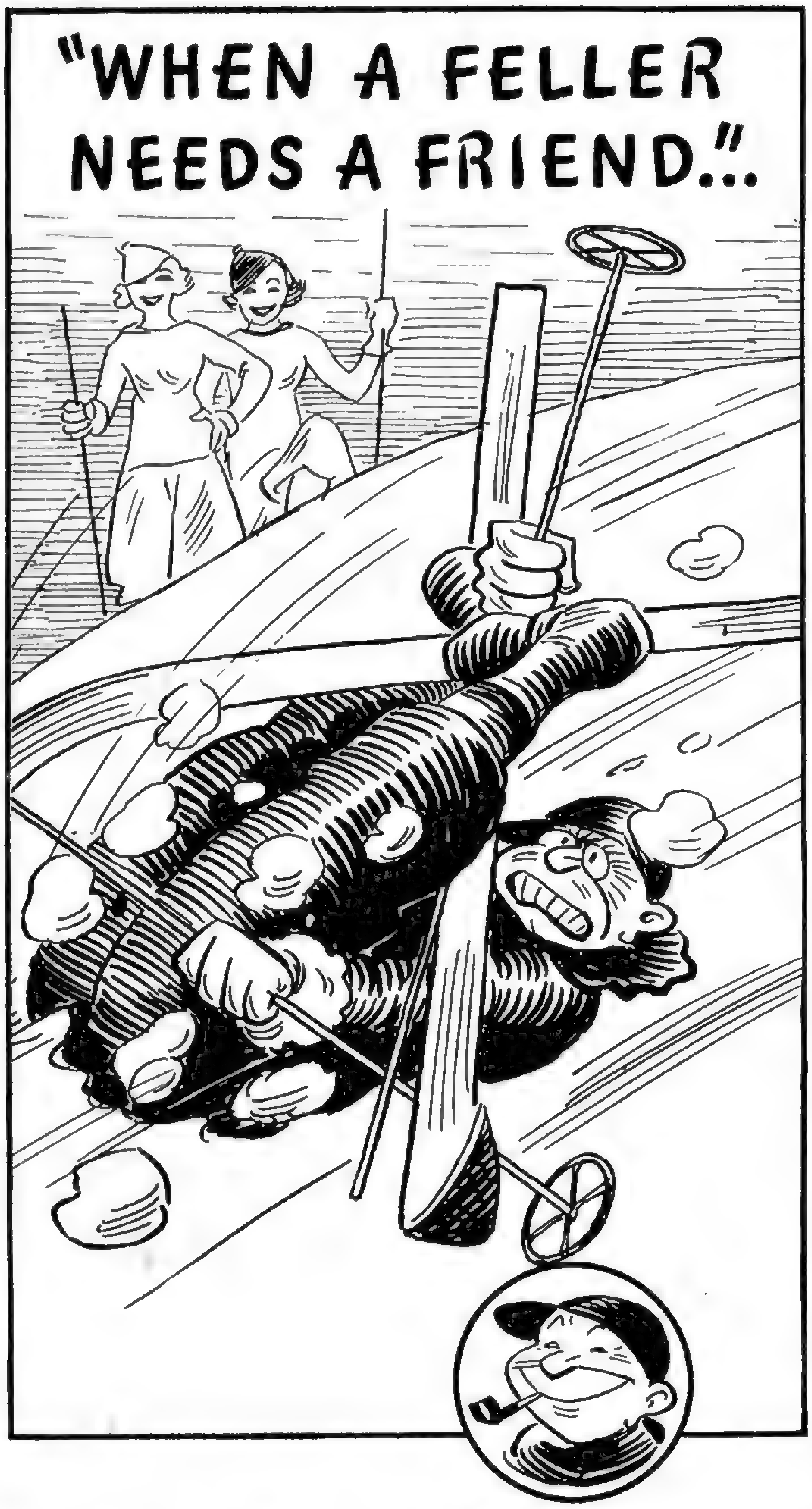
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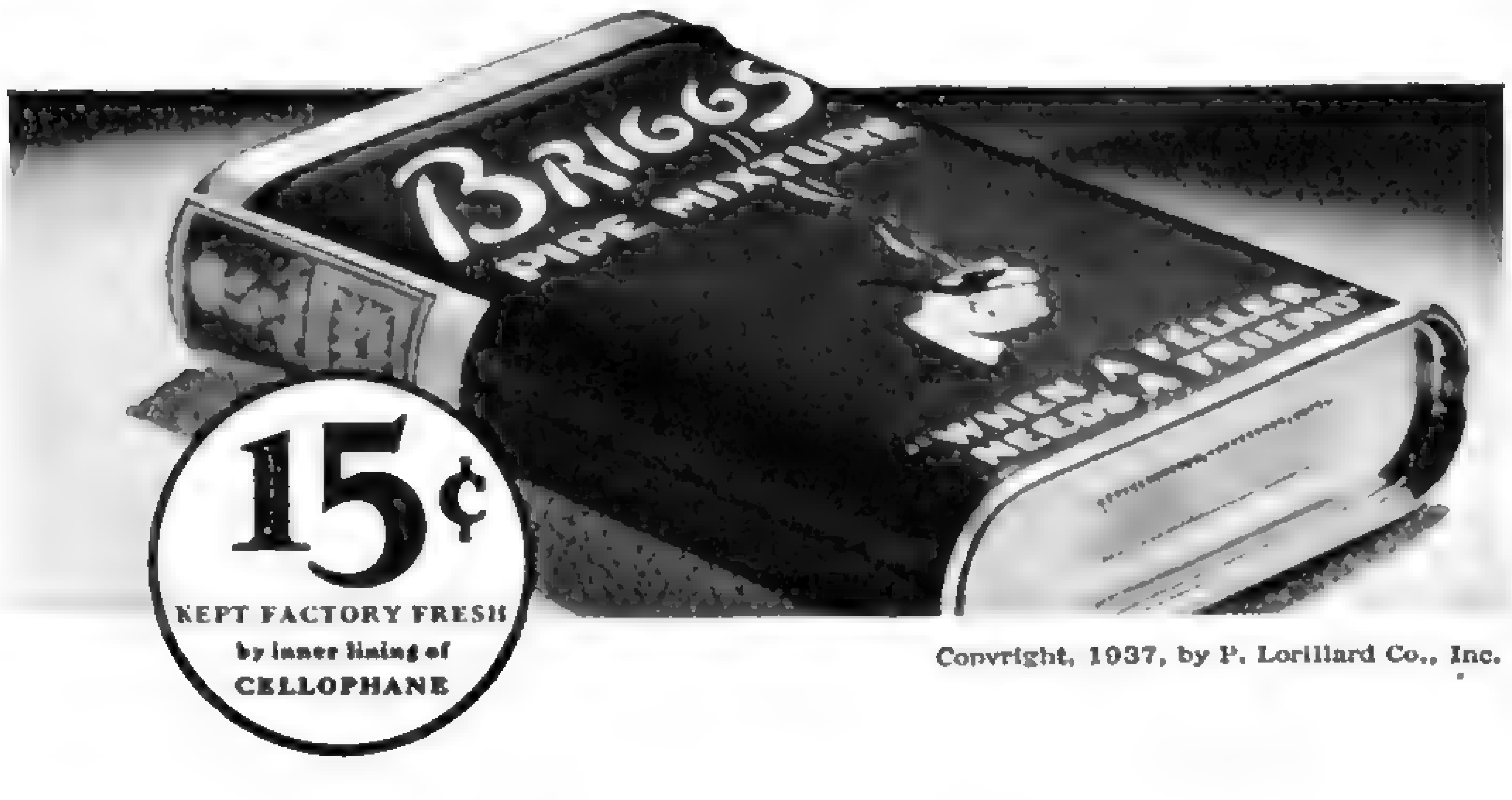

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Three Came Armed

Continued from pages 75-131

they were on their feet, standing close to the divan, did she realize the voice had been her own. Their nearness brought a maddening panic and she was now conscious of the hysteria, but had not the will to check it. Again the desperate screaming swept the room. She saw Max's arm move, the right hand appearing from his pocket. Fascinated she watched the hand, the cries breaking in her throat. It seemed she were yelling frantically, louder than before, but there was no sound. The arm, bent at the elbow, and held slightly away from his waist, was on a direct line with her face. The hand closed. Every movement was deliberate and precise. His fist hung suspended in mid-air, then shot forward like a piston. She did nothing to avoid the blow; only followed it with terror stricken eyes until it landed—a dull thud against her chin. There was no pain or piercing shock, just a sudden release from consciousness.

A continuous slapping brought her back from the brutal momentary forgetfulness. As the blackness cleared she felt the sting of an open hand, first on one side of her face and then on the other. The hand struck with forceful regularity, blindingly, bringing quick flashes of light. Weakly she lifted her own hands, trying to stop the pendulum-like motion.

They were still around her, blocking all else from sight. Each time Max struck the Young One's finger's opened and closed. The Dark One was unmoved, watching it as casually as he would water pouring into a basin. In anger Max's mouth was like a freshly healed gash. She noticed the cigar had burnt close to his lips and wondered why he did not remove it; then wondered still more at herself for having such a thought.

The flashes of light came to an end. Her eyes followed the hand until it was pocket-hidden. She lay quietly, her face hot and throbbing, smarting as though stabbed by a thousand needles.

"We told ya to be good," said Max. "Start that again and the boys will give ya a goin' over you'll never forget." Except for the breathlessness being more pronounced he was the same as when entering the room.

"Maybe we'd better do it any way," said the Young One. "She might forget where Mrs. Dauberts is."

"If she wants to stay in one piece she won't forget," said Max.

"Let's give it to her," urged the Young One.

"Wait 'till she yells again."

"We're running into too much of this kind of trouble," said the Dark One.

"Because these trollops are thick as hell," said the Young One. "They don't know how easy we're makin' it for them. Plenty of business, no trouble with the cops, and if somethin' does go wrong we've got them a bondsman before they're out of the wagon."

"And the best lawyers," said the Dark One. "You tramps don't know when you're well off."

"Yeah," said Max. "You'd better start appreciatin' us. We work like bastards keepin' your noses clean."

The door bell rang, sharp and loud, causing the tension in the room to become like a tightly wound spring. Neva wanted to warn the one beyond the door. Before any cry was uttered the Young One's right hand held her throat in an unbreakable grip, the fingers still for the first time that day. Max moved quietly. He stood close to the door, opening it a few inches, the knob brushing against his coat. They heard the breath leave him, sounding like a balloon that suddenly goes empty. He swung the door wide and moved back into the center of the room.

"It's Pauline the Plant. She's come to tell Neva how the nasty men hurt her Joe."

The Young One released his hold. Pauline remained in the hall. She was a big woman with hennaed hair and washed-out blue eyes. Layers of fat protruded from under the folds of her black woolen dress. She glanced quickly at the three, then looked a long time at Neva. There was no fear in her face, only a weary disgust. She spoke in a deep rough voice, almost bellowing:

"So they had to get tough." She turned to Max. "Why don't you punks act like humans?"

"Get in here and close the door," answered Max. "You sound like a fog horn."

She walked to the divan, sitting beside Neva. "You guys are just plain rotten."

"Now don't you start anything," warned Max.

"Yeah," said the Dark One. "There's too much of you."

"What're you belly achin' about?" asked the Young One. "Max gave Joe a job, didn't he?"

"Yeah," replied Pauline. "He gave him a job."

"What's the matter?" asked the Dark One. "It's what he's always done."

"But only for me," answered Pauline. "Not four or five others."

"Jealous?" asked Max. He turned to the others. "Maybe we were too easy with Joe. It'd be a shame if he didn't like the job."

The fear was now with Pauline, her composure vanishing. Her voice lost some of its hardness. "He likes it all right," she said hurriedly. "He's got no complaint."

"Let's hope he stays that way," said Max.

"He won't cause you any trouble," she said firmly.

"If you care anything about him," said the Dark One, "you'll see to it."

She got up and went into the bathroom, her body rolling from side to side, the flesh quivering

Continued on page 134

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Three Came Armed

Continued from pages- 75-131-132

with each step. Neva lay quietly, one arm thrown across her eyes.

"The Plant lost twenty pounds," said the Young One. "She only weighs 250 now."

The Dark One's laugh was like his voice, thin and hard. "Thank God, there are guys who still go for the big ones."

"You can always use a few like the Plant," said Max. "Plenty of endurance."

Pauline returned to the room, a dampened towel over her arm. She placed it on Neva's face.

"Your pan looks like a beet."

"Don't you get smart," replied the Young One, "or yours will look the same."

"We're all through here," said Max. "Let's get goin'." He moved toward the divan, pulling the towel from Neva, speaking in that slow tired voice: "There better not be any more trouble from you. Be at Mrs. Dauberts tomorrow. And don't try to skip town. It won't do you any good. You, Pauline—quit rubbin' me the wrong way—and see that Joe keeps in line."

The Dark One held the door open. They seemed to blend into a solid mass, passing through the door as one enormous being, Max's small head and long neck rising grotesquely above the bulkiness, the Young One's hand opening and closing jerkily. They left as they had come: dispassionate, callous and impregnable. It had been like this long before police or syndicates or bondsmen. They had walked through centuries, stripping and mocking decency. In this manner they had outraged woman since first she sold man a release from his impatient and unendurable longings. This still room was but one of millions viciously forced by a never ending greed.

Neva wiped her face with the towel, looking bewilderedly at the walls and ceiling, sick with the knowledge that this, or any place, would never be home again. Vaguely she continued to wonder how Max breathed and why the cigar had not burnt his lips.

Pauline sat silently, her barrel-shaped body sagging, breaking the even line of the divan. Her eyes stared fixedly at the rug. She spoke with weariness, as though she were thinking out loud:

"Joe didn't want to do it. He's got me and that's enough. We've had three swell years together—now they come along and say we're working for them. Joe ain't much but he's all I got, and when there was only me it didn't seem so bad. I ain't blaming him. What can you do? They're the power. They got the town sewed up. It's just plain hell!"

The droning of Pauline's voice brought the morbid reality closer to Neva. Its significance was complete. A mirror into the future could not have told her more. A cog in this machine meant more than breaking and being repaired again. It meant a continual torture even when running well: a life of unescapable faces; of being afraid to show you are tired; aching during the hushed nights to be alone in a bed that has felt no other body but your own—crying in the darkness because the Power will not allow you to have any of yourself for yourself. It is true you are what you are, but the Power makes you still another thing. The thing you have been cannot be helped and you do not like or dislike it, and the thing they have made you, you cannot help either but you loathe it like an incurable disease.

The nerves in Neva snapped like a tightly drawn cord. "I won't do it," she screamed. "I won't do it!"

Pauline sat very still, her hands in her lap.

Neva began crying. Not wanting the sobbing to come out she held the towel between her teeth, biting it hard, the muscles along her jaw strained and rigid. Long streams of tears rolled off her face. Her body shook spasmodically. A muffled gasping forced itself through her lips. Pauline glanced once at the red face, distorted from suffering and abuse, then turned away. She wanted to shut out the weeping, to stop her ears and still her heart. This was worse than when they beat Joe and told him she would have to make more money.

Finally the crying ended, leaving only the quick pulsing of her stomach. She got up, straightening the dress upon her body, not looking at Pauline.

"I won't do it," she said with quiet intensity. "I won't do it."

Pauline spoke kindly: "Yes you will. You'll do it all right."

Neva walked to the table, taking the cards from the drawer, shuffling them effortlessly, not realizing what she was doing.

"I won't do it, do you hear? They can't make me do it." She began dealing Canfield, seeming not to look at the cards, an old habit done instinctively and without mistakes. "They got a nerve. Who do they think they are?" The playing continued, red upon black, black upon red, the aces at the top.

Outside night crept softly into the day, stealing what remained of the light. Gradually the cards were played less rapidly, the energy in her running down like a spinning toy slowly losing momentum. The last hour had taken too much from her. The dissipation and small defeats showed nakedly, baring themselves through her anguish. Finally the knowledge that she was playing solitaire penetrated her exhausted mind. Hopelessly she ran both hands over the cards, disarranging them. She sank lower into the chair, a whipped girl, torn and bruised and all hope gone; then looked bitterly at Pauline. Their eyes did not waver. Each knew what the other knew: Tomorrow she would go to Mrs. Dauberts. ⧺

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BLENDED WHISKEY

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Old Schenley Quality Supreme Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are **8** years or more old. 40% straight whiskies, 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains (*[illegible] proof*).

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A SPECIAL GUARD

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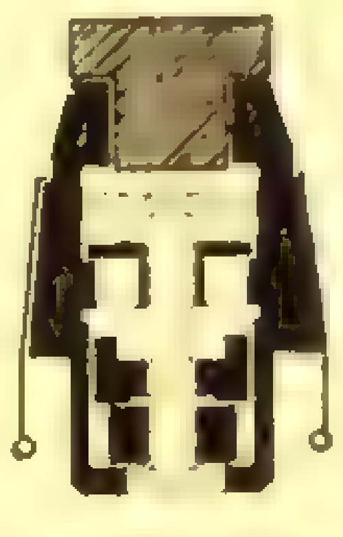

Cross-Section of bottle cap

The patented "Protect-All" bottle—the first satisfactory unrefillable free-pouring bottle—protects you from substitution, and protects the bartender against any unfair suspicion. Ask for a drink of Old Schenley and you get what you ask for. Pour it yourself...and prove it!

*It is Schenley's great reserves of over 20 million dollars worth of aged and aging whiskies which enable The House of Schenley to produce this richly tasteful blend—and to maintain its quality constantly in unfailing supply.

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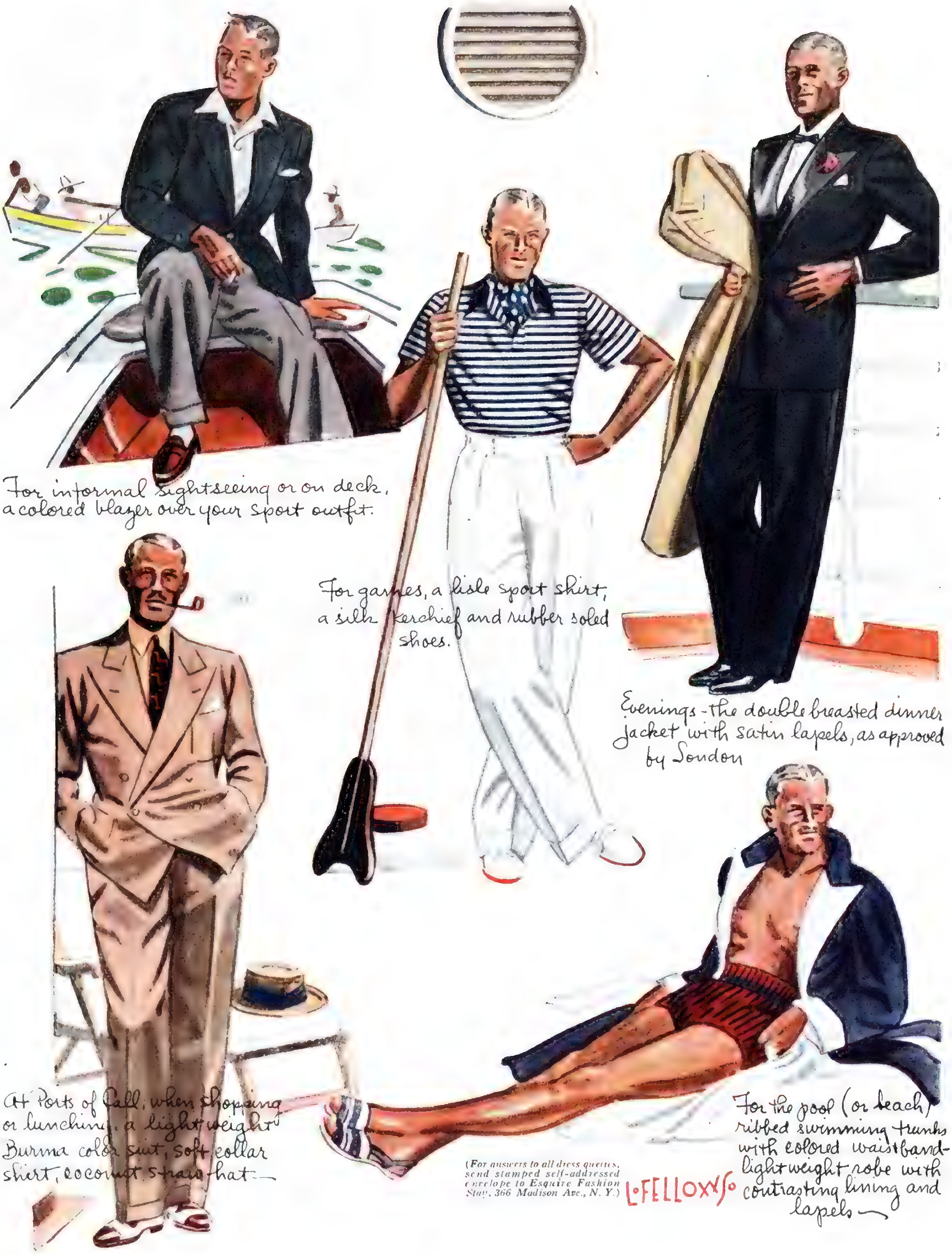
is the name!



For informal sightseeing or on deck, a colored blazer over your sport outfit.

For games, a lisle sport shirt, a silk kerchief and rubber soled shoes.

Evenings – the double breasted dinner jacket with satin lapels, as approved by London

At Ports of Call, when shopping or lunching, a light weight Burma color suit, soft collar shirt, cocoanut straw hat –

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FOR THE WINTER CRUISE WARDROBE

Ten Million Keglers Can't Be Wrong

Continued from page 91

they were experienced performers, not beginners taking lessons. So experienced, indeed, that one of their number—the 14-year-old Mary Jane Hubert (who five years ago was completely paralyzed!) shot a 209 in her opening game! As a matter of fact, the Telephone Company in Chicago has more women bowlers than men: an unusual situation even for a concern with such an extensive feminine payroll.

Close behind Chicago, which has the largest bowling population and the greatest number of alleys of any city, come Detroit, Milwaukee and Cleveland. And although the pastime is of more recent vogue in the Far West, it has spread so speedily there that in many cities it has become a year-round game. In Texas and southern California especially the air conditioning of recreation halls has brought even the golfers inside on the alleys when the blistering sun is too punishing on the links!

New York, where the 1937 ABC Tourney will be held next April in the 212th Regiment Armory, is an active bowling center with its larger establishments open twenty-four hours a day in true Manhattan style. Not only do the stray nighthawks patronize the all night places, but one established bowling league starts its weekly matches at midnight and rolls far into the early morning hours.

Conservative estimates indicate that there are at least 200,000 regular weekly bowlers on Gotham's 2,300 alleys. And while this is impressive in total, it is not nearly as great a *pro rata* bowling population as exists in scores of Western cities. Indeed, the largest bowling establishment in the East is not in New York, as one might expect, but in Philadelphia where 105 alleys are housed under one roof. Even the distinction of operating the largest one-floor plant goes to Washington, D. C., with an outfit of 50 alleys side by side. Pekin, Illinois, is probably the world's greatest bowling town. With a population of 16,000, it boasts of 120 men's teams and 50 women's teams, or a team for every 95 inhabitants.

Expressive as such figures may be, the most illuminating evidence of Mid-western supremacy in bowling is afforded by the famous Brothers' Tournament which has been conducted annually by Fred Tuerk, Sports Editor of the *Peoria Star*, for the past fourteen years. With only blood brothers eligible—and with a population of only 105,000 on which to draw—this Illinois city last year had no less than 1,702 entries in this meet!

So far, to be sure, we have considered only the big pin game which is usually implied by the term "bowling." On the same alleys, however, there are a dozen small pin games which have sprung from the parent sport: duck pins (Babe Ruth's pet game), candle pins and variations on these known as "cocked hat," "quintet," "the battle game," "nine up and nine down," "four back," etc. These games receive nothing but scorn from regular bowlers. Yet it is interesting to note that Boston, our oldest bowling city which once boasted of more alleys than existed in all the rest of the country, has long since deteriorated into a candle pin town to the utter disgust of the 16-pound ballers. Candle pins are tall, skinny pins for which a 6-inch ball is used: duck pins—a small, squatty variety of the regulation pin—also calls for a small ball without finger holes and is very popular down East outside of Boston and along the Atlantic seaboard from Baltimore south.

The whole Eastern territory, however, is subject to much more variation in taste than prevails to the West. Brockton, Massachusetts, for example, in the heart of the candle and duck pin area, is one of the most rabid Ten Pin cities in the country. And Pittsburgh, flanked on all sides by the regulation game, is quite goofy about rubber-band duck pins.

But out West where men and babies teeth on 15-inch pins, the small ball games aren't tolerated and bowling means only one thing: American Ten Pins. This is our own development of the game of Nine Pins which Elmer H. Baumgarten has traced back prior to 1200 A.D.: a logical offspring of the older game of "Lawne Bowles" and originally played on a 12-inch alley outdoors but eventually brought inside because keglers would rather play than issue rain checks. This is the game which Sir Francis Drake refused to leave until completed despite the courier's message that the Spanish Armada had arrived in the English Channel. And this is the game which the early Dutch and English settlers brought to the Colonies, to be played so generally that the austere Puritans promptly barred it by law around the middle of the 17th century.

While that prohibition killed the game in the Northeast, it also spawned the form of pastime which we now know. Some enthusiast, noting that the injunction forbade Nine Pins, blandly added a *tenth* pin to the setup and neatly circumvented the law!

With all its centuries of popularity, however, it wasn't until 1895 that bowling rules and specifications were standardized with the organization of the American Bowling Congress—now boasting over 300,000 members—and under the jurisdiction of this progressive body the game has gone a long, long way from the days of clay alley beds and stone "balls." Modern alleys, expertly fashioned of edge-grained, virgin

Continued on page 138

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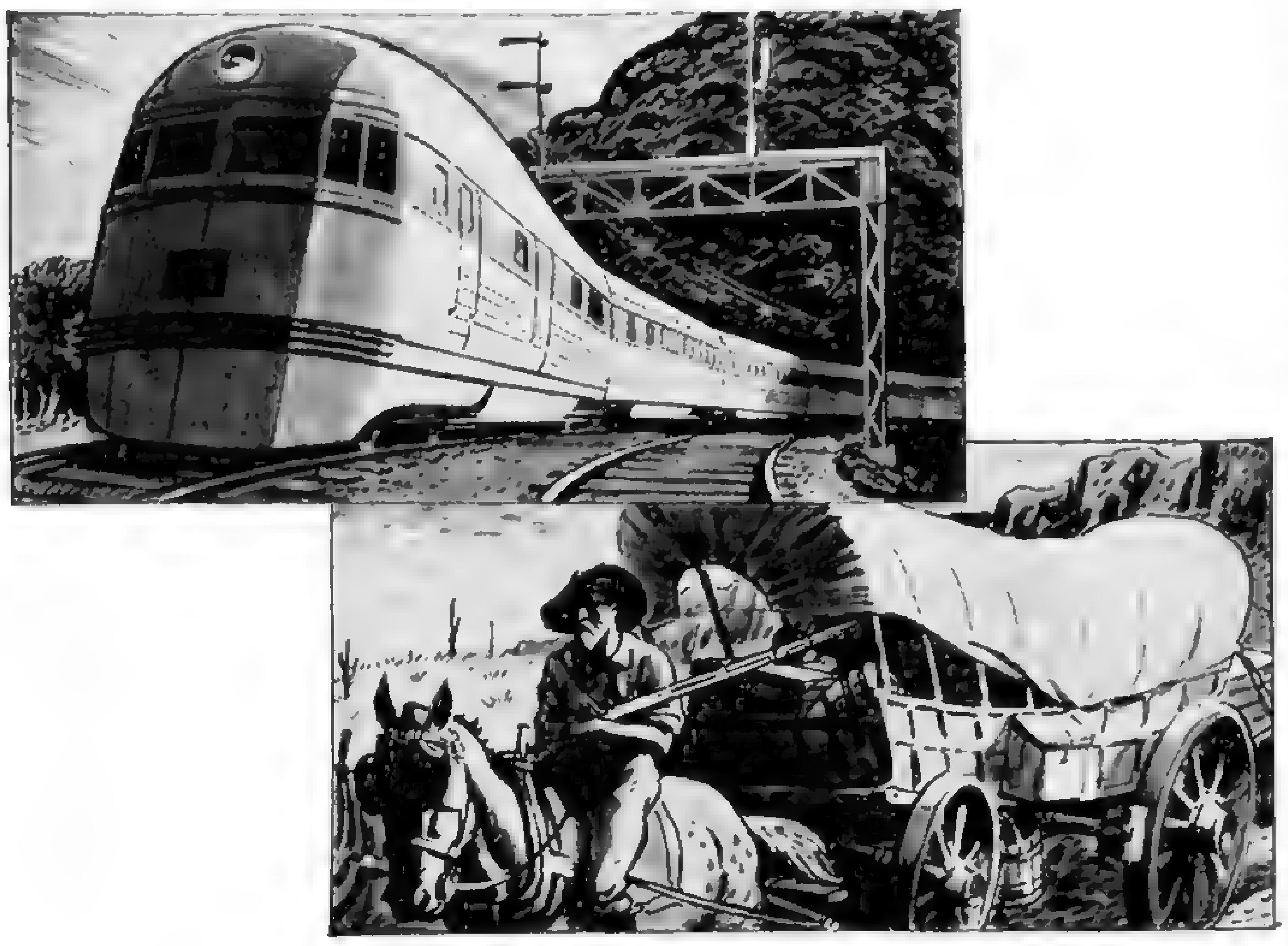

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Ten Million Keglers Can't Be Wrong

Continued from pages 91-137

white rock maple and Georgia pine, cost around $3,000 a pair. After the finest quality of wood is cut, it takes two years to properly treat the pine and three years before the maple is in condition for laying. And with forty-one one-inch boards for each alley, it takes two experienced men about twenty days to put down a bed.

Pins, too, are considerably more than just bottle-shaped chunks of timber. Good pins, guaranteed to last 1,000 games, are made of the finest grade of maple. With only a half-ounce tolerance allowed among the three-pound pins in any set, uniformity is quite important. And with a high resistance to wear equally essential, it is obvious that much skill goes into the manufacture of this equipment. The old adage says that "it takes 150 years to make a bowling pin" since only the butt cut can be used. If the stock is not straight grained, it won't last two games—and even if it meets all the rigid requirements of quality, the wood has to be "cured" for at least eighteen months before it can be turned. In view of all that, $10.50 seems cheap enough for a set of pins that will hold together after being knocked down 20,000 times.

Balls, once wooden but now almost exclusively manufactured of composition materials, cost in the neighborhood of $15 to $17. And since every honest-to-god bowler owns his own ball, one of the most expressive barometers of the sudden rise of bowling is the fact that numerous credit jewelry houses have lately added bowling balls to their merchandise lists. One such concern in Detroit sold no less than $22,000 worth of balls last season!

These shreds of economics are interesting in more ways than one because they add up in a manner quite alien to most athletic pastimes in these high-pressure days. The 32 alleys which were laid expressly for the forty-fourth ABC Tournament in Indianapolis represented an investment of approximately $50,000—an investment, however, which was liquidated at the end of the five weeks' play by the ready resale of the alleys to various recreation establishments.

Quarters large enough to house this tournament (in which only men compete, by the way) cost around $1,000 a week in rent. Yet the interesting thing about it is that this expansive space is not required for spectators but for participants. Indeed, while paid admissions amounted to some $18,000—a laughable "gate" for any other championship contest—the entry fees of the bowlers themselves aggregated $150,000.

Something like $95,000 of this sum was posted as prize money, won, naturally, by a relatively small proportion of the entrants. All of which boils down to the fact that bowling has such a grip on its enthusiasts that fifteen thousand of them travel hundreds of miles at their own expense for the privilege of rolling against 60% of their own cash!

Prize *money?* Yes, bowling has always been a practical sport without any hallucinations about amateurism. Trophies and medals are awarded for outstanding achievements, but cash awards have always been offered under ABC jurisdiction. Thus, while bowling has never been admitted to the sacred circles of the Olympiad—and can never be considered on the same immaculate scale as tennis, whose "amateurs" travel on the fat of the land—it is still an amateur game in the honest sense of the term because its participants are competing mainly for fun. There are no bowlers who earn a living on the alleys, or, indeed, earn a living in some sporting goods store on the strength of their reputations. So the game is strictly in a class by itself.

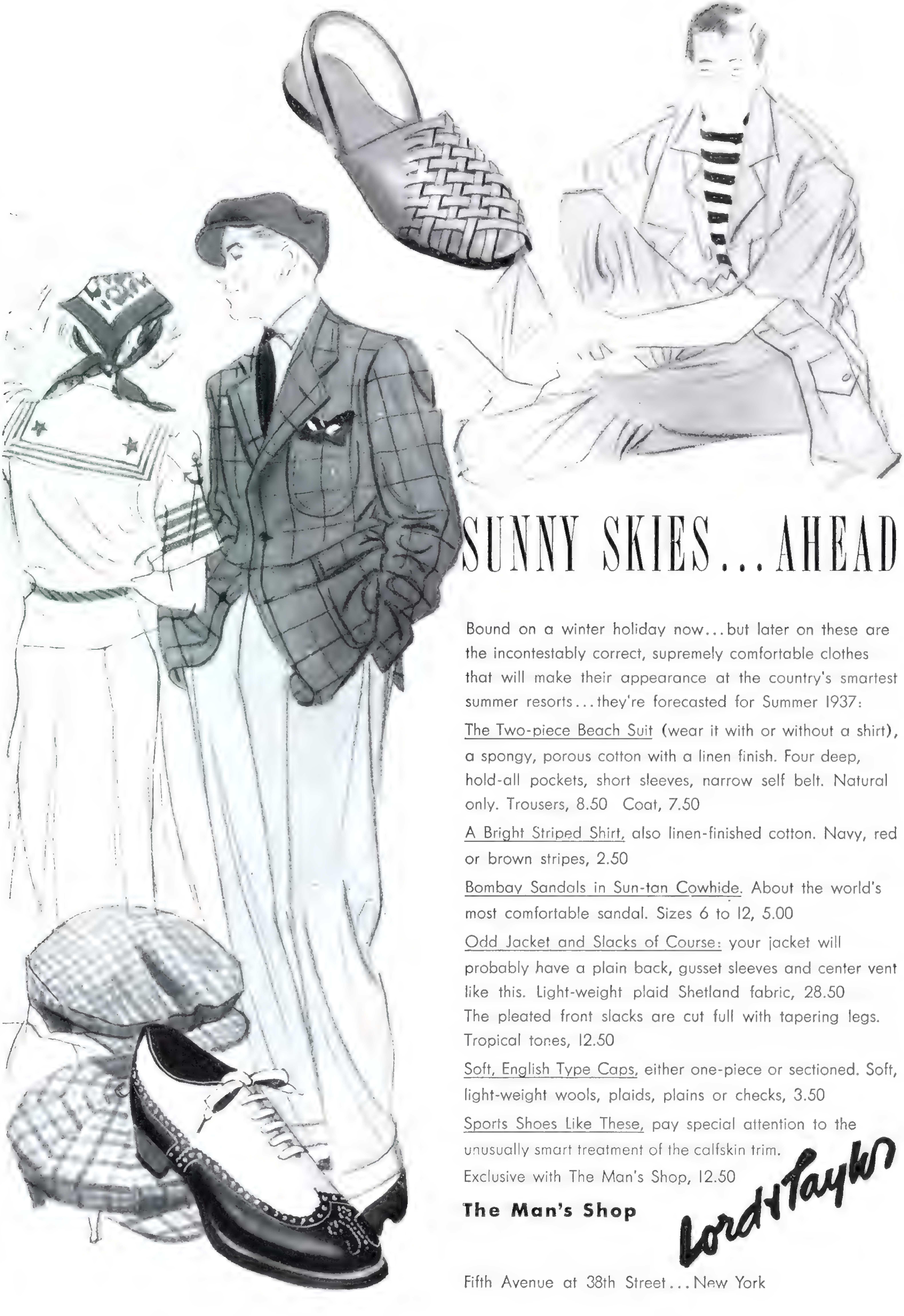
Among the medals awarded by the American Bowling Congress every year are those coveted emblems presented to any bowler who rolls a perfect game under conditions accepted by the governing body. A perfect or 300 game, of course, is a strike (every pin down) on every ball rolled. And in order to put more of a premium on accuracy and control than on the knack of finding the "groove" in some antiquated alley-bed, the ABC requires that in order to gain recognition, a bowler must roll his perfect game on *two* standard alleys, alternating from one to the other each two-ball frame.

Something like par on the golf course, bowling's 300 score is the dream of every kegler. In actual practice, however, a par game of golf is not necessarily a perfect game—scores of pros and good amateurs break par with fair regularity—whereas a 300 score on the alleys is absolutely the best that anybody can do. The fact that the country's 10,000,000 bowlers never roll more than 500 perfect games a season is, perhaps, the ultimate appraisal of this feat.

An average of 200 perfect score medals are awarded each year (the other 300 games being rolled in practice or special matches not sanctioned), and the greatest number held by any individual bowler is eight. This string of decorations belongs to Harry (Hank) Marino, of Milwaukee, who has unquestionably bowled as many more perfect games in practice as he has in regular competition.

Reverting to some previous comments upon the physical requirements for a good bowler, it is interesting here to make a comparison between the outstanding men's star and the foremost woman bowler. Hank Marino's record has been hung up over a

Continued on page 140



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Ten Million Keglers Can't Be Wrong

Continued from pages 91-137-138

twenty-five year period of bowling. In little over half that time a matronly, white-haired woman of Pueblo, Colorado—Mrs. Floretta McCutcheon—has rolled *ten* perfect games.

While this emphasizes the contention that bowling is an ideal game for women, it doesn't by any means imply that many women shoot 300—or that the goal is easy to attain. None of the 15,000 male competitors at Indianapolis last year succeeded in doing it—only one of the 12,000 entrants at Syracuse the year before managed to come through, and that was the first time it had been done at the meet since the 1913 Tournament at Toledo! All of which seems to add further glory to the achievement of Frank Caruana, of Buffalo, who, in a sanctioned, four-game match in 1924, started off by rolling *two* 300 scores in succession and wound up the evening with a 247 and a 268! Bowling on two alleys alternately, remember, not just one.

A bowler's skill is not measured by high scores, however, but by his average score. Top-flight performers average around 190 (150 is considered excellent for a woman's average), yet the constant imminence of a perfect game for any Tom, Dick or Harriet on the alleys is evidenced by the fact that more 300 score medals are awarded bowlers with averages *under* 160 rather than over. In short, bowling offers the reasonably good performer a far better chance than does golf to crash the charmed circle of the elect.

Interesting as a passing observation, this is by no means the sole explanation of bowling's age-old popularity or of its recent sweep into the favor of new circles. Millions of people have frequented the alleys for years for the simple reason that bowling is a swell game. It is good, lusty exercise; it is an ideal vehicle for complete mental relaxation; it is a friendly, neighborly game. Skill is involved, to be sure, but not the exacting skill of golf, the lack of which converts a sport into an embarrassing misery for the novice. For the truth is that bowling can be thoroughly enjoyed with less proficiency than almost any other game you can mention. And the best way to prove that is to watch some newly formed club of women, most of whom never had any athletic training before, having the time of their lives on the alleys despite the fact that three balls out of every four rolled land in the gutter long before they reach the pins!

Then, too, there is enough competition in bowling to make it exciting, yet that competition is not acute in the sense that it is directly physical or even greatly dependent upon physical strength. Two players of widely different muscular development and athletic education can bowl against each other with complete satisfaction. At the annual tournament the contestants' ages range from 18 to 65 and in many sections of the country father and son tournaments are even more popular on the alleys than on the links, and husband and wife can bowl together with infinitely less risk of divorce than they are exposed to at golf!

Being all-inclusive, bowling is easily the most sociable of all games and therein lies its strength. The backbone of the sport in this country are the teams and leagues from offices, factories and mills which have bowled two or three evenings a week for years. Anybody from the boss to the office boy is eligible on equal grounds, and for that simple reason practically every leading concern in the country has fostered bowling as the ideal breeder of improved industrial relations.

The great majority merely stimulate the formation of teams and utilize local public alleys on certain regular evenings. Two nights weekly, for instance, the Bell Laboratories in New York take over 24 alleys in one establishment; in Detroit, employees of the Ternstadt Manufacturing Company take 66 alleys in one establishment for six hours each week. In Newark, New Jersey, the Prudential Insurance Company has 4,000 bowlers among its employees; in various cities the Chrysler Corporation estimates 5,000, and so on.

Something over 150 different corporations have installed alleys in their own properties which run the scale from the U. S. Steel Corporation, to a Wisconsin fox farm with 100 employees. General Electric has 12 alleys in Schenectady alone, 12 more in Fort Wayne, 8 in Cleveland, etc.; in Flint, Michigan, the Industrial Mutual Association, composed chiefly of automotive workers, has 32 alleys in its club house; the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company has at least 18 alleys in five different mines, and so it goes. Starting twenty years ago in a small woolen mill in an isolated city in Michigan, the idea of installing bowling alleys on the plant property has spread until today the largest corporations in the country have joined the ranks.

Already mentioned as an active bowler, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has had no small part in spreading the acceptance of the game for its value in better understanding between employer and employee. One of the first things he did in Pueblo after the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company's notorious labor difficulties some years back was to introduce bowling. And in all Rockefeller interests today—including the Riverside Church with its six alleys!—the game rates ace high.

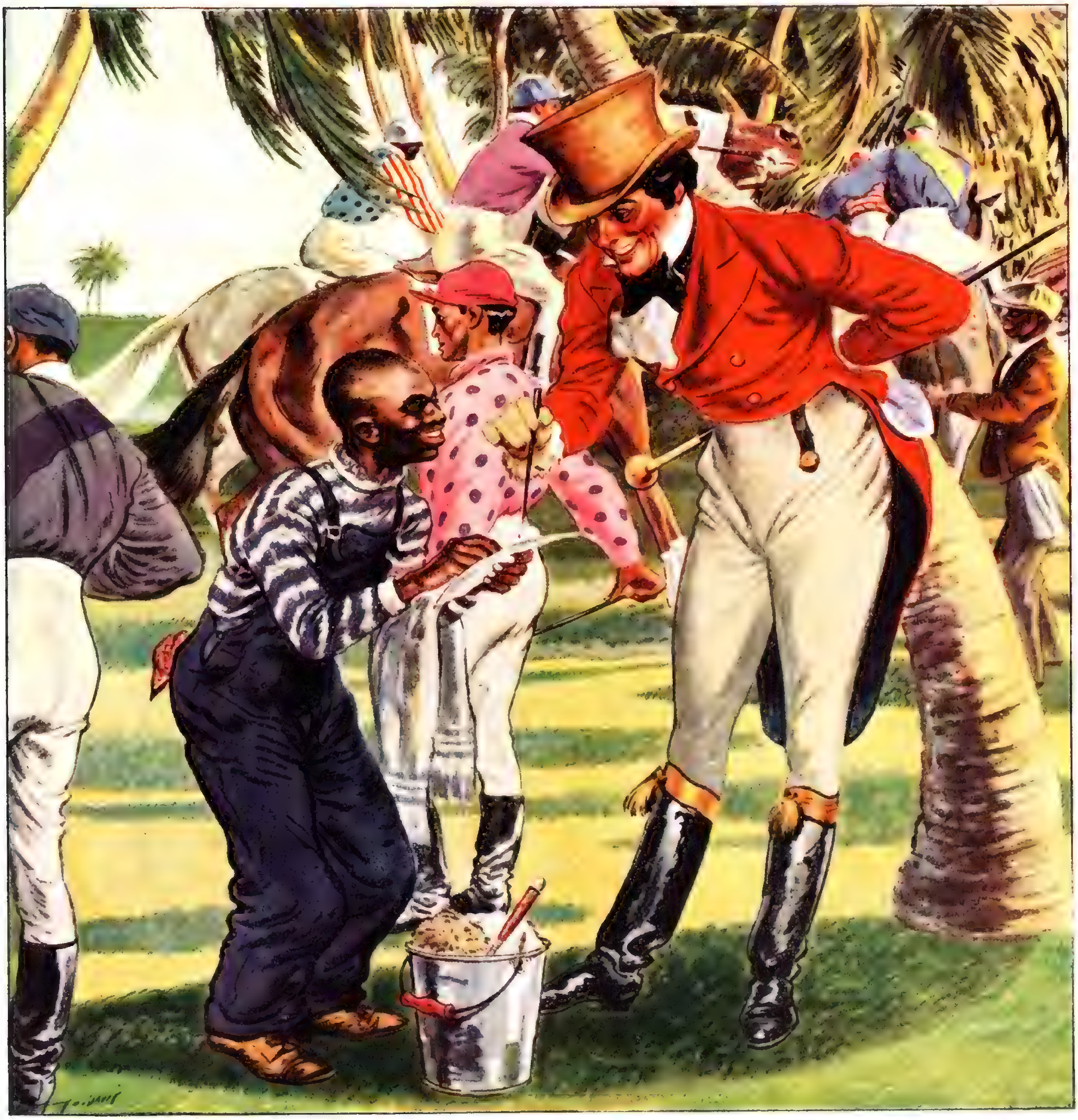
And why shouldn't it? It's that kind of game and, unless you're deaf, dumb and blind, you don't

Continued on page 143

A Pleasant Afternoon with

JOHNNIE WALKER

at the Hialeah Races



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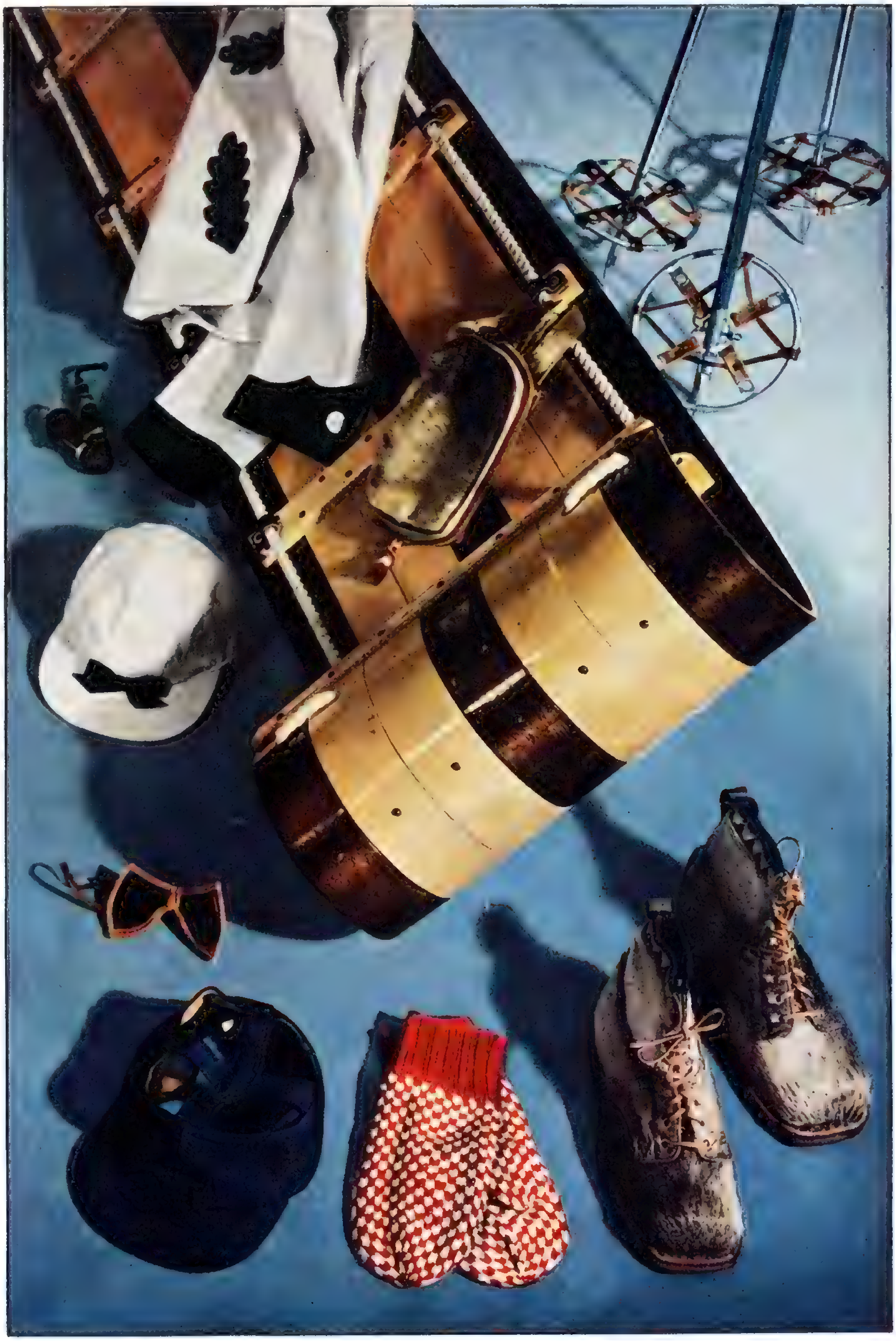

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

PAGING THE COMPLEAT WINTER SPORTSMAN

Except for the Tyrolean jacket of white light weight wool and the carved Austrian peasant pipe, all the items on this page are built for active and efficient participation in winter sports. That is not to say that the jacket and pipe are without their uses, either, because both are considered currently essential, by well dressed sportsmen in the Austrian Tyrol, to the enjoyment of the pleasant lounge sessions after the day's sport. The toboggan sled is the newest version, the ski poles are of colored wood and light weight steel. The sealskin sandwich case, to carry a bit of food or a bar of chocolate as well as the necessary waxes, is equipped with a belt. The white ski cap is the Norwegian model; the blue one has an open top, for use right now abroad or here in the spring. The goggles and mittens are self explanatory. The ski boots are sealskin as originally introduced by the Norwegians.

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Ten Million Keglers Can't Be Wrong

Continued from pages 91-137-138-140

need a broad-minded philanthropist to tell you so. If you like a sport that will test your mettle without breaking your back, try bowling. If you've never bowled before, stop in some alley and watch the old hands perform: they pick up a ball by its finger holes, balance it a moment, swing it behind them in an arm-length arc, and walk smartly up to the foul line with a final genuflection as the ball swings forward. How sweetly it hugs the boards as it hums down the 60-foot stretch—how soul-satisfying the crash of "timber" as the missile shoots into the "1-3 pocket" and thirty pounds of polished lumber are swept helter-skelter into the pit!

Team-mates yowl in unrestrained delight; rivals admonish their man in even louder voices to go and do likewise—and before you know it—you want to peel off your coat and bowl yourself.

When you first try it you may find that the 16-pound ball is too heavy for comfort. So use a light-weight ball: you'll find all weights in the rack. You will also discover that laying the ball down on the boards isn't quite so simple as it looked: usually you heave it and bounce it so awkwardly at first that it wobbles off into the gutter and accomplishes nothing. Unless you are amazingly inept, however, several of your first half-dozen balls will miraculously remain on the alley all the way down to the end. And once you've seen a couple of sturdy pins clonk against each other and then topple off out of sight, you've gotten the taste of blood that will never be completely satiated.

The smart thing to do, of course, is to ask one of the attendants at the alleys to give you some tips—provided you don't personally know some kegler who will be delighted to do that for you. Neither of them will charge you anything (bowlers are like that!) and one or the other will be able to show you how to keep a larger percentage of your balls on the alley bed. They'll emphasize the necessity of the straight arm; the importance of a three or four step approach rather than the flat-footed stance; the advantage of keeping your feet wide apart; the necessity of bending at the hips; the reason for rolling the ball rather than throwing or bouncing it. As you progress they will demonstrate the difference between the "straight cross" and the "hook" delivery; the reason for seeking the "1-3 pocket" rather than aiming flush for the head pin; when to bowl from the left-hand side of the alley rather than the right; how to "shave" a pin when shooting the spare ball on a "railroad," and other things to improve your game.

Even at the start, strikes will come frequently enough to strain your vest buttons, for this is a game peculiarly kind to the novice. As you improve your eye and develop that elusive trinity, timing, rhythm and control, you will find yourself steeped in a pastime which lures you on and on.

Like golf, too, bowling is not physically violent. You'll sleep like a top after three or four games, all right, but there's no danger of overdoing it for one very simple reason: your thumb will get sore from the friction of the finger-grip before you can bowl too long for your own good!

This is one reason why experienced physical directors are placing so much emphasis on bowling in hundreds of high schools throughout the country as well as in an increasing number of girls' schools. It is good exercise—principally because it gives the abdominal muscles a much needed workout—yet it carries its own curb to excess. The famous Bishop Shiel, mainspring of the Chicago C.Y.O., took over no less than 48 bowling alleys for the use of his youngsters. And in Louisville, Kentucky, where a high school league was started last winter with 200 boys, Dr. M. C. Isaac, physical director of the Du Pont Manual Training High School, says, "I think bowling is a wonderful recreational activity, not only for the high school boy but for everyone in general." Now even the faculty members are getting out on the alleys with their pupils, and the obvious virtue of it is that they are all enjoying a game which takes the lot of them off the spectators' benches and puts them on the playing floor. Instead of cheering five, nine or eleven selected fortunates, they are participating themselves, thus meeting the criticism some observer once aimed at athletics in general: "the athlete competes and grows stronger; the weakling looks on and grows weaker."

One reason, of course, is that bowling is a participating rather than a spectator sport—and one which the youth can and will pursue beyond middle age. And the reason why he sticks to it, apart from its adaptability to physique, is the fact that it is a sociable game which carries an easy outlet for pent-up emotions in this age of growing inhibitions.

The average man or woman who bowls may not appreciate the psychological value of the game, but intelligent psychiatrists do and recommend it as a mental relaxation. The former Governor Adams, of Colorado, used to explain his frequent trips to the bowling alleys on the grounds that it was the only readily accessible game which tired his body and rested his mind in a short time. And if one attempted to get at the root of the recent popularity of bowling among the "upper crust," he would inevitably arrive at that conclusion as the explanation.

For entirely beyond the appeal of the game as a game, the critical analyst will see in it something

Continued at top of page 144

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Continued from pages 91-137-138-140-143

which we, who live under increasing pressure, have been mutely crying for. In college we got it easily in gang formation by smashing up the town after the big game—and in adult life many still achieve it by attending conventions, getting marvelously tight and throwing the furniture out of the hotel windows.

In short, the savage in us still rebels at the damnable orderliness of conventional civilization. Individually, we are afraid to flaunt public opinion: in a sympathetic group we are delighted to blow things helter-skelter. Hence the popularity of bowling.

For the essence of bowling is that it permits the most straight-laced citizen to unbend long enough to blast into utter confusion a regimented array of ten neatly arranged objects. A monkey-like pin boy puts them there, row upon row in tantalizing perfection, and for the small price of a quarter you can crash that orderliness into a shambles with a sixteen-pound missile, and win the cheers of your compatriots too!

Verily, bowling is a swell game. And while those who know their business recommend it as a breeder of better industrial relations—and others advocate it as a healthy form of exercise for the immature and the aged—and still others favor it because it is an ideal conditioner for the sedentary—I like it because bowling is the civilized man's last chance to make a hell of a racket without apologizing to a soul! ⧺

Der Bell Don't Make Bump

Continued from page 73

with a seventy-year-old neighbor. Throughout it all her ancient boy friend sat side by side with her husband, so close that their beards almost touched, and it was quite evident that each of the three enjoyed the resultant limelight as a respite from the routine of tobacco culture.

Our heroine possessed a face and figure even plainer than the garments she wore, and the interest value of her story was due to the amazement of her audience that any man could be aroused to frenzy over her charms—not to mention a seventy-year-old cavalier. Doubtless the good woman was bragging a bit when she spoke of the frequency of her misdemeanors, but none of the foregathered felt called upon to question the authenticity of her tale.

As a matter of fact, the Pennsylvania Dutch are not a questioning clan. Any people who can invest implicit faith in the efficacy of the powwow and the potency of hexerei are not likely to cramp the style of an imaginative story teller. Their credulity is seldom if ever stretched to the breaking point, as was illustrated some years ago in the case of a loving young couple from Berks County.

These newlyweds decided to visit Niagara Falls on their honeymoon, an almost unprecedented procedure, and after they had been forgiven for their extravagance and "worldliness," they settled down to a life of simplicity and uninterrupted domestic tranquillity. In due course, a baby was born and you can picture the astonishment and interest of the neighbors when the infant's skin proved to be several shades darker than that of Joe Louis and its hair infinitely more kinky.

The mystery was quickly cleared when the bride explained she had been "hexed" by a Negro porter en route to the Falls—an explanation that has held water throughout the years.

The naïve attitude of the Pennsylvania Dutch towards bundling and other whimsical customs has resulted in a somewhat startling number of young born out of wedlock. So common is this that the stigma of illegitimacy is virtually nonexistent. But for members of their own sect, the practical Amish have instituted a counter-irritant which serves an excellent purpose in limiting the number of fatherless hexers. This is known as the Amish wedding season, a roundup of young Amish bucks and those of their lasses who show by their smoldering eyes, swollen lips, or other outward indications, that they are more than ready to be united in holy wedlock.

To save overhead, such weddings are performed on a wholesale scale. The minister is "hired" by the week and marries not one, but several dozen couples; nor can the lovelorn choose July or some other "sissified" month, for in order to remain in the good graces of their elders, they must be made "man and woman" during the regular mating term, which comes during the coldest period of the year and is now in full swing.

The reason behind this, as in most Amish reasoning, is practical. It is based upon the theory that any young couple which can, during zero weather, maintain the high temperature so necessary to mutually comfortable bundling, will encounter little difficulty in continuing their ardor during the more favorable months of spring and summer, when the birds are twittering, the skies are smiling and the corn, potato, tobacco and cabbage plants are sprouting.

Food is undoubtedly the feature at these happy gatherings. Only at funerals are similar repasts placed before the guests, and it is a moot question which an Amishman would rather attend.

One hundred pies are a minimum at an Amish wedding feast. And cookies are there by the washbasketful. The services begin in the morning—after which there is a rush for the festive board.

Roast chicken, turkey, goose or

Continued on page 146

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Der Bell Don't Make Bump

Continued from pages 73-144

duck (frequently all four) comprise the main dish of the noonday meal, which is called the "first" dinner—the reason for the designation being a series of other and lesser dinners during the afternoon, to be followed by a series of suppers which continue until morning. Your Amishman is a gourmand rather than a gourmet and every emphasis is placed upon the note of abundance.

The meats are surrounded by an endless variety of vegetables: stewed corn and cabbage, "heimgemachta" beans and sauerkraut; cup cheese and schmierkase, sowbelly and pickles—in short, anything and everything to make one writhe in anticipatory delight. And the dessert is invariably pie!

But this is no ordinary slice of pie, for each Amish guest is expected to consume at least one complete pie. Nor is this a shallow bit of pastry such as you might find at your corner confectionery, but instead a deep dish affair with a two-inch center of custard, pumpkin, apple, "srumbundt-molasses" or help yourself! And pity the soul who leaves a bit of crust upon his plate and encounters the aggregate scorn of the assembled Amish.

The young, which will include the bride and groom whatever their ages, eat first, and here again we find the sound logic of Amish reasoning. For do not the young of all creatures eat faster than the old? Do not young pigs reach the feed trough ahead of the sow, and will not a calf nurse its mother before the cow is led to pasture? Not that the older Amish are pikers in the art of bolting huge quantities of food, but years of experience at marriage and funeral feasts have imparted their degree of discretion.

After an hour or more at the "first table," the young Amish breathe heavily, labor to their feet and stagger outdoors, there to indulge in various games and pastimes, such as "three-deep," and "drop the handkerchief," and to perform traditional pranks of the sect. One of these requires the single men to throw the groom over a fence, gate or post, as a gesture that he has left their ranks, and the victim is almost invariably too stupefied with food to put up any sort of resistance.

Meantime, the elders proceed to gorge themselves in more sedate and solemn fashion. Their noonday marriage meal usually endures from an hour and a half to two hours, when it is considered high time to call back the youngsters.

The second meal is stewed, the third fried and the fourth a buffet affair of assorted methods of preparation, after which recess periods are abandoned and the eating becomes continuous. Before the setting of the sun, the chickens and ducks and other livestock, gather about the kitchen door for the crumbs, but the feasting in the Amish home goes on and on and on—long after the lesser animals have waddled to their roosts.

These intriguing people put most things in reverse. They recall the future complacently and look forward with resignation to the past. Last year's flood was caused by this year's drought. And a hexer will breathe a curse upon his neighbor today which will be held responsible for the death of the latter's cow six months earlier. The workings of their mental processes are beyond ordinary understanding.

"Eferybody vill had der misery from der bones some time oder later," a patriarch of the tobacco fields told this writer, "but it should been as it vas." An observation so profound as to discourage reply.

Scattered among them are hundreds of "powwow doctors," whose business it is not only to cure such simple maladies as erysipelas, goiter, rheumatism and dropsy, but also to treat obscure ailments peculiar to the Pennsylvania Dutch—afflictions such as the "abnemen" or "waste" and "Devil sores," with which mere medical science is unable to cope.

These doctors accomplish their miracles through "breathings," by which is meant inaudible mutterings that massacre evil spirits. The gift is transmitted from mother to son, and thus has forged through advanced thought and is practiced today, almost identically as it was several hundred years ago by the ancestors of these strange people, when witches generally were treated more or less roughly.

Perhaps the most conspicuous illustration of the success with which they have "shunned" the common customs of other Americans (for certainly the Amish whose ancestors settled upon our shores in pre-revolutionary days must be numbered among the earliest of our Americans) may be found in their "avoidance" of the language which most of us attempt to use. In their worship and in their discourse among themselves, they cling rigidly to "Pennsylvania Dutch," which is a guttural dialect that sounds something like German and something like a leaking faucet, but which would prove unintelligible to either a Heidelberg professor or a plumber. And in their casual and infrequent contact with the "shunned," they lapse into a thoroughly demolished English almost equally difficult to interpret.

Thus, if by chance one of the Pennsylvania Dutch should call upon you and greet you with the words: "I knock undt I knock, but your bell don't make bump, so I run up your back," you might, unless you had been hexed a few times, have difficulty in understanding that he meant to convey the fact that he had rung your front door bell, had found it out of order and had, accordingly, come up the back way. ⌗

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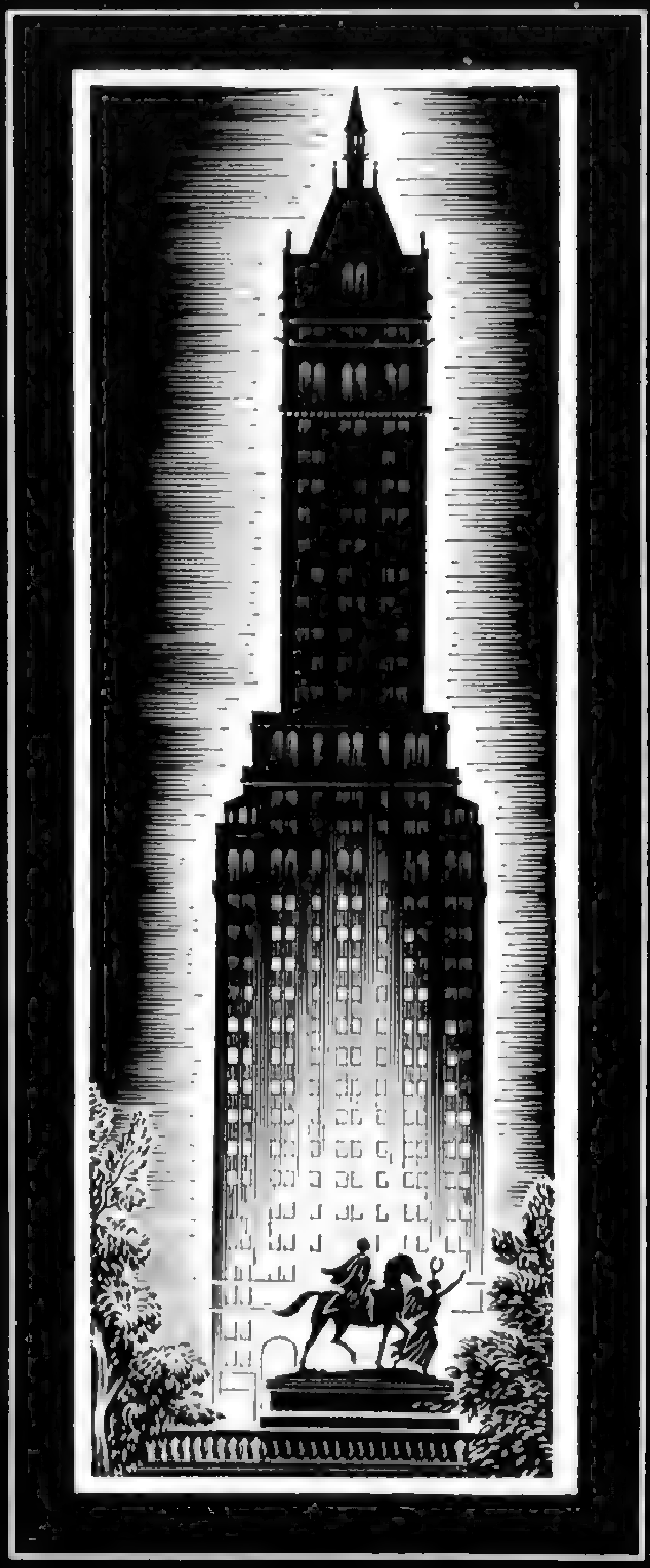

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Mourning for Ianto

Continued from page 93

in good time," he said, very dignified. "Form procession to the grave now."

Rowland Price, who had been listening nearby in perplexity, suddenly gave a frightened shout.

"Hey, hey, chaps—coffin's not here!"

The disorder that ensued was human but deplorable. Each reproached the other for this awful carelessness. Harassed abuse was exchanged: Ebenezer again struck Rowland. The parson slammed the door of the keeper's cottage and disappeared. After a while someone attempted a reasonable discussion. Where had the coffin been left? In which pub backyard, by what hedge, under what tree? But no one seemed certain.

Light snow was still falling: the heavens scowled. It was dinner time and there was no food and no money. Home was four miles away through the snow. And somewhere, lonely and snow covered, the coffin of poor Ianto lay abandoned. Depression crept across the ten mourners. Like Job, hopeless and overcome, Ellis collapsed to the bitter cold earth and lamented weepingly:

"For why is man born? There is no sense in the behavior of things. Everything is wicked and even the bosom pals of a man have forgetfulness in their hearts."

"Come now," heaved Llew Lewis, "wasting time you are down there. We got to go back and find our Ianto." #

To Maintain This Ecstasy

Continued from page 79

you with both the lyric and the melody? Mister, there's something wrong . . . what is it?"

"There's nothing wrong," countered Esmerelda. "If a man wants to keep a woman, what law says his wife cannot help him? At least, with the details."

Genevieve shook her head. "Certainly I'm tired tramping from office to office wrestling with Encyclopedias and Shelley's *Sonnets* and explaining a lot of things I don't understand to a lot of guys whose wives don't understand them. But it's all for the bread and butter, see? Naturally I'm interested in a worth-while proposition. What's the lowdown?"

"Simply this," said Esmerelda. "You and Leonidas can move into the apartment that I've fitted up for you. The rent is $60.00. Leonidas will pay that promptly every month and besides the balance of his thousand dollars, I can, with a little scrimping here and a saving there, send at least $20.00 a week."

"In other words, we both toss ourselves to this mug. You have him legally and I take the scraps?"

Esmerelda nodded. "My dear, you put it so naïvely. But that's a general idea of the situation."

* * *

The day that Genevieve was to move into the apartment was quite disturbing to Leonidas. Something was robbing him of the thrills he anticipated. He sought out Esmerelda.

"What are you doing here?" she said. "Why aren't you over in your love nest?"

Leonidas struggled with his answer. "Esmerelda, why are you so anxious that I go into this thing?"

"Leonidas, you're raising your voice!"

"I'm sorry, ma. I didn't mean to. I guess I'm all upset. It looks mighty unnatural to me . . . the idea of a wife countenancing her husband's ruminations." Leonidas was quite satisfied with this declaration of principle.

"What do you expect of me? To weep over a bone from which the flesh has gone?"

"Esmerelda, you're puncturing my Ego!"

"Leonidas, I'm sorry. That's the last thing any woman should do to any man. Now, you run right over to Genevieve and tell her just how many minutes you like your eggs in the morning."

"Is that necessary, ma?"

"It must be, Leonidas. But why ask me? I've never kept a woman."

Leonidas paced up and down the room. "I thought it was going to be much simpler than this."

"I've tried to make it easy for you, Leonidas. I rented the apartment. I bought the furniture . . ."

"You've robbed me of something, ma. I just don't know what."

"Leonidas, you're fretting too much. Brace up. According to the magazine stories you should have no trouble. You come home at night and Genevieve has your hot toddy, your dressing gown and your slippers all set out for you. She'll be in a tight fitting negligee . . . I gave her that one we got on our 15th anniversary . . . seems as if I'd never get a chance to wear it . . . Genevieve will be reclining on a chaste lounge . . . awaiting your pleasure."

"Is that what they do, ma?"

Mrs. Wurtz nodded her head. "Civilization had decreed that a woman must receive man while she is lying."

"This is all confusing, ma."

"You brought it on yourself, Leonidas Wurtz. What kind of man are you, not to go through with it?"

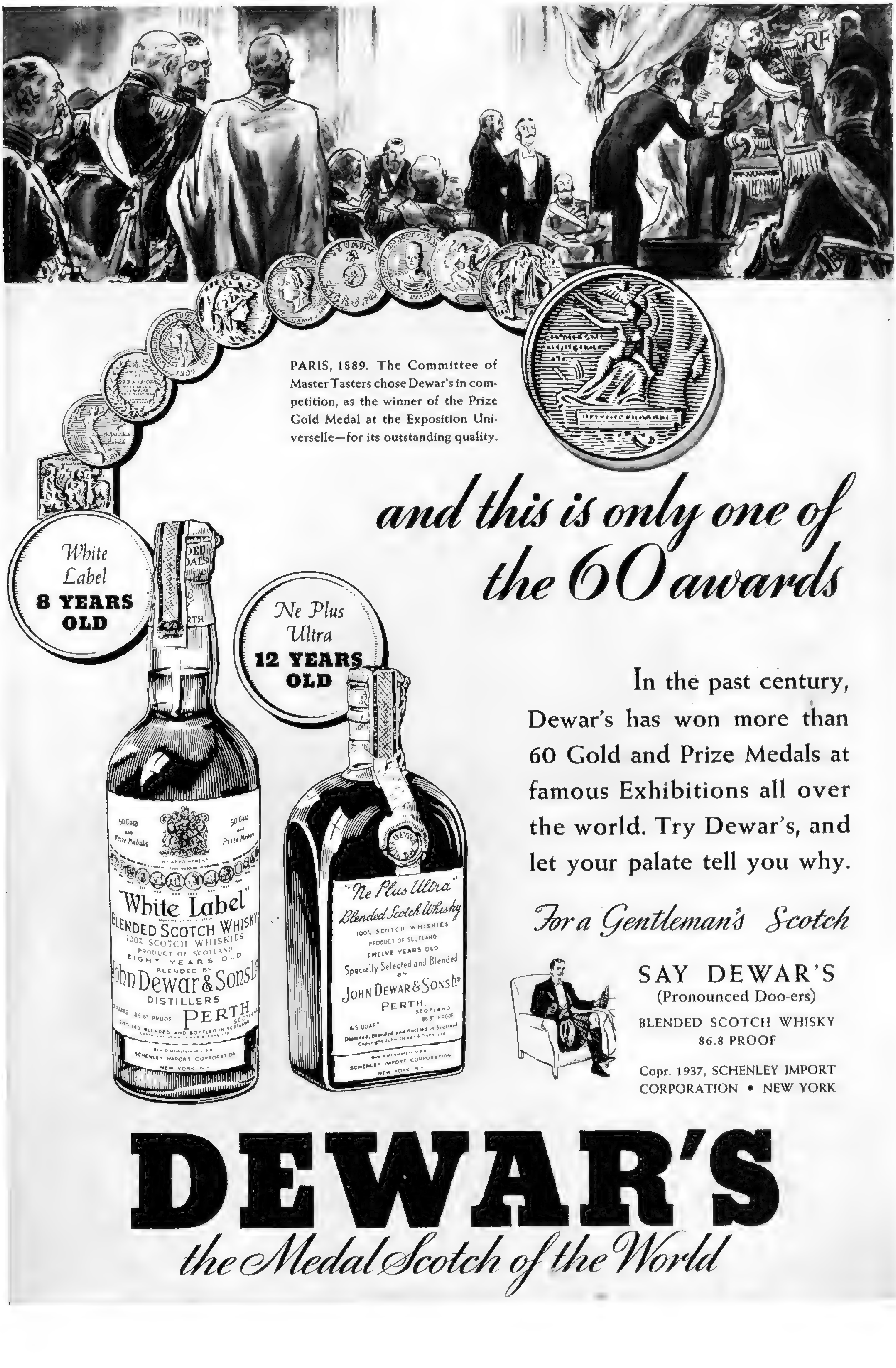
"Well, then, ma, I guess I'll sort of stroll over there and see what Genevieve is doing."

"Quite sensible, father. Never start something you can't finish."

Leonidas studied her closely. "Ma, are you expecting anyone after I go?"

Esmerelda frowned. "Leonidas, will you get along? You're like an old fire horse that's been set out to pasture. The sound of any bell makes you think there's a fire."

Leonidas closed the door softly. He went down the porch steps shaking his head. #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The Revolt of the Meek

Continued from page 76

cruelty that acts, at last, as its own destroyer.

Otto was a mill-hand. When he was about twenty-four he fell in love with a young divorcee in the small town where he was employed. The woman had a child. Otto, on the other hand, had never known a woman before. His life had been one of hard work and solitude. An unassuming, humble fellow who, at his first encounter with an aggressive, masterful, sensuous woman, fell madly in love.

They lived together. Although she continued to work, he supported her and the child. He took over all the domestic duties, such as scrubbing floors, washing clothes, running errands. The lover became the house-servant. This went on for several years. Gradually, he became more the servant and less the lover. His mistress began to have affairs with others. He knew about it, but he could do nothing. Except take to drink.

Note once again the almost fatal compulsion under which these aggressive types labor: they must add insult to injury; they must deride their victims. The mistress took, in time, to flaunting her other affairs. She selected as paramour the foreman of the mill in which her lover was employed. She made open mock of her lover. Until one day, in the factory, he turned upon her and unleashed a flood of pent-up recrimination. All he got for his pains was to be knocked down by her gallant, grossly insulted by his former mistress, and given his walking-papers by the boss.

For two or three days he went without food or sleep. There was the bottle for forgetfulness. He did not go home. One night he slept in an automobile. He could not get his mistress out of his mind. Hot anger boiled up in place of his derided passion. It was not so much that she had deceived him with others. This, in his mad love for her, he might have borne. But she had taken away his job—his one claim to self-esteem. He wandered about in pelting rain, returning drenched to the skin. He took to watching the mill as the operatives came forth after their day's work. Then he got himself a gun. And, one day, as she was leaving the building, he shot at her, and killed her.

He escaped into the woods. After a brief wandering, however, he returned and gave himself up. Placed on trial, he was found guilty in the second degree, and given a life sentence. He is still serving it.

Case III deals not with a foreigner but with a native American—a hard-working factory-hand and clerk; in fact, a rather exemplary young fellow, with all the qualities that would endear him to a friend or an employer. His whole history was one of extreme self-effacement; quiet, solitary, and shy to the point almost of morbidity.

There was a young married couple living in his neighborhood. Now, for all his shyness and feeling of inferiority, the young man was an attractive fellow. That's what the young wife thought, too. She thought it so hard that she succeeded, at length, in seducing him. With the fore-doomed subservience of the meek, the fellow proceeded to abase himself. He became not merely in the poetic sense, but in the practical, her slave. He did the odd jobs around the house. The very husband of the woman looked down on him so scornfully that the creature's assistance about the home was accepted. It could not, at first, occur to him that his honor was in any danger.

That it should occur, after a while, was inevitable. Even then, the husband's rancor took no violent form. He simply saw to it that the young clerk never came to the house again. Husband and wife got along as well as ever. The meek clerk took to brooding on the situation. The woman had come to him. She had conquered his shyness. She had accepted all the tokens, many of them humiliating, of his slavery. He had meant no wrong. He felt the need of impressing this upon both the husband and the wife.

They were through with him. They wanted no explanations; least of all did she. She had taken him; he had served his purpose; now he was lightly flung aside. We are quite prepared to learn that the young couple would receive his obsessed insistence upon an explanation with derisive laughter. Derision is the reward of the meek. "They ask for it." That derision, carried to inhumane excess, also asks for something. It is like a boomerang. When the worm turns, back flies the boomerang in the direction of the hurler.

This worm turned. One night, when there had been a party at the home of the young couple, the clerk waited around until the guests had all left. He entered the house and asked, once more, for a chance to explain. Only this time he had a gun on him. When the husband tried to throw him out, Mr. Meek let loose. He shot both of them dead. Having thus discharged the poisonous accumulations of his brooding, he gave himself up to the police. It did not appear, upon examination and trial, that he was mentally ill. It was just another worm that had turned.

There is a final irony. The meekness of these types turns full circle. Once they have exploded their accumulated resentment, committed their murder and been sentenced, they return to the characteristic tenor of their subservient ways. They make model prisoners. They fall readily into the routine of incarceration. They run prison errands. They become trusties. To the end, they remain meek before their fate. ###

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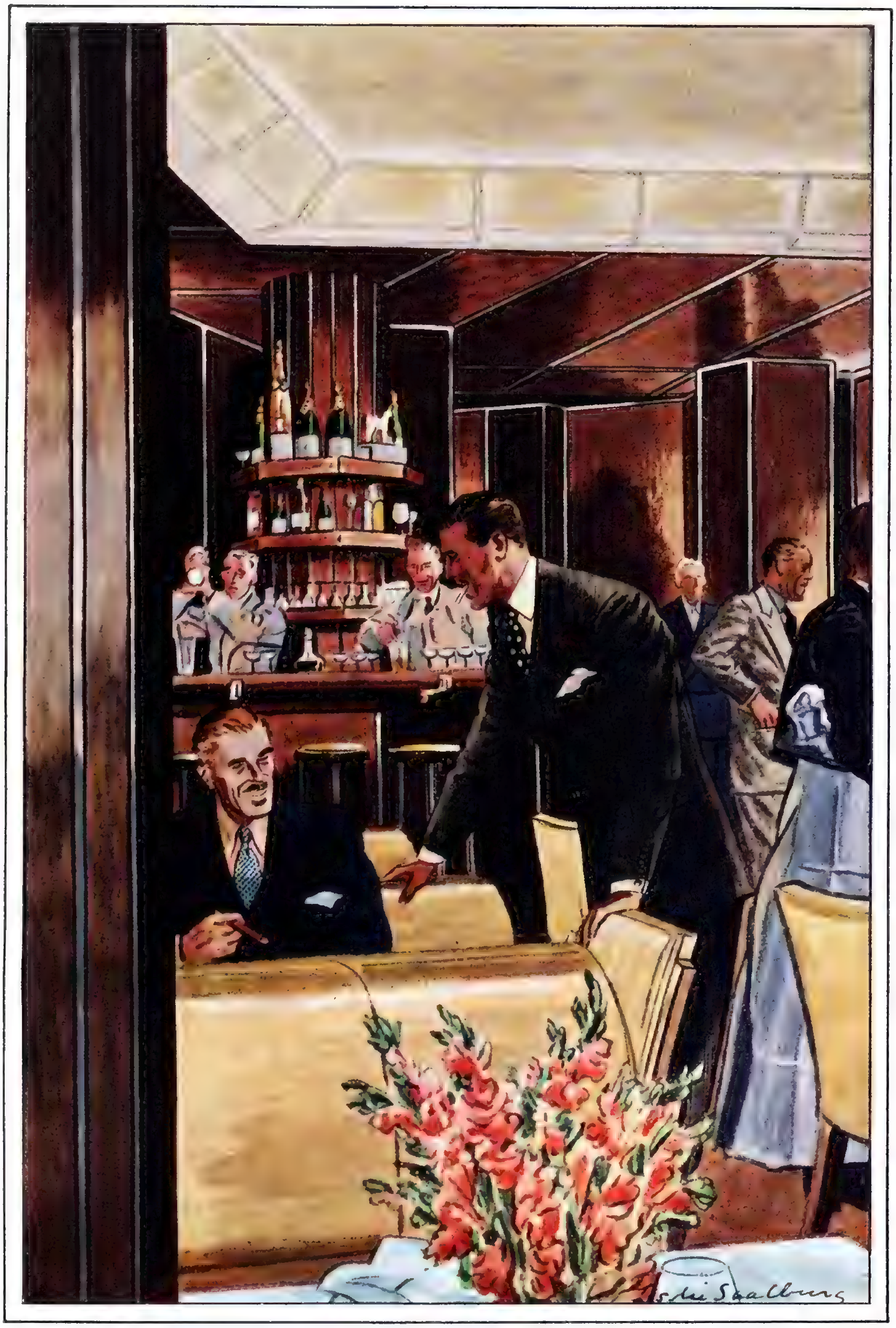


THE NEWEST WRINKLES IN TOWN CLOTHES

Note that the suit in the foreground has no vent, no extra ticket pocket, no flaps on the pockets and probably, no cuffs on the trousers. Note that both men wear plain white pocket handkerchiefs, the silk foulard now being reserved for country clothes and semi-sports wear and note, especially, that the new starched collar is considerably higher. The use of a light tan shirt with a white collar and black ground neckwear against a dark grey or blue suiting is another important new idea. The shirt on the left is the new ivory color, worn with the soft lounge collar to match that has replaced the old tab collar in the preference of Englishmen. It is just as high in the neck but the points are longer. It has whalebone stiffeners but they are not fastened down in any manner nor is this collar worn with a pin. These are a lot of new notes to crowd into one picture but town fashions seem to be changing fast.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

You'll Meet 'em All

Continued from page 63

getting three grand a week. Ain't that enough for you?"

"Money!" she says, like as if she thinks it's smallpox, although I know her awful good and I know she plays 'em closer to the vest than a one-eyed Chinaman. "Money!" she says. "What good is money?"

"Well," I says, "I don't know. Money ain't so bad. I know a couple of guys who'd like to have some."

"And if you don't like it," I says, "why are you always stopping takes on your pictures to run to the bank with your new check?"

"Oh, Nate," she says. "Can't you understand that money ain't everything? So I've got a couple hundred grand in the bank. So what! So I'll die some day and the mob'll say there's the richest dame in the cemetery!"

Well, naturally, I couldn't savvy that kind of chatter. But finally I got her quieted down and I found what she wanted.

What she wanted was a new kind of part. She wanted to stop being a tramp. She wanted to move in on that Mary Pickford billing. And it wasn't no gag or nothing! It was on the level. She meant it.

So there was a fine kettle of borscht and I couldn't figure any out.

Louis, her director, you'll meet him, he tried to talk to her, and I tried to talk to her and L. S. himself, he tried to talk to her, but it didn't do any good. She was tired of being a tramp and she meant it. She wanted to go back to big eyes and curls and no more mascara.

Finally it got so L. S. called me in and talked to me about it.

"What're we gonna do about it, Nate?" he asked me. He was always palsy-walsy with me, like that, like as if we were buddies or something. Especially when he was in a jam and wanted something.

"I don't know, L. S." I told him. "I don't know what to do. She's nuts."

"Yeah, I know that, Nate," he says. "But that don't help us. What I want you to tell me is not that she's nuts but how to un-nut her."

And he laughs. He thinks that's a joke, that un-nut business. He's got a screwy sense of humor. You'll find out.

Well, I laugh with him for a while, because, after all, I'm not a yes-man or anything, but he's the boss and what can I lose, and after I get through laughing, I do an accordion with my brow, and I get to thinking.

"Can't you tell her she'll take the parts you give her or else?" I asks.

"I can't," he says. "And you know it. That lousy contract you gave her runs out next month and she's got us where she wants us."

Well, of course, I could've gone into a long piece about that. Him blaming me for that contract when he knows damn well it was written by his pet stooge Oswald, he's the studio lawyer, you'll meet him. Well, that's a laugh, but what can I say? There ain't no percentage in starting arguments with the boss, is there? So I just take it and sit there and think and finally I get an idea.

"Look, L. S.," I says. "Why don't you let her do it? Why don't you let her hang herself with her own piece of string?"

"Are you nuts?" he says. "Every Mimi Boles picture costs me a million bucks and you call that a piece of string."

So I talk fast and give him my idea.

My idea is that the dame is nuts, but what can you do with her? All dames is nuts and you can't never change any of them. The only thing to do is to teach 'em a lesson.

Why not let this dumb broad do a picture the way she wants to do it, I says, but slap it on thick. Give her no breaks at all, give her the works. And when the clips start coming in, and the roasts, and the customers give her the laugh, why she'll find out this ain't no kindergarten but you gotta play ball, like smart men like me and L. S. tell her to play it.

Naturally, it wasn't a cinch to sell L. S. on that but he's got a lot of respect for my judgment, like I told you, and he said he'd think it over, and he did. And he also talked it over with the other boys upstairs and then he called her in and talked to her again and she still wouldn't give in, she still was stubborn, there wasn't nothing nobody could do with her. So he finally gives in and starts things according to my plan.

First thing we did I calls in Ben Mack, the writer. I guess you met him, didn't you? And I give him the scenario. Ben is smart, like a fox and he's got a swell sense of humor and he goes for it.

He gets right to work and they turn out a pip of a scenario and they rush it right out and get it done in no time at all and everything looks swell, from where I'm sitting.

But where I'm sitting ain't no fortune-teller's seat. If I'd known then, what I know now, I don't mind telling you I would've stopped going to the Derby and started saving my pennies a long time ago.

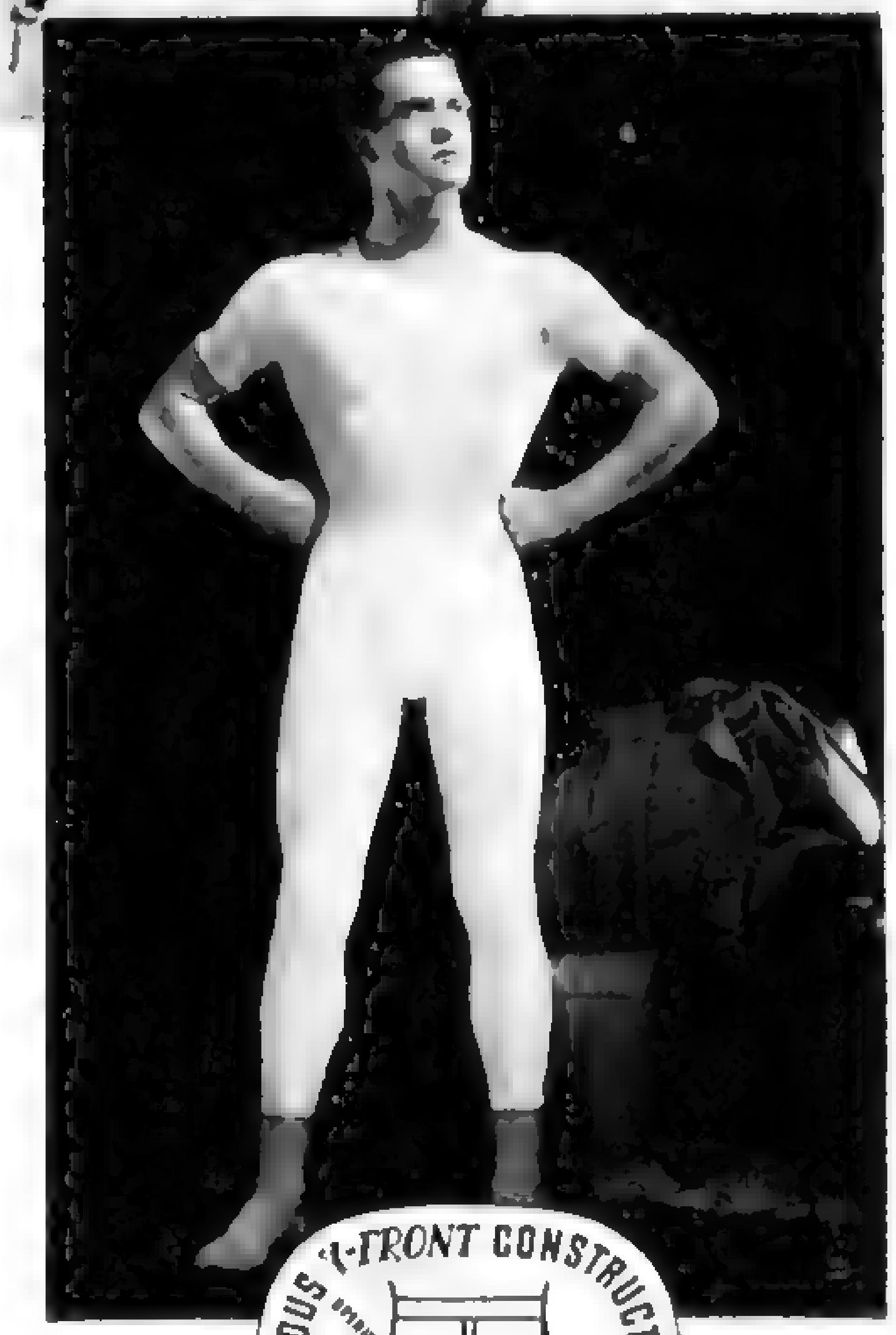
Because the dopes muffed it all along the line. They spoiled everything.

My part of it was okay, if you know what I mean. My idea was a good one but they were just too sappy to follow up on it.

They make the picture and they shoot it out and it flops, just like I said, and the studio catches hell. The exhibs start squawking and the critics give L. S. the works, right in their columns, saying how can a guy like L. S.

Continued at top of page 154

GET CLOSER *To Nature* THIS WINTER



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Cependant
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You'll Meet 'em All

Continued from pages 63-153

be so stupid to do a thing like that, cast a dame like that in a picture like that and everybody's jumping on everybody and then, to top it all, Mimi walks out on the studio and signs with Metro.

Seems like as if when those clips start coming in Mimi sees her mistake. But does she take the blame for it like a guy would? She does not. She takes it like a dame! She blames the other guy.

She calls in the newspaper boys and hands 'em out statements that the studio purposely ordered her to go into that picture even though it didn't suit her and she was squawking all the time and they made her do it and she's so mad about it, she tells the newspaper guys, that she's quitting the studio and going over across the street. Because enough is enough, she says, and they ain't gonna make a sucker out of her more than once.

And that, little man, gives you an idea what you're up against in this lousy racket. The guys upstairs make a mistake and I'm the fall guy.

So here's my office and here's my typewriter, and my girl, Miss Rosen, is in the next room and you just gotta push this button and she'll dish you up the best piece of dictation you ever seen.

And you're welcome to the whole thing.

I ain't mad, see. I don't give a damn if they want to fire an experienced guy like me and replace me with a green young punk like you.

It's okay by me.

I seen 'em come and go around here and I ain't worrying. I'll be back when you're forgotten with last year's laundry. But I just wanted to tell you about all this, just so's you'd get an idea what the hell you're up against. And what a sucker you are to ever get into this lousy racket. ##

The Creator at His Work

Continued from page 88

is a funny one. He's reading an article now, and you'll be surprised what it's about—it's about women's fashions. This certainly is a queer one, because, so far as I know, Marson has never written anything on that subject. Maybe he wants to get authentic atmosphere so he can write a good description of his heroine's clothes. I guess that's it.

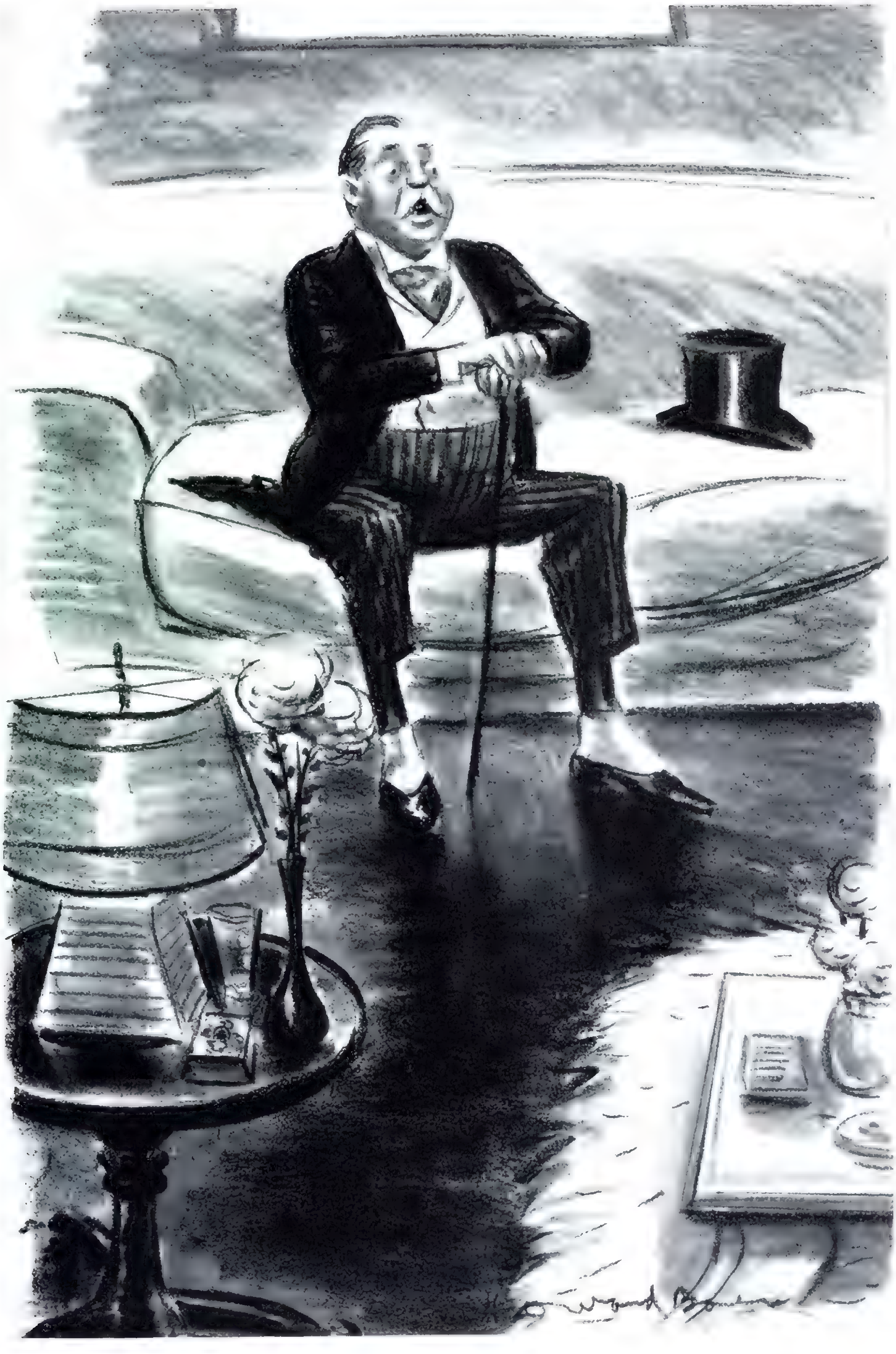
"He has returned to the cot now, and he's still reading the article. Finds it more comfortable there. . . . He's still reading it. . . . Now, he lets the magazine slip from his fingers. Say, this is funny. I think he looks sleepy. Yep, I think I saw his eyelids close once or twice. Oh-oh. I believe he's falling asleep. OH! A sensation! He *was* asleep for an instant, but now he jumps up very suddenly, and rushes back to his desk. He's got the old determination! He's going to write, no matter how sleepy he feels!—No. I guess he rushed back to his desk to get a cigarette. Anyhow, he lights another one. Now he's looking at the match packet again. Here's a funny one. He's reading all those other match packets again. I'm sorry, but I can't figure that one out.

"Again he gets up very suddenly, and he's leaving the studio. I've got a portable mike, so I'll follow him. . . . We're down in the kitchen now, and he's getting a drink of water. Oh! And he goes to the closet, and brings out a whiskey bottle. . . . No, he's changing his mind. He puts it back again. . . . I'm sorry, folks, now he has taken it out again. He puts a little bit—a very little bit—into his glass of water, puts back the cork and—he's taken out the cork again, and this time he pours in a pretty big dash of whiskey. Now he starts back to his studio.

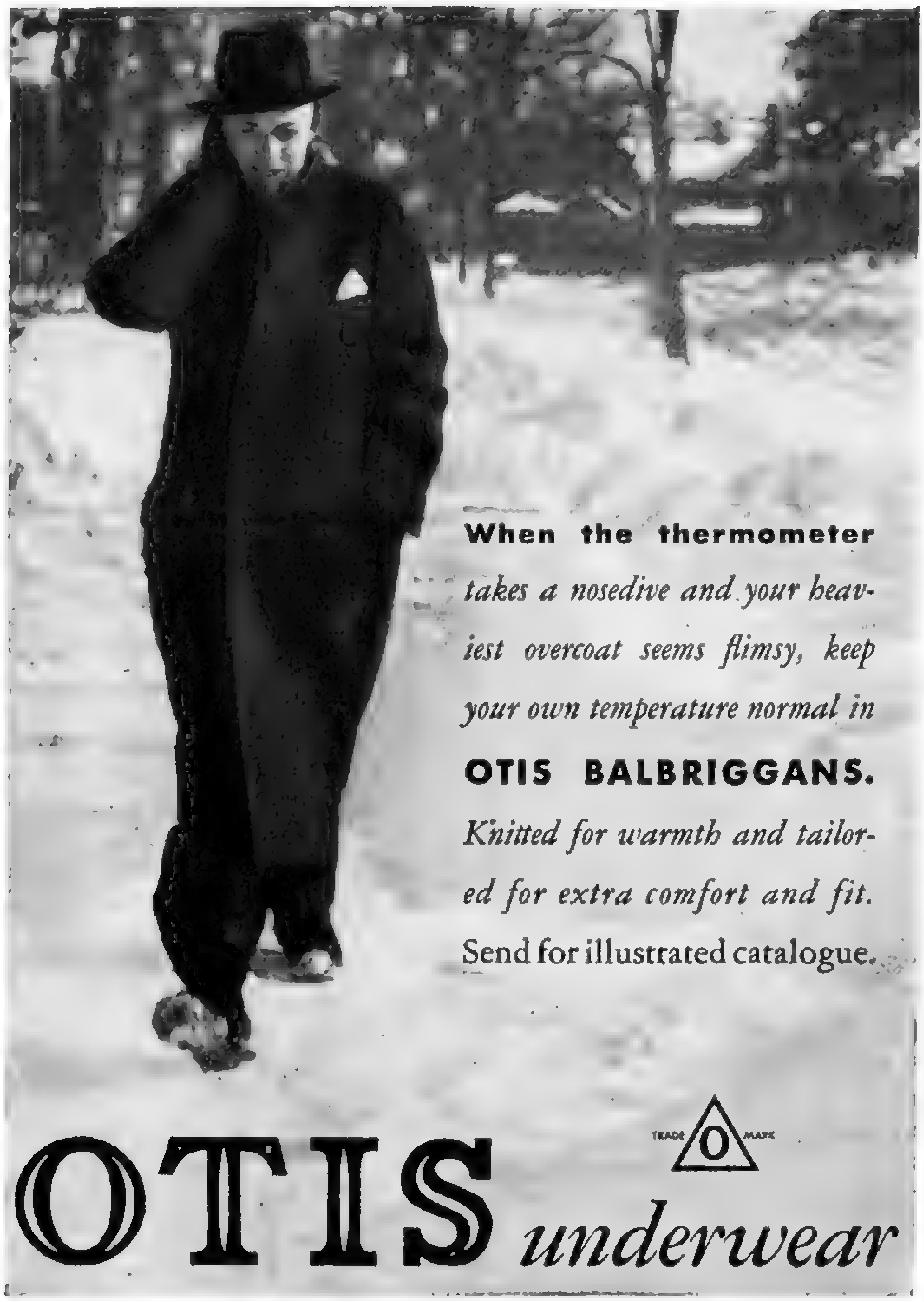
"Here we are back again, and Marson is seated at his desk and sipping his whiskey and water. I think it's helping him a lot. He looks as though he were full of ideas now. He's got lots of expression. He's grinning quite a lot. Folks, I'll bet he's going to bat out a piece of humor that will lay them in the aisles. He's not grinning quite so much now. In fact he's scowling a little. Wow! He finishes his drink in one gigantic gulp. I guess that means he's going to start. . . . No, I forgot to tell you that there are quite a few newspapers scattered around on the floor of this studio. Marson picks up one of them, and is now reading it. It is the day before yesterday's paper, and he's reading an article about a little boy who hitch-hiked all the way from Seattle to New York in order to see the zoo. I guess Marson likes these human-interest pieces.

"Ah! He throws down the paper very suddenly, and looks at his typewriter. He looks very determined. . . . He still looks determined, and I'm sure—no, he fooled me again. Once more he gets up, and this time he goes to his closet. . . . Say, here's a surprise for you, folks. He comes out of the closet carrying his golf clubs. Now he is going downstairs again. Yep, he heads for the door, and now he's outside. He's getting in his car . . . I can't make this out. And now he's driving away.

"Well, folks, I'm afraid that concludes our broadcast from this point. I'm sorry that circumstances over which we—and I guess Mr. Marson too—have no control make it impossible for us to continue. Tomorrow afternoon at this same time, we'll hope for better luck. We now return you to the studio where for the remainder of the period you will be entertained by Lawrence Chisholm, concert pianist." ##



"Oh don't mind me, Miss Harkness, I'm a nudist at heart"



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THE ATLANTIS
ON THE OCEAN AT 27th STREET

MIAMI BEACH

Free Men on a Boat

Continued from page 94

That way you undertake only what interests you and that way you pay only for what you want. When the taxi drivers solicit you, bargain for a time and take them at 50 or 75 per cent. Even a native has to live. But don't be too disturbed about his wife and family or his horse or cow. Those members of his family are always in want, according to him.

And speaking of pity, don't try to be a Boy Scout. A kind young thing, with the best of intentions, looked at the Haitian women walking down the hills with the kitchen stove, etc., on their heads, clad only in single walking suits not from Vionnet, and decided she would donate her summer wardrobe to the first worthy sister she met. Accordingly she wrapped up her frocks in a ship's laundry bag and started ashore. But the customs man turned her back. She couldn't land with undeclared manifest. Not to be outdone with her charity she waited for morning and when a banana barge came alongside, threw the dresses over to the astounded and ecstatic native crew. Later she naïvely told the captain of her feat. He almost went through the yardarm. It was a $20 fine for each article, if the man were caught, to be paid by the ship. Once a kind lady had slipped over a box containing 74 little spools of thread. The native was caught and so was the shipping company, paying $20 for each item!

And speaking of clothes, if you can set your glass down for a moment, clothes are important on a cruise. Important primarily to you. Regardless of the social aspect, what the clothes mean to you is the main consideration. A cruise is a holiday and calls for holiday clothes. And there is about ten times as much time on a ship as on shore. You will take a lot of books, more will be given you but your extra time will be spent as follows: eight parts extra drinking and two parts extra dressing.

In my time I have spent plenty on this and that makeshift. It doesn't pay. Quality should be the only guide in the buying of apparel. You can fritter away as much on six shirts you will wear once and discard as you can on one good shirt that will last you for years and always give you the sense of being well dressed. The same is true of sport coats, slacks and sweaters. Unless you are the sort that goes to the dining room without a coat, showing your suspenders, take your best clothes. There is always an occasion or two for your dinner coat. The semi-formal soft shirt is permissible and better for the tropics. Take all the Palm Beach, linen or similar suits of light texture. Take plenty of slacks and shoes. And if you have a consort, tell her not to take new shoes. You can always tell a bride by the soles of her slippers. And take a keen palate and a zest for experiment.

You will have more things to talk about if you try everything once. You can always go back to your Scotch, rye or gin but it is silly not to try the drink of the country. I even tried a bottle of beer in Barranquilla, a sort of brew from turnips and parsley, it seemed. A half-dozen things were worth keeping in the category—the real Planters Punch, the Haitian Cocktail, the Rum Punch, Pimiento cordial and—gin and tonic. Ah, men, let me tell you about gin and tonic. It is worth a pirate's cruise to find that treasure.

It was after a day in Jamaica. It had rained in the morning, as usual, so there was nothing to do but duck into somebody's Barrel or Bowl. We tried them all. Each has a different way of mixing a Planters Punch. The last was the best and this place also had a cordial made of rum distilled with pimiento. Sounds terrible but it is something to remember. The difficulty with rum is that you don't learn your capacity until the next morning. It was E. J. Hoover, doctor of the good ship *Haiti*, who said the case called for a "gin and tonic." You all know about gin. The tonic is a sparkling water containing one grain of quinine. Also sounds terrible but wait till you try it. We called for it up and down the equator and found that it was the drink of the tropics from the Sailors Bar at Cartegena to the cool veranda of the Myrtle Bank Hotel at Jamaica and Christophe's Citadel at Milot, Haiti. If some local firm doesn't turn out a tonic water for us by spring we'll go native and make it ourself. Here is the prescription:

1 generous jigger of gin
1 half fresh lime
1 split of tonic water

Serve in regular highball glass with cube of ice.

HAITIAN COCKTAIL

1 jigger Haitian rum
1 jigger fresh lime juice
1 spoon powdered sugar

Ice, shake and serve in cocktail glass.

PLANTERS PUNCH

(As made and served in Jamaica for residents)

1 part fresh lime juice
2 parts of sugar, mix together, then add
4 parts old Jamaica rum
4 parts water and ice

Shake and serve very cold.

PLANTERS PUNCH

(As served for American tourists)

1 part sugar
2 parts fresh lime juice
3 parts water and ice
4 parts old Jamaica rum

Fill glass with cracked ice, then add half slice of lemon, orange, pineapple and cherry. Put sprig of mint on top.

RUM SOUR

(As served in Cristobal, Panama)

1 teaspoon plain syrup
Juice of one-half lime
Half cocktail glass of rum

Ice and shake and pour into small glass. Decorate with fruit if wanted with a few drops of egg white.

Continued at top of page 159

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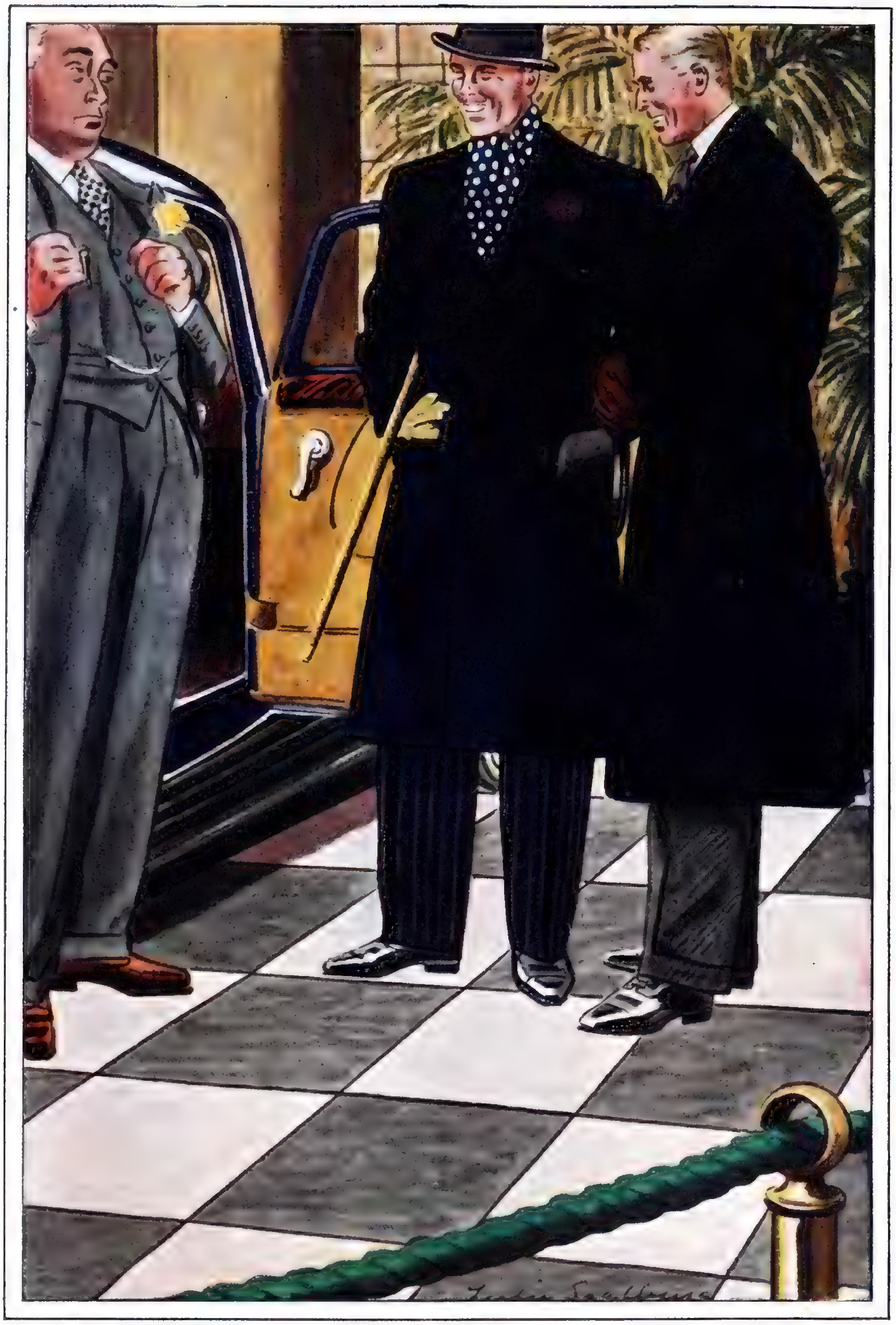


PUZZLE OF THE DISPLEASED SALESPERSON

This picture has caused us no end of anguish. The automobile dealer is so obviously unhappy, a circumstance which seems to make his two callers as pleased as Punch. For the best explanation we will give (steady now, it isn't as if we *had* to know) well, we will give, for the best printable answer, space in the Sound and the Fury. Anyway, one of these two jokers wears a black Homburg, the current version of the perennial dark blue Chesterfield, a blue unfinished worsted suit with colored stripes and cuffless trousers, plain black calf shoes, silk foulard Ascot muffler and heavy buckskin gloves. The other outfit shows the recently revived heavy ulster, worn with a red striped white shirt, grey worsted suit, square toed blucher shoes, red capeskin gloves, and an important current high fashion, the combination of starched collar, blue-black satin tie and a diamond stickpin in a sporting motif.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Free Men on a Boat

Continued from pages 94-156

Nelson's Blood
(*As served for nightcap and sound sleep in Barranquilla, Colombia*)
½ glass of old rum
½ glass of hot water
1 lump of butter

Put butter on top and as soon as melted let the drink slide down the hatch.

Milk Punch
(*As served on rolling days at sea and a rainy day in Colon, Panama.*)
1 teaspoon of sugar
2 pieces of ice
½ cocktail glass of rum (or brandy or whiskey)

Put in shaker and fill with rich milk. Shake well and serve with nutmeg on top.

Black Stripe
(*Served anywhere in the tropics*)
1 tablespoon of honey dissolved in hot water
½ cocktail glass of old rum

Fill glass with hot water, grate nutmeg on top.

Planters Punch
(*As served in Port-au-Prince*)
1 part of fresh lime juice
2 parts of sugar
3 parts old Haitian rum
1 dash of bitters

Add plenty of cracked ice and serve in tall glass. (Native places seldom add fruit or spinach.)

Brainstorm
¼ French vermouth
¼ benedictine
½ best rye whiskey

Stir well with ice and float orange peel on top.

Diki-Diki
⅙ dry gin
⅙ grapefruit juice
⅔ applejack
Ice and shake.

Eye-Opener
Liqueur glass old Haitian rum
Teaspoon grenadine
Yolk of one egg
2 dashes of curaçao
2 dashes apricot brandy
Ice and shake well

Maiden's Prayer
(*Served on the edge of the couch*)
¼ dry gin
¼ cointreau
¼ lemon juice

Dash of orange bitters
Ice and shake well

Paradise
⅓ apricot brandy
⅓ dry gin
⅓ orange juice
Dash of lime juice
Ice and shake well.

Christophe
(*As served at Cap Haitian*)
⅓ gin
⅔ Haitian rum
Dash of sugar
Peel of a lime
Ice and shake well.

Petion
(*Served at the Tourist Bar, Port-au-Prince*)
⅓ rum
⅓ benedictine
⅓ clairin

Lime juice and sugar
Ice and shake well.

Presidente Vincent
(*As served by Paul Cator*)
½ rum
¼ French vermouth
Lime juice and sugar
Ice and shake well

Dessalines
½ Haitian rum
¼ clairin
¼ whiskey
¼ lime juice, dash of sugar
Ice and shake well.

Haitian Rum Punch
3 parts of Haitian rum
1 part of sugar
Peel of lime
Dash of bitters
Ice and stir a little.

Roosevelt
½ Haitian rum
¼ French vermouth
⅛ orange juice
Dash of sugar syrup
Ice and shake well.

Charlie Collins
(*Tom's Brother*)
1 tablespoon fresh lime juice
½ tablespoon of sugar
1 jigger Jamaica rum

Use large glass, fill with ice and sparkling water.

Bacardi Cocktail
(*As served at the Bacardi Distillery, Santiago*)
½ lime
1 teaspoon sugar
1 jigger Bacardi

Very fine ice and shake well.

Never Play Cards with Strangers

Continued from page 58

know, mind you—that the Ace will come to you on the last card. As Ira Gershwin put it, who could ask for anything more?

Pettifogging carpers may complain that one of those concealed pairs may be Jacks, and the Jack you are about to deal will make triplets; or that somebody may be drawing to a straight or flush and connect. To such persons I—and the professional—answer with a gentlemanly pish. Let me be sure of Aces-up on the last card and you may have your chances of the other hands. Percentage play, by the very nature of the beast, cannot be infallible. The point is that it wins far more often than it loses, and that's why the professional goes home a winner.

We were speaking, a while back, of bridge and the matter of locating honors. It's simple; it should be stated at once that it is also a matter of percentage, that it does not work every time but that it does work most of the time which is all that is necessary. Here is the system:

High honors have a way of falling together. South leads the four of hearts, West (dummy) plays low, North plops down the King, and East (declarer) collects with the Ace. Now all East has to do is to be careful, when taking in the trick, that *one of the low cards gets between the King and the Ace.* Let him take care *always* to get a neutral card between high honors when he scoops in a trick, and to note the tricks he does not take to see if by ordinary accident such insertion occurs. These honors and their neutral dividers must be remembered, of course. So far so pernicious.

The hand is completed, the tricks scooped together, the deck shuffled and laid ready. A hand is played with the other deck, and then comes the deal with the first one. When you pick up your hand you may be reasonably certain that whatever honors you hold will be matched by others in your partner's hand. The ordinary shuffle disturbs the cards far less than you would imagine, and the cut, of course, does not disturb them at all, as far as order goes. Most of the high honors have remained as they were, with a single low card between them. Obviously, if one of these honors came to you your opponent got the low card and your partner the other honor. Even if the honors fell to your opponents the advantage is still with you. If they get the contract you can tell from dummy what declarer holds; or by watching the play of their honors you can draw fertile and profitable conclusions.

Remember, I said that this was a percentage system. When you try it experimentally with a deck of cards you are as likely as not to find it fail utterly the first time. The professional realizes this, and allows for it. He arranges the tricks and memorizes them *every time.* In the long run he will be right oftener than he is wrong; which is all he needs, whether he's playing a tenth or a dime.

This stratagem has a mild disadvantage; if pushed to extremes the operator runs the danger of being noticed as he arranges the tricks. Among the run-of-the-mine players such arrangement would be unnoticed; or if noticed would pass unchallenged. Smart players, however, would leave the table immediately, and might well proceed to stronger measures.

It is far safer, though naturally less advantageous, to observe the honors as they fall and trust to ordinary chance to effect their separation by a neutral card. Even if they lie together they may be located with success, and such location is extremely useful—in finessing, to take the most obvious example.

"But this requires a trained memory! It's not easy to remember all those high cards!" True, horribly true; and a trained memory is just what the professional has.

Moreover, a trained memory is the most undetectable thing in the world, and the least susceptible to challenge if detected. It is no crime to be able to remember the fall of the cards. In fact, a good many players will tell you that it's a crime not to. I'm merely pointing out a method used by the professional at the bridge table, a method that requires no sleights, no apparatus, no collusion, no nothing; but a method that gives him a bulge on you as far as from here to the Vatican Library.

That casino business we mentioned in an early paragraph is a real trick, and can be detected; but the unsuspicious fall for it with beautiful regularity. The professional gets hold of the deck before the game and calmly removes eight cards. These are of low values—say the four and six of spades and the deuce, trey, four, five, seven, and eight of other suits. When it comes to summing up the opponent will discover that he does not make "cards" or "spades" in a very long time—assuming that he is enjoying ordinary luck—and naturally credits the professional with three points. Smile if you will, casino-players. Some very smart lads have been taken in by this one, and wailed loudly over their protracted hard luck.

You see, the lovely stories that go the rounds about the methods of professional gamblers just aren't true. I have actually listened to the following statement, made by a man old enough to know better: "I'd like to sit in a game with professionals, because they always let you win at the start so as to steer you into big bets. I'd take my early winnings and then quit the game." Let me state here and now that unless you are a millionaire sucker the professional will take your bankroll smoothly and pitilessly as soon as he can do so. He won't waste time working out an elaborate build-up. You remember the tale of the man who went to the gambling house and found it closed, so shoved his money under the door and went home—he'd done his part. It would save time if you'd do that. Then there is the moss-covered yarn of the gent who was playing poker on shipboard, and found himself in the biggest pot of the evening with four aces dealt to him. He at once suspected finagling, and proceeded to confound his professional opponents by drawing two cards, keeping only three of his aces. This of course upset the stocked deal, and enabled him to win, as the straight flush that was to have appeared against him failed to materialize. This pipedream is typical of most of the stories of professional gamblers. In the first place, the crooked dealer would have no way of knowing whether or not the sucker would draw cards at all. Many players stand pat with fours. It's a good play; as the betting proceeds, the four-holder may be suspected of a straight or a flush, but never of his real hand. So right away a stocked deal is defeated. That being the case, you can safely bet that if a

Continued at top of page 160

Never Play Cards with Strangers

Continued from pages 58-159

sucker were really dealt four aces the straight flush would be held pat; there would be no draw to be upset by the four-holder's personal vagaries. And anyway no professional, no matter how highly skilled, would dream of handing out such tremendous hands. When the biggest pot of the evening arrived the sucker would be handed three eights, which he would not improve on the draw; the professional would draw one card and fill an open-end straight; the rest is silence, with perhaps a pale-green moan zigzagging through it . . . my friend the carper is to the fore. Such dealing surely implies sleights of some sort, or the introduction of a cold deck (philological note: a cold deck is just that; cards in play for awhile grow warm in handling, and a new deck is perceptibly cooler to the touch); of course it does. Your real professional is perfectly capable of picking up the deck and while performing an ordinary shuffle "running up" three sets of fours of a kind, the highest to fall to himself on the deal. The real point is that he won't do it. Should the readers of ESQUIRE demand it I shall be glad to furnish complete directions for such a deal, guaranteeing undetectability if conditions are correct.

It may interest you to know the hallmarks of the professional gambler. Here they are:

1. *Manner:* He will never reveal the slightest symptom of exceptional skill at card-handling. He will shuffle, cut, and deal as well as, but no better than, the next man.

2. *Actions while finagling the cards:* He won't finagle them ninety-nine times out of a hundred; but if he should his actions will be exactly the same as when performing a perfectly honest deal.

3. *Appearance:* He will be tall and thin and hawk-faced, dressed quietly but elegantly, unless he should be short and stout and chubby-cheeked and arrayed like Solomon in his glory; his eyes will be pale blue gimlets, unless they should be warm brown pools of frankness, or maybe hazel. His fingers are long and tapering except when they are thick and stubby, or in between. He wears neckties as a rule, and his trousers preserve the status quo by grace of either a belt or suspenders. So you see you can always . . .

What?

Well . . . #

Faith, Hope and Charity

Continued from page 69

In the morning she heard him moving about while she lay still abed. The unaccustomed sounds had wakened her from sleep and startled, she raised her head in alarm. Then, remembering, she smiled grimly. On coming down she found him preparing the breakfast.

"Get out of this," she said abruptly, "and set on the stoop like a man ought to before his meal."

It was the first occasion on which she had to tell him his place, and the last, for he never intruded himself again. He slipped into a series of odd jobs about her home that occupied his days fully. In the beginning she gave him definite orders each day.

"The hedgerows should be trimmed and I've got some bulbs you can plant. A board in the fence is loose. Fix it."

"Yes, missus. I noticed it."

Later, she found he had already pruned and thinned the tangled shrubbery and that not only was the board loose but the fence joists had rotted. Dan found some lumber and repaired it. He practically had to rebuild the fence. If the woman had not seen him working on it she would never have known. He never spoke of what he was doing one day to another but after that she rarely gave him instructions.

His relationship to her personally was—of receiving whatever she wished to bestow; and she gave freely. Her natural generosity showed at once. She was genuinely shocked by his clothing. Every article he wore was a cast-off, nothing matched or fitted, and yet she was conscious of his integrant neatness. His patches were clumsy efforts to hold them together.

He had been painting the house one day when she got back from town. She stood at the foot of his ladder holding a parcel.

"I've got some clothes for you," she told him. "A suit. A new suit for you."

He stopped painting and wiped his brush on a cloth. He looked down at her.

"Do you want me to come down now?"

"Yes, of course! To try it on and see if it fits. Don't you want to?"

"If you like, missus."

He started toward her holding the can of paint carefully so it wouldn't splash. "My goodness," she said. "You move slow. My goodness."

As he took the parcel from her, her eyes held his for a moment. With surprise she saw a peculiar brightness in them. It puzzled her. He went into the house to put on his new suit without another word. The suit fitted him well enough but thereafter she had always to tell him when to wear it.

At first she paid him no wages. She was waiting to see if he would set a price on his services. She was willing to make a reasonable payment but she wanted him to ask her to do it. He never asked and Ellie was forced to make the first gesture herself. From the start she had supplied him with tobacco purchased on her regular trips into town. She would leave it beside his plate at the table. It would lie there untouched until the meal was over, ignored by both of them. Then she would manage to leave him alone for a few minutes. On coming back to the room she would find the tobacco gone and Dan lighting his pipe.

One night she put some money in an envelope and left it with the tobacco on his couch in the cellar. She felt guilty about invading his privacy although Dan was not there at the time. She looked around her curious to see if he had changed anything. The couch was pushed against the whitewashed wall where it had always been. The floor had been swept around it and a patchwork quilt was turned down as a counterpane. Under the pillow she found a toothbrush, a comb, a stub of pencil, a spectacle case, a threaded needle. An empty orange crate stood in the corner and she wondered why he hadn't used it as a bureau to keep his belongings in. But the bed was all he had used. She left her gifts upon the pillow where he would be sure to find them.

Two days passed. She waited impatiently for him to mention her latest beneficence.

"Did you get the money I left for you?" she said at last.

He fumbled in a pocket and brought out the envelope.

"Yes, missus." Averting his head, he went on, "I can maybe finish the rock-garden tomorrow, missus."

She saw he had not opened the envelope.

The earth flowered beneath his hand and to the directness of her mind this was a vindication of him. The tender spikes of green showed through in an incredibly short time, grew tall and fructified in his care. He was a thorough workman, planning in advance; and he planted the garden in seasonable rotation so that the colors blossomed from May into September, from border to wall—spikethorn, sweet William and Mexican firebush to early briars, crocuses, petunias and hollyhocks in their seasons.

A heavy two-day rain confined him to the house and he worked painstakingly on a garden seat. Busy about the house, she stopped on hearing the sounds of hammering in the cellar and thought of the wood lathe her husband had rigged up in his spare hours. It had lain unused since his death. Without considering the extent of her concession, Ellie suggested to Dan that he work with it.

"A man ought to have a hobby," she said. "You can use the lathe as if it was your own."

He bobbed his head by way of showing he had heard. He appeared during this period to live in fear of being found idle, always casting about him for additional odd jobs he might put his hand to. In her unhurried way of life, each day containing its routine set of tasks varying slightly with the time of year, his cloaked anxiety to make himself useful about the house, his insistence on always being occupied and the cautious display of it, was strange, almost amusing to her. She was prevented from enjoying the novelty of this timid deference by her awareness of the importance it had for him; the struggle to become indispensable had involved her—she was the object and arbiter to which he directed all his effort. The effect was to give her a value she had never before discerned. He was doing these things solely to please her. She ought to show appreciation by making them more available and so she, too, looked around for little jobs to keep him busy.

She thought to resolve the question by, in effect, turning the tiny cottage she owned over to his supervision. She had no head for business. The place had become a problem to her. It was difficult to rent owing to its location—end house on an outlying street. She allowed him to collect the rent each month and acting as her agent he bought materials and made a few repairs to the property. Though tenants moved in and out regularly, Dan managed to find new ones each time, and Ellie was glad to be relieved of the burden. The care of the cottage devolving upon him seemed to make the situation less taut between them and removed any chance of an accusation that he was malingering, for, alternating his attention, he found enough to do.

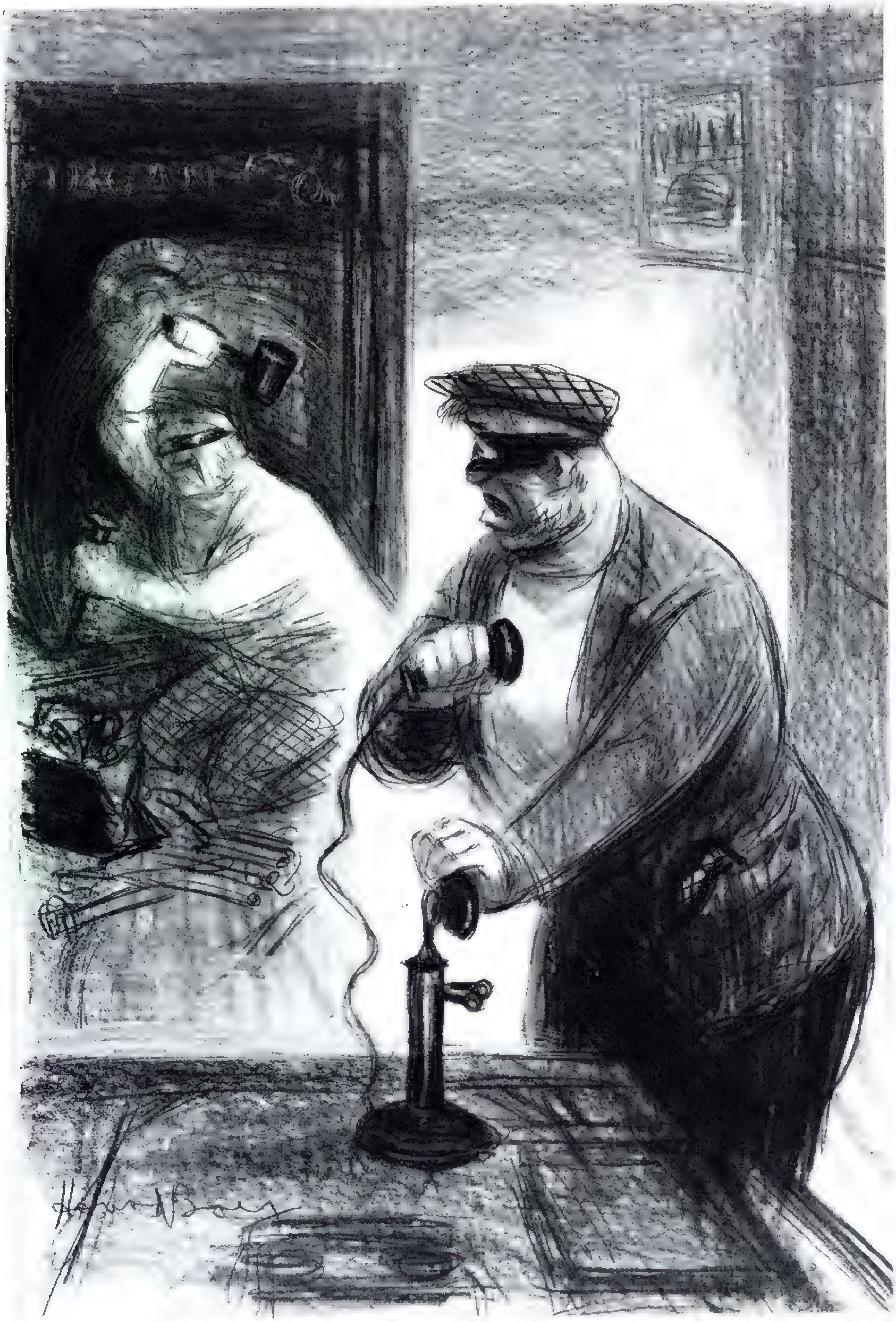
"My husband used to look after it," she said. "If he could do it, I guess you can. It's really better for a man to do that kind of worrying anyhow. You look after the little house from now on but don't do anything without telling me."

"No, missus. I'll do my best for you, missus."

In the fall she came upon him studying a night school folder he had found. It contained lists of academic subjects and he was ticking off those that interested him. His lips moved as he read down the pamphlet. He looked up, startled at being discovered, and somehow, she felt, defiant.

"It's about the night school. I was thinkin' of registerin', missus, if you don't mind."

Continued at top of page 162



"It's the police! They say the neighbors are complaining about the racket"

Faith, Hope and Charity

Continued from pages 69-160

It was the only time he had ever put forward a request on his own behalf. She tried not to appear surprised, to treat the matter offhandedly.

"Suit yourself. I won't object if that's what you're getting at."

Yet she was pleased. Her husband had been something of a reader but Ellie was a woman of little education. It was a side of herself she had not cultivated but in Dan she saw the desire for improvement having a relation to her, and she was delighted. Her feelings showed on her face and she sensed at once his quick drawing back.

She said, hurriedly: "The cottage is vacant again, isn't it? I saw a moving van in front this afternoon."

"Yes, missus."

"See the real estate man in the morning," she said desperately.

"In the morning," he repeated.

He went to the night school classes. She took him with her into town to register. They walked along the road together, looking like a companionable married couple, he aging, worn a little, and she, comfortably middle-aged.

"Straighten yourself up and swing your arms when you walk. You don't have to be afraid of anyone you meet. You look fine. Is there anything else you need?"

"I guess not. I'll take up them dahlia bulbs tomorrow, missus. Frost'll get them if I don't."

"Never mind the bulbs now."

"Yes, missus."

After the first time, he went alone. He was neat and presentable as he left for school three times each week, carrying his books under his arm. It gave her an odd pang each time she watched him go. He had a position in the world now; a job to do, clothes of his own and money. But she felt grieved that he did not bear himself more proudly. He walked with his eyes downward, his thin shoulders hunched. He did not look back at her.

She thought: "Going to school will do him good. I'm not lonely while he's away. I can sit and wait for him. After a while when he's more accustomed to coming and going as he wants, he'll talk more freely with me. Tell me things. I'm not really lonesome when he's not here."

Then a short time before she expected him back, she would rise from the straw armchair, put aside the basket of sewing, and prepare a supper for him, a warm-over or a hot sandwich. If the night was wet or windy she would have a hot drink ready. Later, when he came in, they would sit down together and their talk would be question and answer. He offered no voluntary information. She was forced to be the interrogator. When he had finished eating, he would wait quietly for her permission to go down to the couch in the cellar. And when she had given it and climbed the stairs to her own bedroom, she carried a baffled, hurt feeling to sleep.

She was troubled and puzzled by his attitude but there was no appreciable cause she could pointedly allude to or blame. That a change was taking place in him she knew. Perhaps it was not so much a change as a leavening, a softening inwardly as if his nature had found an outlet unknown to her.

"He's hiding something from me," she told herself. "He avoids me but not enough to be disrespectful. And he gets away every chance he can."

He became irregular in coming home and awaiting him as she did, she noticed how it grew later each night before he returned from the night school. During the days he spent more of his time about the cottage and covertly observing him she decided that from being an impersonal though conscientious care, his interest in it had become personal and absorbing. The suspicion at the bottom of her mind uncoiled slowly and grew into a conviction; and as if amazed at the result of her introspection she could not put it into words. She wanted Dan to do that for her.

"You're taking a lot of trouble about the little house," Ellie said as he tried to slip off one afternoon. She smiled uneasily. "You're always over that way."

"I been fixin' up a little over there. I got things in shape here."

But his tone was defensive. She had heard the sound of the wood lathe from the cellar. Under his arm he was carrying a length of newly turned wood.

"Are you taking that to the cottage?"

"Yes, missus."

"What's the new tenant like?

"It's a woman, missus. She's all right."

It was his confession. Ellie, watching him closely, saw his lips tighten as he spoke. She was convinced. The solution of his strange conduct lay within the walls of the little house. The influence she had felt working on him was a woman's. She was certain the woman, whoever she was, lived in the cottage and was the reason for Dan's new attitude.

She reflected on these things one night waiting up for him. It was getting well into winter, a sharp moonless night, promising snow. From the curtained windows of her sitting room she could see a patch of the unpaved road under a swinging street lamp and the ground, packed and hard under the frost, looked as if it would ring to Dan's step as he came home from his visit to the other woman. She began to construct the interview she intended to have with him but her mind kept wandering off to suppositions as to why he had kept up the pretense of going to the night school. She was sure he no longer attended the classes and she felt helpless in the face of the deceit because it implied anticipation, as if he knew something about her that she had not at the time known herself. It suggested that he was aware of the growth of her interest in him and had turned away rejectingly. She retraced the course of their relations since he had first come to her home. The climax was that he had succeeded her in control of the situation and she tried to find the explanation somewhere in her treatment of him. She began to grow angry and two tears slipped unbrushed down her wholesome face.

"Why has he treated me this way? The ungrateful brute! I have given him everything he needed. There is nothing I wouldn't do for him. Yet he turns from me to this woman."

A figure crossed the patch of light out on the road, coming toward the house. She glanced instinctively at the ormolu clock on the mantlepiece. It showed twenty to twelve—the latest he had yet stayed out. She stood up and dabbed at her eyes and looked at herself in the pier-glass. The determined expression on her face satisfied her although she did not know exactly what she was going to say to him.

She said, twice-over, aloud: "We could be so happy together. So happy," and waited to hear the sound of the door opening as he came in. #

Handbook for Bums

Continued from page 81

If there is ever an immediate need for money, speak to a drunk, go to a Legion convention or a fair, visit a minister of your belief. Explain the situation without resorting to the trite lines of movie bums, without affecting a more colloquial speech than is natural to you. Triteness and colloquialisms ("I'm up against my luck, bud") do not affect the average person.

Now, I am making these suggestions not mainly to improve the life of bums but to stop bumming. If bums look sleeker, cleaner, better dressed, they are more likely to contact people and obtain employment than if they look like "bums." And I think that most transients are quite anxious to receive employment, I think they can easily be assimilated into society. Most of them are men who have had jobs and lost them, men whom the depression thrust from the cities—but they have not become warped by their experiences. They are, as a rule, not too intelligent and not too unhappy. Most of them if they would heed the maxims I have mentioned here would sooner or later be drawn into the respectable world. I even believe they would make good family men, for they suffer from a slight chronic indigestion caused by a lack of care in what they eat; also, they are sex-starved—yes, they would be appreciative of domestic and marital attentions. Of course there are those who are mentally and physically diseased, and these should be put in institutions. Also, many are old and should be placed in old men's homes.

As for myself, I have no wish to be returned to society. I did not leave home because of an impossible wife or because I could not get employment—I had no wife and I had a well paying job with a millinery house, a job into which I had been recruited because I had never become excited about a future and planned it. But I was not happy in the city and more than others I looked forward to vacations; at those times I would travel constantly trying to absorb as much as possible. I found it increasingly difficult to return after each vacation. Finally the inevitable happened—I just didn't return, I kept right on going. It really made no difference, I had no dependents and milliners could show bad taste without my aid. Now I am completely happy. All the infinite phases of nature I can observe at leisure, all the different types of country I can live with in their optimums. The spring I spend in the West, the summer in the far North, the fall in New England, the winter in the South. In a few years I shall probably want to go to Europe, and I *shall* go. And since I have been on the road I have in many ways improved myself: my sensitivities have been sharpened (I even write poetry now, and it's not too bad), my education extended, and my health become superb. I don't know whether I shall ever settle down again, and I don't much care. I'm a parasite but people don't seem to mind, they seem to enjoy giving, and I try to repay the debt by spinning tales that please them.

And now the lady in the office of the notary public, the young lady who has given me this handout on a typewriter, approaches and she says, "If you haven't any plans for the evening, come up to my house and have dinner with me."

The young lady is tall and rather lovely. She smiles as I respond, "Never was a suspicious character met with such charm and kindness."

This is the ultimate in handouts—a handout in women! #

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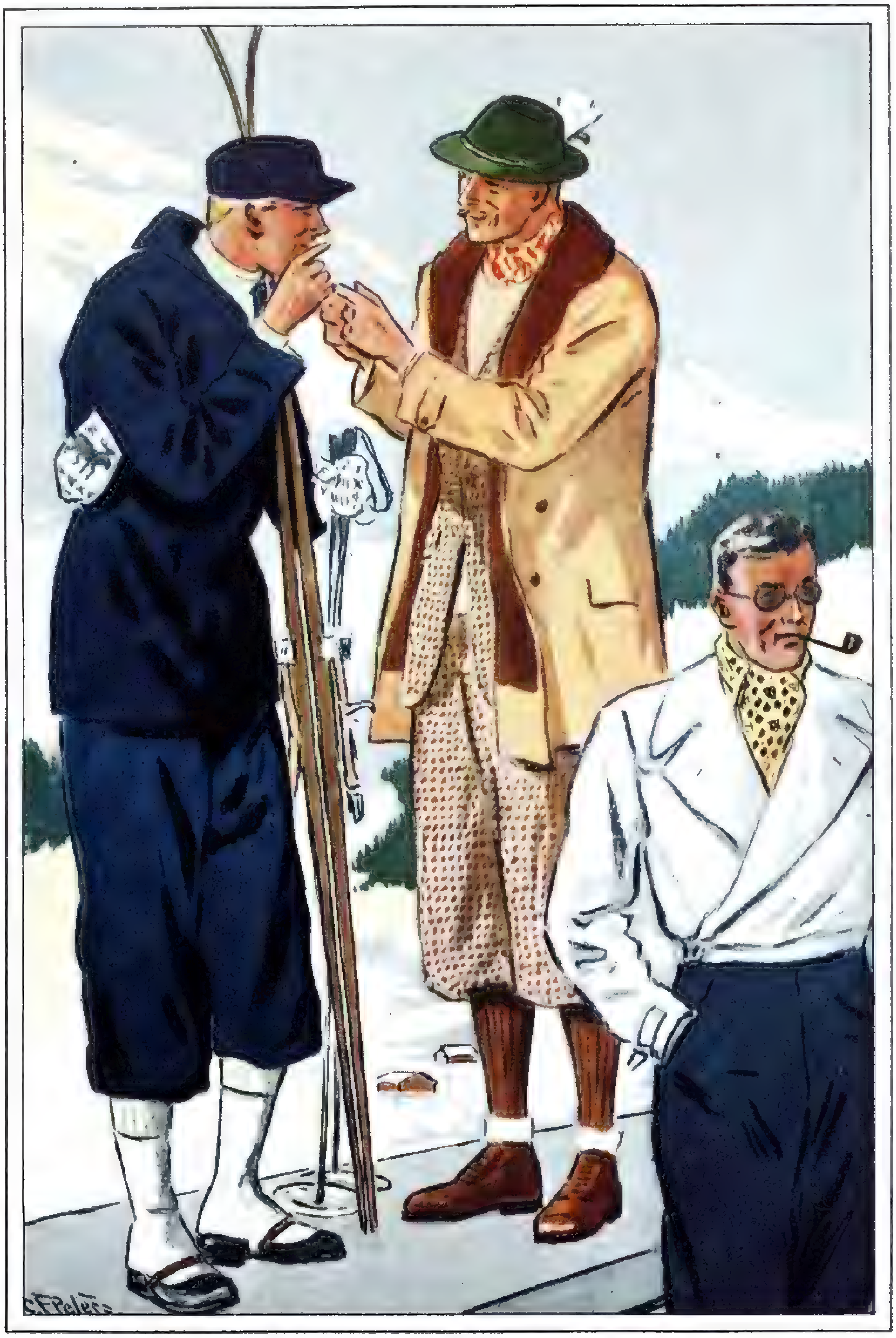

SPECIALIZED CLOTHES FOR WINTER SPORTS

The three types of dress shown here correspond to those worn by professionals and instructors throughout the world. The man on the left is dressed for cross country skiing, wearing a medium weight white wool turtleneck sweater, a pair of wool ski knickers, heavy wool hose, canvas gaiters, heavy ski boots, a blue anorak with a hood that pulls completely over the Norwegian ski cap, and Norwegian mittens. The middle outfit is for general winter resort wear, tobogganing and tramping through woods; homespun tweed jacket with matching plus fours, heavy wool socks, white anklets and ski boots, a cashmere sweater with a foulard square muffler, short gabardine coat with fleece pile lining and collar and Alpine hat. The outfit on the right shows the short double breasted jacket, Norwegian wool muffler and wool ski knickers with heavy wool hose and ski boots. The scene is St. Moritz.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Otter River

Continued from page 60

was like to meet the river. You meet it, and rise up with it—. God, how you rise up with it—!"

She nodded. She was beginning to feel a strange excitement.

"But I never knew it made a person look different. I was always alone, you know. But from way at the end of the bridge I looked at you, and I knew well enough. You were just right. You're perfect—when you look at the river, you're perfect—"

She laughed a little.

"When I saw that, I couldn't stay at the end of the bridge I had to come. Do you mind?"

"Of course not."

"I could see you were meeting the river. I could see, as clear as daylight. I didn't need to look at the river, only at you. It was as if you had brought the river up to the bridge with you."

"Why," she said. "I couldn't do that. I only touched it, just for a minute."

"Nonsense! You've still got it. I can see!" He laughed. Her hand lay on the railing, and he touched the back of it with the tips of his fingers. "Don't you think I can see it?" he cried.

"I'm just a stenographer," she said. "Just a tired stenographer."

Then his voice dropped, but it was very intense.

"Give me some of it," he said.

After a pause, she answered.

"How?"

"You could. If you wanted to."

"Who are you?" she asked.

"The Otter River."

"Otter River?" All at once her head felt light. "Otter River? What could I give to the Otter River?"

"Why, only some of itself back again."

Then suddenly they both laughed.

"It's the river," he said. "It's all the river."

They turned, and looked down again, over the railing. For a long time they watched the water in silence, until they grew dizzy from the ceaseless movement of it. The green came clear down to the water's edge.

"You wouldn't think there was a trail along there, would you?" he asked, his voice quite matter-of-fact, but with a queer waver in it.

"No."

"There is. Or there used to be. A nice trail. The fishermen use it. It goes to another falls higher up. A better falls than this one. It's a damn pretty place. A damn pretty place. . . . Do you want to go up?"

For a moment she hesitated.

"Yes," she said. "Of course."

Well, there was a trail of a sort. It was heavily overgrown, for it had not been used for years. He seemed to have a gift, however, for parting the low branches of the solid mat of brush in just the right places to keep their invisible feet always within the limits of the shallow, hard depression that marked what was left of the path. At first the descent was steep as they approached the ever increasing roar of the river, and then when they could feel the coolness of it near their faces, the trail turned abruptly and started slowly upstream. There were fallen trees around which they made laborious detours, and many logs, and smaller trunks knee-high across the trail. And a bramble-patch, which took a heavy toll of the dress she was wearing, and spots of mud from the slow seepage of springs which wet their feet. She noticed the remains of shattered spider-webs slowly accumulating across the crown of his hat and on his shoulders, and exulted in the solitude.

He stopped, looked about him, and then struck off the trail to the right. In a moment they emerged on the stream, almost in it. They were in a clear space under a huge cedar, carpeted with needles.

"This is a kind of a nice place," he said. "I thought you might like to see it."

"It is nice," she said, and they stood for a moment staring at the water. Then he turned and looked straight at her.

"We can go back now, if you want to. The falls is a little farther. Would you still like to go?"

Again she hesitated, but then smiled at him. So they went back and turned up the old trail again. The going grew constantly harder, and if she had not been tired before, she became so now. He slowed his pace a little, and when he had to stop to choose the way, he waited just perceptibly longer than necessary, though still he said nothing. And then she realized that the roar of the river was split into two halves, one coming from beside them and the other, the echo of a deeper thunder, from far ahead; and as they struggled on, she heard less of the first than of the second, until at last her consciousness was completely bound up in the mighty sound they were approaching. Nearer and nearer it came, this ultimate heart beat of the river. The whole valley vibrated; the two felt the trembling in the air, and walked faster.

At the foot of the turbulent pool that the falls plunged into, they came out of the forest; and she looked at the tremendous drop of the water, with the knots and sheets of it forming and changing and shaping themselves in their long descent, and she stopped.

"A damn pretty place," was all she could think. "He said it was a damn pretty place. It is—it is a damn pretty place."

He tugged at her.

"Don't stop here," he said. "Come on."

An old tree trunk lay across the stream before them. "Be careful," he said. "It's slippery," and he took her hand and led her across. On the other side, with her hand still in his, he led her a little way around the pool and then up a steep slope to a wide, grassy shelf that hung over the water from the cliff above it.

This is the story of how I came to be, and it was here that it happened; here that that great red mark was put into the ledger of eternity, against my little unborn name; here on the grassy ledge with the warmth of the sun beating down from above and with the roar of the falls in their ears and now and then a few cold spatterings of spray glancing across them when a puff of a breeze came exactly right. Here Romance came to flower, as each of them had known that it would, I suppose, from the moment they left the bridge.

The sun had begun to drop down lower, when she saw a movement in the grass. She sat up. A squirrel was crossing nearly over their feet, carrying in its mouth, by the back of the neck, one of its helpless babies. The animal took no notice of them, but scrambled on, and disappeared into the brush. My mother sat in silence, and soon the squirrel reappeared, its mouth empty, and went away again, only to come back a moment later on an errand like the first, with another bundle between its teeth.

"Twins," my mother said, aloud.

"What?"

"Nothing."

Now I have never gathered that my mother had lived like a nun, or anything of the sort, and certainly she knew well enough how to take care of herself; but this time Romance and the Otter River had betrayed her, as men and women must always be betrayed if the books are to be kept open. And now she sat still, thinking.

After a while she turned and looked down at my father.

"You know," she said, "I don't know your name."

"Otter River," he answered, without opening his eyes.

"Is that all?"

"Otter River."

Again she sat in silence for a while, watching the spot where the squirrel had disappeared.

"I saw a squirrel," she said. "It had twins."

My father opened his eyes.

"Twins?"

'Well, maybe it was triplets. Twins were all I saw."

My father sat up.

"Where?"

"Right there. She ran across with one of them in her mouth, and then she came back and got another. I guess she didn't notice me. She was too busy."

My father stared at her. His face was growing troubled.

"Look here," he said. "I'll tell you my name. Of course I will."

"Otter River?"

"It was Otter River. It is Otter River, and you know why I said that. But I know what you're thinking. That damn squirrel—"

"Yes," she laughed, "That damn squirrel."

There was silence again, but for the roar of the river. She sat smiling; but he seemed minute by minute to be growing gray. The wind was rising a little, and a dash of cold spray struck across his face.

"Well," he said. "And now it's over. I'll tell you my other name. My New Jersey name, and then we'll go back. But you know—" he laughed shortly. "Well, it was damn nice to forget it."

She did not answer, but her smile grew a little. With a sudden jerk he looked up at the sun.

"It's getting late. We'll have to start if we're going to get out before dark. I don't think there's a moon."

Still she only smiled. He stood up and looked down at the water, and up and down the falls, and around the pool.

"Do you want to hear it now?"

She rose and laid her hand across his mouth.

"Let's go back," she said.

He led the way, as when they had come up. The path did not seem so hard or so long this time, for neither of them noticed the obstacles; and my father stumbled more often than my mother. It was dusk and the air was cold when they came out to the bridge again. Her car looked strangely forlorn there in the middle, with the door still open where she had left it when she had got out to look at the river. They went straight up to it and stood beside it for a moment.

"Well—" she said, and smiled at him.

He looked up. There was something in his face that aroused great pity in her. She took his head between her hands and kissed him long on the forehead. He touched her shoulders, but that was all; something—the river, or her kiss, or Romance, had left him stunned.

Then, quickly, she jumped into the seat, turned the ignition key, and pressed the starter. There was the raucous noise of the gears, and an answering sputter; and finally the breakneck abandon of the racing motor. He seemed partly to awaken, and laid his hand on the door.

"Wait!" he said. "Wait!"

Still smiling, she shook her head, and with a jerk the car broke away from him; and again there was the rumble of the boards of the bridge as her car passed over. When she had shifted gears, she looked in the mirror on the windshield. He was standing in the middle of the bridge staring after her, growing smaller and smaller as her car gained speed. And she never knew whether she was glad or sorry; but from the way he stood she could see that he had not even thought to take down her license number.

Well, that is all of the romantic side of it; or rather all of the romantic happenings, for there was plenty of romantic thought left in my mother, or she would never have acted as she did. I have said

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The Otter River

Continued from pages 60-165

that she was no nun, and certainly she was not. She knew well enough that what had not been prevented could often be cured; but all the counsels of her wiser sisters she ignored, keeping to herself what she had learned to think she needed, and greeting all advice from the kind and knowing with that same small smile which had first come to her on that ledge above the pool in the Otter River, and which seemed now to have become an inseparable part of the handwriting on her face.

"It's all my fault," my shocked Aunt Bessie said. "I shouldn't have let you take the car."

"I hope it isn't twins," my mother laughed, "Like the squirrel."

My mother died in childbirth. Fortunately, through all the weary months that came before, the thought that this might happen never once crossed her mind or if it did she turned her back on it. It was not until the day had come and the doctor was with her, that she saw it. He was the man who had raised the curtain upon her own life, an old family friend, frock-coated and whiskered, tall and gaunt, and formal in his silences.

"Child," he said, bending over her, "you must tell me. Who was the man?"

My mother laughed through her pain.

"The Otter River," she said.

"Child," he said again, still gently but very firmly, "this is a thing that I must know. It is very serious. You must think for the baby you are going to have. There must be some one to care for it."

"I'll care for it."

"Child—" he began again, but stopped; and for a long moment their eyes met, and then he looked away. But she had seen it now; and her eyes grew large, and quickly her breath came faster. He laid his hand on her forehead.

"I only meant that we had to be very sure. I think you will come through this, of course; but it is better to be certain about everything, for the sake of the baby. And now you must tell me his name."

But the shock and the strain and the pain, and now this new knowledge, overcame her, and suddenly she broke into hysterics, screaming over and over the name of that river which nearly a year ago had formed the goal of her intuitive pilgrimage. Only the name of the Otter River, and no other words that he could guess by; and so he gave her morphia; and then her mind sank slowly down into a deep and secret calm, like that of a pool below a waterfall; and she did not live ever to speak again.

Aunt Bessie brought me up; and a very kind foster mother she has been to me, though at times a little strict. Only one of my mother's last requests did she disobey. She named me Otto. And for my part I am glad she did, for it is enough to be the child of a romantic river, without having to carry its name through all my realistic life, down to my realistic grave. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

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the Messrs. Kirkland and Grisman in putting money into a musical comedy book (*Forbidden Melody*) about the handsome Roumanian lieutenant who is having an affair with his colonel's wife and who alternately masquerades as a player in a tzigane orchestra and waiter in a gay supper café, or that they would be so commercially obtuse as Arthur Hopkins in believing that an evening devoted to the woes of Edgar Allan Poe (*Plumes in the Dust*) could conceivably interest a New York audience not more than one-quarter of whom had in all probability ever even heard of Edgar Allan Poe, it is still undeniable that they are sometimes a peculiar aggregation. What I am thinking of—although I almost lost sight of it during that overly extended sentence—is their reaction to the Crouse-Lindsay-Porter musical exhibit called *Red, Hot and Blue*. After, with one or two exceptions, insisting that it was a very poor show, they experienced a devil of a critical time with themselves explaining why they shouldn't have laughed so loudly at it as they admitted they did. The Crouse-Lindsay book, they wrote, was feeble and humorless, yet Jimmy Durante, who was entrusted with what were presumably its lines, was, they confessed, a wow. The Cole Porter songs, they said, were nothing to speak of, yet Ethel Merman, who sang them, set them, they allowed, to vibrating, humming and even whistling. It was all rather confusing to their readers, and the show's press agent himself had such difficulty making head or tail out of the reviews that he had to fall back on the foreign language newspapers for advertising quotes. As for myself, always, as is well known, a critic of enormously superior percipience, the book of the show seemed to be very much what the other critics said it was, yet, like them, I enjoyed it immensely and laughed my head off when Durante retailed it. The songs, too, seemed to me to be less good than Porter has accustomed us to, yet when Miss Merman sang them I, like the other boys, thought they were pretty tasty. In fact, whatever my critical self considered it professorially necessary for me to argue, I had a rich time, bellowing until my pearl studs exploded from their sockets and hit my neighboring critics, similarly roaring and howling, in the backs of their necks.

I know that there must be a critical reason why all this shouldn't have been, but I'll be damned if I know what it is.

The Leslie Howard *Hamlet* also showed up the punditissimi in an exotic, aye, even a mystic light. As one man they gave Howard the critical works, and to a very considerable degree this particular factotum strings along with their estimate of his performance. It was very far from being what it should have been. On that point there can be small debate. But the fact that Howard's *Hamlet* was a definitely defective one doesn't seem to me to have made Gielgud's an immaculate one overnight, which was the phenomenon that greeted the next morning's dawn. Having seen and been greviously disappointed by Howard's performance, even those reviewers who had previously discerned and expatiated upon the shortcomings of Gielgud's suddenly let the childish and faulty business of comparison get the better of their sound judgment and proceeded to hail the Gielgud *Hamlet* as perfection itself. That it was just as flawful as it was before Howard's made it seem relatively virtuous was lost sight of, and once again comparisons converted reputable criticism into vaudeville mathematics.

This would be an appropriate spot into which to drop an extended essay on the genealogy of *Hamlet* interpretations, embellished with copious critical footnotes and working up to a grand display of personal fireworks designed, somewhat vaingloriously, to illuminate the subject for all posterity. But I shall spare you. I have performed sufficiently often on the matter in the past, usually to the agony of editors (many of them nitwits) who contended that nobody out of college classrooms and the Drama Critics' Circle wanted to read such stuff and that I was ruining their circulations. Let it therefore suffice that I repeat, in the immediate case, that both Howard's and Gielgud's *Hamlets* were in my opinion sadly impoverished and that, simply because the latter's was better than the former's, one poor *Hamlet* doesn't perforce make another poor *Hamlet* critically endorsable.

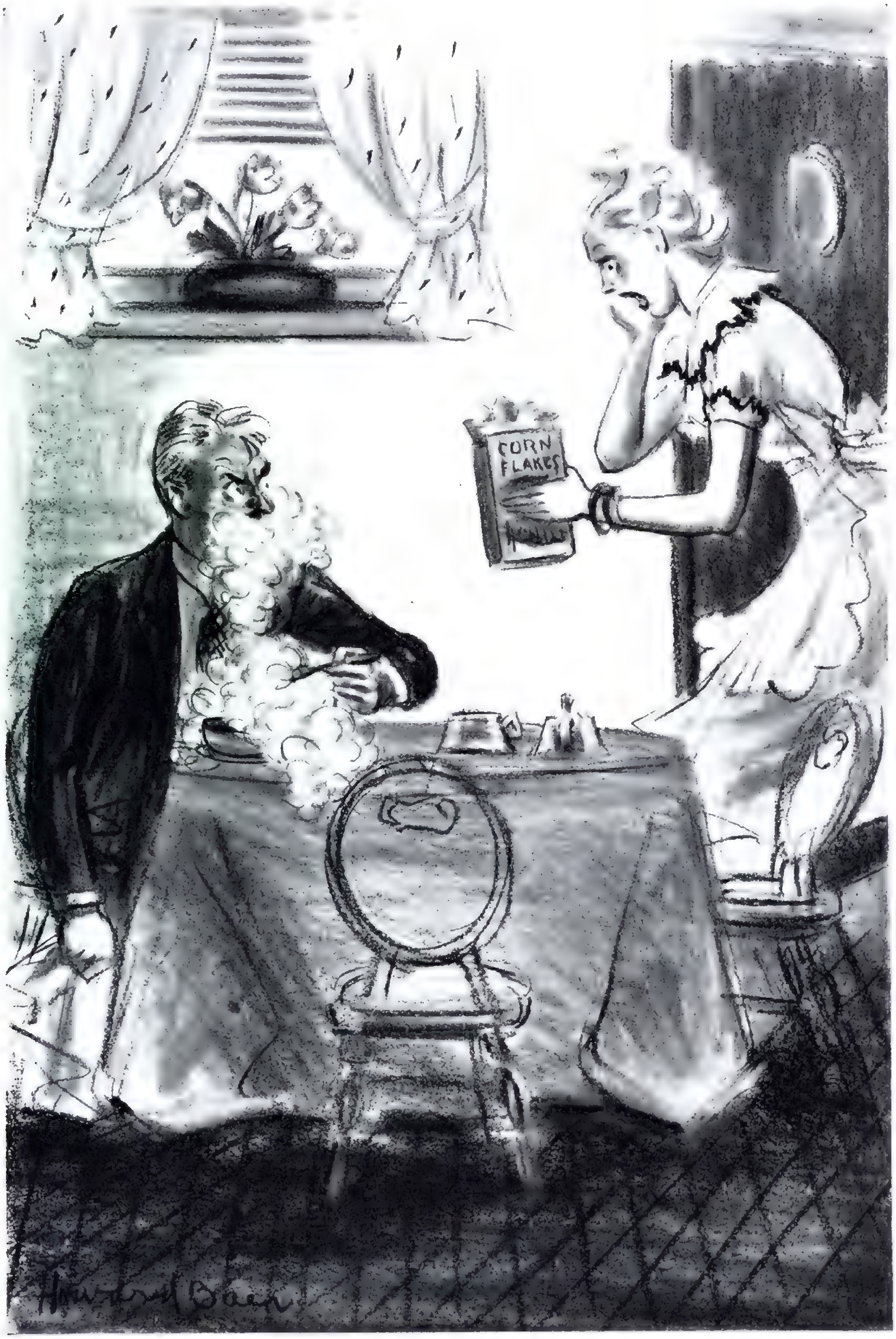
On the night that the American theatre was recognized by the Nobel award to Eugene O'Neill as having at length grown up, the American theatre celebrated the event by displaying an adaptation from the French of Louis Verneuil called *Matrimony, Pfd.*, thus causing the Nobel committee to go right out and get drunk. (Why simply single out the Nobel committee?)

To observe a theatre that has in it the largest resources and the highest potentialities of any theatre in the world today wasting its time on such rococo exhibits as this is depressing to the critical spirit. Twenty, thirty years ago, there may have been a place on our stage for such things, for that stage could then learn something from the French in the way of light, graceful and witty comedy writing.

But with the passing of playwriting time French comedy of the species in question has become little more than a mothball laid in old lavender, and as wistfully dated and dully superfluous as any other protracted, intimate conversation on sex.

Matrimony, Pfd., like many another French comedy of any period, deals with the sexual divertissements of a woman past forty and with grown children—in this instance, in particular, an adult son. Now, while I have no more morals than a rat, I must nevertheless confess that a whole evening devoted to the illicit anatomical performances of any such mellow female is not only, save the exhibition be cast in the mould of wild farce, not amusing to me, but faintly offensive. It is not a matter of morals but of biological esthetics. And when, as in the present instance, there is a further attempt to sentimentalize and even romanticize the old girl's gazumpings, I confess additionally to suffering something vaguely resembling a stomach upset. What is more, the deftest of acting by the most engaging of actresses and actors can't relieve my malaise. No one admires the virtuosity of Grace George and A. E. Matthews more than I, but that fact didn't diminish the aforesaid malaise on this occasion any more than other such commendable players have diminished it in the past.

Nor did the adaptation of the piece, made by Miss George herself and James Forbes, tend to encourage the critical spirit in other directions. Its richly humorous dialogue flavor may be indicated by such passages as, "It is high time you did it;" "What's that you said?"; "I said it is high time you did it;" "Oh, I thought you said high tide." And its cheating by way of trying to tease a hokum American laugh may further be indicated by its having a French character named Levy announced as Layvy and thereupon causing another French character ironically to observe that she thought the name was Leevy, when any Frenchman, on or off a stage, would know that the French, even those born in Alsace or the Palais Royal, never pronounce Levy other than Layvy or maybe Layvé. #


CORN FLAKES
Howard Baer

"Good Heavens! Those must be the soap chips—these are the corn flakes!"

The Wench Is Not Amused

Continued from page 31

send the man back to the minor leagues, where he belongs.

APPROACH THREE
The Ham-iest

The long-bearded "misunderstood husband" gag. No elucidation is needed. Only fools fall for this chestnut and it is doubtful if, after falling, they deserve any sympathy. It has been my experience that married men are seldom worth the trouble. It is generally wisest to send them home to the little woman, in short order.

APPROACH FOUR
The Outright Purchase

Like the Greeks, they come bearing gifts; generally expensive and so tendered that it is possible for the semi-prostitute to accept her wages without feeling too professional. The man who pulls this one isn't fooling. He means business and wants it tacitly understood that there are to be no strings attached to this business deal. And he is intelligent enough to know that the average female is capable of very long distance rationalizing and thus can graciously and righteously accept a fur coat or a diamond ring whereas she would regard the offer of actual cash as a terrific insult. This system, probably because it has a sound economic and not emotional basis, is liable to work with any of us who haven't been born heiresses. If the man is anywhere near as attractive as his gift it is sometimes necessary for a gal to summon up her last bit of will power to say "No." But it is usually worth it, if only to preserve those few remaining shreds of self respect.

APPROACH FIVE
The Big Brother Act

This predatory gent is an insidious operator where the unwary female is concerned. In the first place, he is patient. This, in itself, is unusual enough to throw you off. He starts off on a "just friends" basis and worms his way into your heart as a confidant and pal. Before you know it you are, on those odd nights, telling him all about your joys or sorrows with whichever Tom, Dick or Harry you are at the moment involved. He is very sweet, sympathetic and understanding. But he is playing a waiting game. He knows that eventually, human nature being what it is, there'll be a bust-up between you and the boy of the moment . . . and when it comes you'll find his broad shoulder there for you to weep on. You weep and you weep. You're on the rebound and desperately in need of masculine comforting. And suddenly you find that you're getting it in a very big, and totally unexpected way. And because you are weak and blue and emotionally drained and in need of some male tenderness you all at once become aware of the fact that your Big Brother is much sweeter and more desirable than you had ever found him to be before. And if he realizes this at the same time that you awaken . . . you're lost. When he puts on the pressure you're defenceless. I know that this approach depends upon extenuating circumstances but they occur far more frequently than one ever suspects. And a girl on the rebound is in no fit condition to put up an adequate defence. My only solution is this: never trust a man who tries to build up a *platonic* friendship with you. At the time it may seem to you that it would be *such* a relief to know a man like that, but you can with impunity bet your last garter-belt that you're wrong because, some place in the back of his mind, he'll have an idea or two . . .

APPROACH SIX
The Pseudo-Sophisticated

This approach has three subdivisions but they are all based on the same fundamental sophistry:

6-A. *The Philosophical.* The life-is-real, life-is-earnest, opportunity-knocks-but-once, so grab-each-fleeting-moment-while-you-may school. This is, of course, the veriest hokum, fit only for children in their teens. Every woman beyond the age of adolescence knows that this unique opportunity the gentleman is so magnanimously offering her is an opportunity that knocks all too damn frequently. Why any man who isn't completely witless ever thinks a girl will believe him to be the only one who will ever offer her a chance to indulge in a life of sin is beyond me. So, girls, the next time a man pulls this, "Tonight is ours!" line on you, control your laughter, let him down gently, and send him on his way. The stronger sex? Physically, yes.

6-B. *The Pagan.* This lad is likely to have long hair. He has read *Ulysses* and has a glib knowledge of neo-realistic painting or something of that sort. He thinks very highly of individualism and can quote Nietzsche's remarks about the Superman (himself). He tells you that the old, conventional moral standards of our fathers are outmoded (news to you?) and insists that today we see such things as sexual relations with a new vision, a proper perspective. "After all, we want each other, and what is there to stop us?" he asks. "Aren't we free people, free to live our own lives?" You are also free to point out to him that "we want each other" is taking altogether too much for granted. You explain, in as tactful and gentle terms as the situation requires, that a fairly ardent kiss or two, permitted in a moment of weakness, doesn't exactly establish the fact that you are willing to turn over the body beautiful. He'll never believe, of course, that it wasn't your inhibitions which prevented you from succumbing and he'll go on his way, still proud of his free and soaring spirit, in search of a girl with low heels and spectacles, who thinks Communism would be nice. And he'll say to her "Look at Russia," and get away with it. I don't want to look at Russia. Blouses and smocks? Not with my torso.

6-C. *The Physical.* Whereas the first chap in this category went at you on a philosophical plane, so-called, and the second tried to weaken you on a moral and individualistic grounds the "Physical" lad goes to the root of the matter and attacks you with body blows. His weapons are psychiatry, Freudian psychology and your glands. These physical realists always have your well being at heart. They explain at great length that sex is an appetite which must be satisfied if one isn't to become a victim of all sorts of fetishes and suppressed desires. Now, no girl would want to become amorous in public with a Shetland pony or become addicted to horsewhipping her grandmother. It isn't being done. The obvious solution is to permit whichever physical realist is at the moment spouting his propaganda to come between you and the tragedies of perversion. The whole affair is, of course, to be conducted in your own best interests.

We may very well be animals and victims of appetites which must be satisfied in order to prevent complexes and frustrations. I'm willing to admit that the boys may have something there. But, so far, I've been able to order my own meals and I think I'll continue to do so. When I'm hungry I'll eat, if the proper food is available, and no one is going to force improperly prepared food on me when I'm not hungry . . . and my grandmother will have to take her chances.

APPROACH SEVEN
The "Forcing" Method

Or perhaps I should call it the cat-and-mouse attack. In any event, the glib gentleman who works this approach on you is primarily concerned with forcing *you* to make the final move and "Safety First" is obviously his motto.

The opening lines generally read something like this, "I don't love you and I know you don't love me—but I can't help wanting you. Why pretend? I think you're swell—sex excluded—but you're so damned attractive that, no matter how hard I try, when I'm with you I want you." Then he adds, oh very frankly and fairly, "I like you so much that I have to be honest with you. If I continue to see you I'll make love to you, I can't help myself. If you want me to stop coming around, now that you know, you've only to say so." The only catch in this last speech is that he only produces it when he is pretty damn sure that you like him a lot and enjoy being with him. Of course you, liking him as you do and feeling on safe terrain because he hasn't so much as touched you, laugh it off and take your chances.

But after a night or two of conversation in the same vein but growing progressively more intense, the chances are that he will kiss you; ardently, of course, and probably with considerable finesse—and you've given the inch that may cost you your virtue.

Gently and insidiously the campaign progresses. Each night it will become a little more intense and each night your defences will fall back an inch or two. But he will never use force, never put on any obvious pressure. Each time you feel called upon to say "Stop," he'll stop—to your growing annoyance. And, though you probably won't realize it, that is one word you'll come to use less and less frequently.

Slowly and inevitably the tide, to use a figure of speech, creeps up and up until that night when you've forgotten even the meaning of the word—and then the louse stops of his own accord!

The speeches at this point are liable to be on the impassioned side and to deal at some length with his desire for you and your many darling qualities and so on far into the night. Eventually he gets around to asking you if you, too, desire him. After what has just transpired you wonder if he is a complete idiot, then reassure him in your own subtle way.

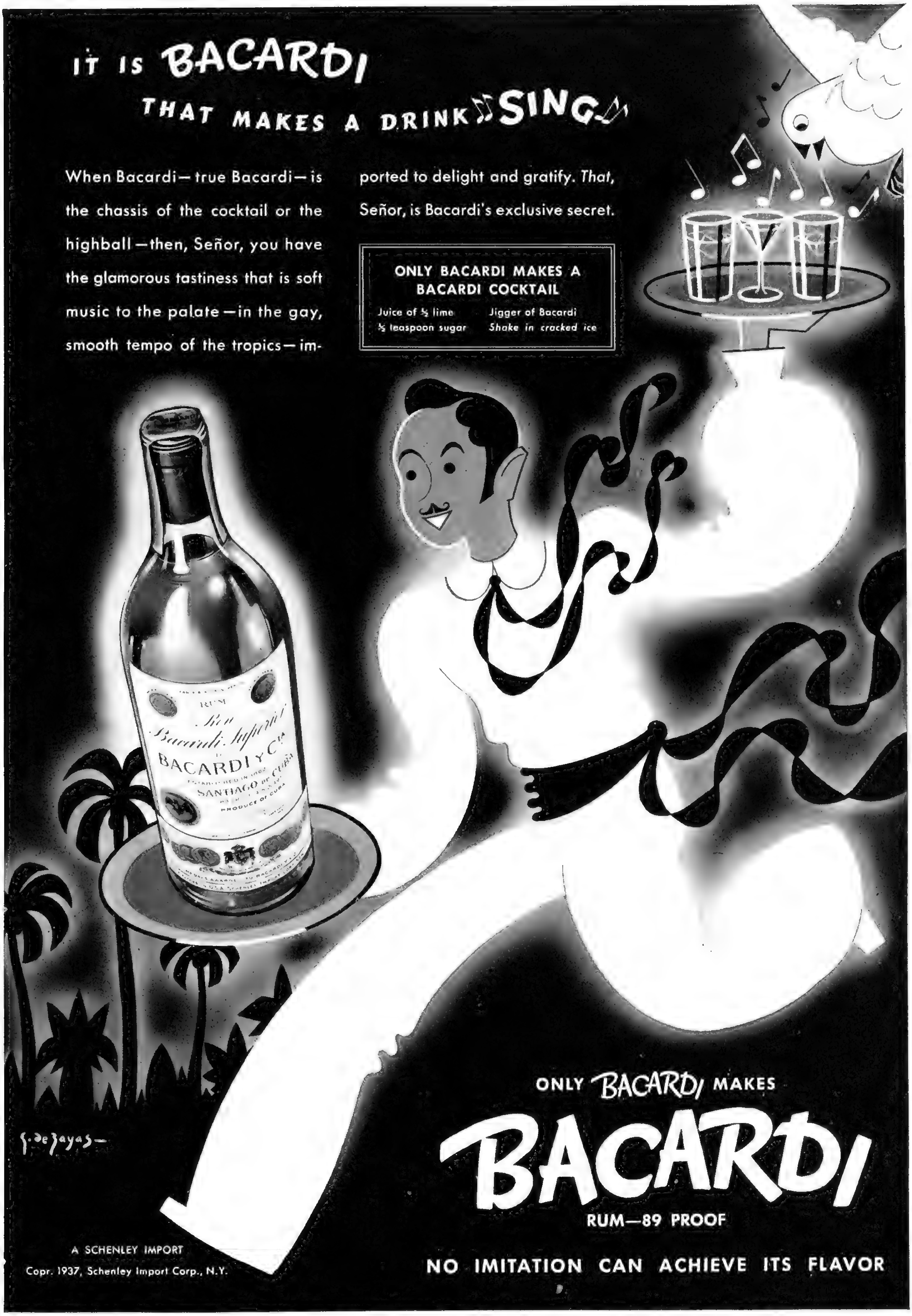
This generally calls for a clinch and the addition of fuel to the flame. After a proper interval he pulls the Remorse-stop. It goes something like this and is generally delivered in a somewhat throaty voice, "I want you *soooo* much (pause) but I can't let you do this unless you are sure in your own mind. We're excited now, my dear, (he's telling you!) and I wouldn't want you to do anything you'd later regret. I want you more than anyone I've ever known, (this is standard; note careful evasion of the word *love*) but this is too beautiful an adventure to rush into headlong." While you're wondering just how he would have you rush into said adventure he makes a suggestion, "Sleep on it tonight and think it over in the clear light of day, tomorrow. We'll meet for dinner, and then you can give me your decision."

You agree, and this leads to another scene that wouldn't get by the Will Hays' office and considerable incoherent and what he thinks is poetic talk about how much he hopes you'll feel tomorrow night as you do tonight.

Then to the much discussed sleep and "thinking (if any) in the light of day." It would serve the gent right if the daylight led to a decision he wouldn't like but for some darned reason it seldom does.

When you meet him the next night he is pretty solemn about the whole thing (but you can be sure he'll give you the best dinner he can afford, with a rather obvious emphasis on the wine list). Once you get back to whichever apartment is the scene of combat you'll

Continued at top of page 171



IT IS BACARDI THAT MAKES A DRINK SING

When Bacardi—true Bacardi—is the chassis of the cocktail or the highball—then, Señor, you have the glamorous tastiness that is soft music to the palate—in the gay, smooth tempo of the tropics—imported to delight and gratify. *That,* Señor, is Bacardi's exclusive secret.

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Juice of ½ lime	*Jigger of Bacardi*
½ teaspoon sugar	*Shake in cracked ice*

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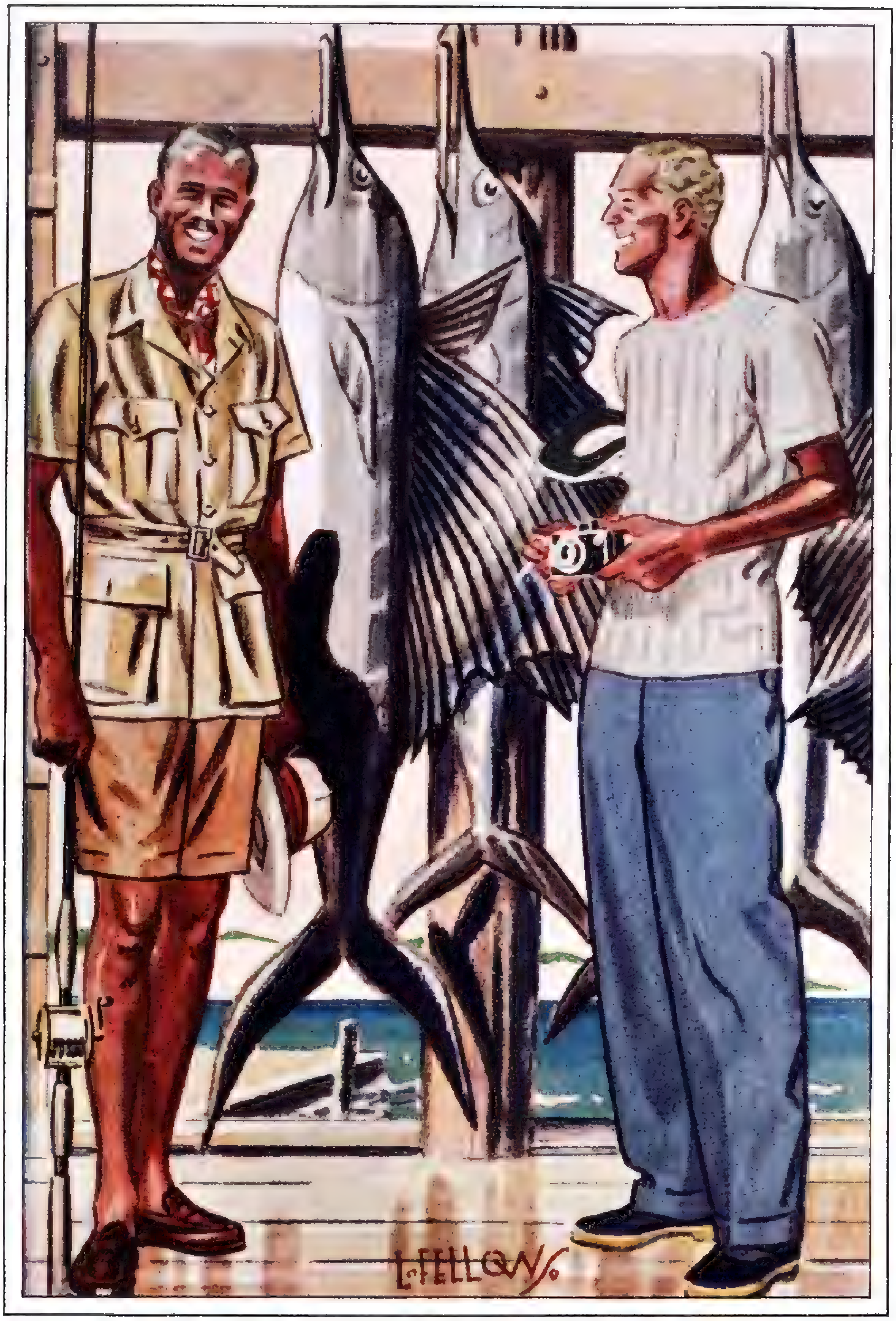

A DAY AT THE ANGLERS' CLUB, KEY LARGO

MR. FELLOWS says it's Key Largo. The dock says Key Largo but the background says Cat Cay. So you can take your choice, as you probably will anyway. The outfit on the left is very smart and highly recommended for general horsing around at tropical resorts and even for posing with a fish pole, but is not recommended for more than the first five minutes of fighting a really big fish. It consists of the now very popular bush shirt, gabardine shorts, Norwegian leather peasant slippers and a Jippi Jappa hat. The other outfit, of linen beach slacks, blue canvas shoes with yellow crepe soles, crew neck lightweight wool shirt and white duck cap with green underbrim is better for actual fishing. It's also perfectly okay for wear to the beach. Both outfits are socially correct and this is a very handsome picture indeed and we would like it even better if there were some guides on that big game fishing rod.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Wench Is Not Amused

Continued from pages 31-168

find that tenderness is the preliminary mood of the evening. He may not use his arms and hands as they were intended to be used at all, but if he does he'll be very, very gentle. In desperation you finally take him by the hand, figuratively speaking, and lead him to the bedroom.

It may be several days before you begin to realize that you've been *had* in more ways than one. And if this realization doesn't come to you shortly you are in an even worse position because you've been had so thoroughly that your heart may well be in your young man's hands—and that is one section of your anatomy which should remain permanently yours.

There is a mild variant to this approach. In this method the man, at the critical point, doesn't suggest a little daylight thought on the subject but, instead, goes dramatic and says, "No, this can't be. The price you pay is too large," or words to that effect. It works out in exactly the same way. One says, "Perhaps," and the other says, "No," and in the end you are unconsciously forced into taking them both by the hand . . .

This is probably the most difficult form of seduction to work clear of—because you've been allowed to work yourself into it.

* * *

These are the standardized versions of sexual Blind Man's Buff, Tag, You're It, or whatever you want to call it, as I know them. There are probably others, depending on race, color or previous condition of servitude but I wager that they in their way are just as standardized. What to do about it?

Sometimes I think I'd rather be attacked. Or at least meet a man direct enough to say bluntly and without preamble, "I think you're swell and I'd like to make love to you. I warn you, if you say no I'll ask you the same thing tomorrow night. What will it be, milady's boudoir or the movies?"

The hell of it is, experience has so conditioned me that I'd probably choose the movies and be forced to sit through a Hollywood version of the preliminaries of one of the stereotyped brands of seduction I've listed. There's no escape. #

The Tom Cat

Continued from page 57

it. And you know how a tom cat smells when he's randy? Well, I was getting so that some of the people I sat next to in the subway were sniffing at me. She had to lift the cat out of the chair every night for me to sit down. He didn't mind her, but I didn't dare. And after I got settled with my book or magazine, he'd sit somewhere else and look at me. Every once in a while he'd take a patrol around and make it a point to walk near the chair. I could feel the hairs on my legs crinkling when he came near. But he never touched me. He'd see me watching him over the top of the page and drawing up my knees just a fraction. Then he'd stop and sneer at me and go back to his pillow at the fireplace. You'd have sworn he was grinning at me. A nasty grin.

Then he'd come in to dinner with us. We eat out a lot but one or two nights a week she fixes it up at home. She's a pretty good hand in the kitchen, too, and I enjoy it. But he began to spoil that, too. He'd get up on a chair so his head was just over the edge of the table and he'd watch us eating. Every time she'd help me to something, he'd make a sound in his throat. And he seemed to be counting every mouthful I took. Sort of calculating. Once she had club steaks. There's a little heart in that cut that she knows I'm fond of. When she came to that part of her meat, she always used to hold it out to me on her fork. This night she did, and Tommy growled. She stopped and turned to him. Then she held it out to him and he grabbed it with that neat little nip that cats have. I burned up. He chewed it with jerky little bites, watching me. Then he ran his tongue around his jaws and looked at me, completely expressionless. It was the most insolent look I've ever seen on man or beast. I slammed out of the house. Couldn't trust myself.

You can see the thing was beginning to get me. I was being muscled out of my own house by a cat. And I was perfectly well aware that the animal was coming between us. You could see it in lots of ways. I couldn't stand the way she'd lavish affection on him. She knew I hated it and tried to hold off and pet him only when I wasn't there to see. But she would forget and start talking baby talk to him and then look up and find me glaring at her and that would ruin the evening. We'd go to bed sore and only get patched up at breakfast.

I wasn't bearing up under the strain. And then it got worse. You know, I don't like to talk about this part. But I think you'll understand. You and I haven't seen each other in years, but we're old friends and we understand each other and we used to be pretty frank between ourselves, didn't we? Well, what I want you to know is that Fran and I get along well. You know, in every way. In a private way and all. Oh, hell, we're matched up, you know what I mean? And that's a fine way to be, I'm sure you'll agree.

But that damn cat would follow her around all the time. Every time I put my arm around her he'd be sitting on top of the radio looking at me with a dead pan but with a positively terrifying gleam in his eye. And if we were sitting on the davenport and I happened to want to kiss her, he'd jump up on her lap. That would make me pull away and he knew it.

She usually got ready for bed before me at night and when I'd come into the bedroom, there he'd be, curled up on the spread beside her. Before I could get undressed and get into bed, she'd have to get up and put him outside in the living room and close the door. I know I'm no Hercules, but I'll be dogged if I was going to have any cat squat there and leer at me while I was taking my clothes off. Even after she put him on the other side of the door he'd stay there and miaouw and scratch the panels.

It was getting mighty bad. That cat was breaking up a home. I was getting irritable and short with her and my old nervous indigestion was coming back on me. And she was getting circles under her eyes from crying when I'd fly off about something. I'd curse that cat and yell at him and he'd either sneer at me or turn his back and walk out into the other room. Then I'd take it out on her and we'd work up a real brawl that would have all the neighbors hanging out their windows. But she *would* not get rid of that cat no matter how much I stormed and raved and threatened.

Well, the thing finally blew up. It couldn't keep on that way. It was a summer Sunday morning. We always liked our Sunday mornings in bed. I would get up and make coffee and bring the *Times* into the bedroom and we'd read together while we drank our coffee and smoked cigarettes.

This Sunday I'm speaking of was like that. For once I wasn't thinking about that cat. We were feeling pretty good. Everything seemed to be back to normal. So I leaned over to kiss her. I wouldn't tell you this at all only its part of the whole thing. So I leaned over and put my arm around her to kiss her.

There was a dreadful screech and a thud and I felt as if all the devils in hell were going up and down my back with thousands of rusty victrola needles. I thought I was being murdered. She screamed and I howled. I thrashed and twisted and the bed slats fell through with a crash. I got out of the wreck at last and got hold of that damn Tom. I grabbed him by the scruff and while he was clawing my arm I drew back and threw him out the window. It was three stories up.

She screamed again.

"Tom! Tom! Oh, you've killed him," she yelled. God, it was like something you'd read about. She was standing there with her hair hanging down and her body was all streaked up with blood. My blood. I could feel it running down my back.

"Tom," I said, and I said it as nasty as I possibly could, and that was pretty nasty. I was not only scared to death, with the reaction just setting in, but I was as mad as I've ever been or will be. My knees gave out and I sat down on the ruins of the bed with my teeth chattering. "I hope to God I did kill the effing bee," I said. "He nearly killed me and all you can say is 'Tom!'" Do you know, she wasn't even listening to me. She was looking out the window for him and giving all the neighbors something to talk about for weeks. I staggered over and dragged her in.

"That cat goes," I said. "If he lives, and I hope I killed him, either he goes or I go."

"But it's Tom!" She was almost wailing. "Tom! Don't you see?"

I didn't, but her eyes were so wild and her face so twisted that I backed away and sat down again. It jolted me into being quiet, if you think anybody can be quiet sitting in a welter of his own blood after an attack by a wild beast. It took me an hour to get it all out of her and so help me God I was terrified at the end of that time. My skin was crawling and I felt as if I had been kicked in the belly.

Did I tell you her first husband's name was Tom? That should explain it to you. Even while she was talking, things kept coming back. I remembered how Tom always used to stretch like a cat: said it was good for you. I remembered a way he had of rubbing his nose with the back of his wrist; the cat did that, too, when he was sitting drowsing. I remembered the way Tom walked, gracefully and softly, like a cat, and how nimble and supple he was. Of course, that's all silly; you might draw any number of comparisons between cats and men in little actions like that. But there was one thing I remembered that brought out the cold sweat—Tom and that cat shared a passion I never encountered before or since, a passion for maple syrup poured over a fried egg.

Well, you can see that throwing him out the window didn't hurt him any. He was back at the front door when she opened it after painting me with iodine. He streaked past me and hid under the gas range.

You might have thought he was scared of me. But that wasn't what makes him so easy to handle now. No, sir. I fixed everything up. We're just as happy now as the day we married, and she still has her Tom. Everybody's satisfied, except maybe Tom, and even he seems more or less contented. You see the very next day after that happened I took Tom to a good vet. #

The Class B Bust

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league had officially adopted a certain well-known ball as official, and the manufacturers of this ball (in return for the advertising thus afforded) granted to each club in the league the munificent gift of thirty dozen balls free of charge. These would not be available until the official playing season started; so for use during our pre-season practice I obtained from a friend who owned a Class A franchise several dozen secondhand balls left over from the preceding season. These were graded as "Number Twos," not good enough to work back into a game; but they were good enough for us to practice with, and I got them for a half a dollar apiece.

The uniforms presented a more serious problem. Organized baseball rules provide that each club must have two sets of uniforms—white ones for home games and gray ones for the road schedule. With our player limit of fifteen we would need thirty uniforms; they cost $18 each; and I hated to think of having to spend $540 on this one item before we got started. Eddie, however, came in with the glad news that he had discovered that the uniforms used the preceding season were held by a local bottling works who had seized them under a judgment obtained against the unfortunate individual who had owned the franchise. The bottler offered to turn them over to us if we would pay him the amount of the debt, $108, and so we traded on that basis. It was a good deal for us as the uniforms had been brand-new the year before and were still in good condition. Too good condition, in fact, to suit Eddie. When we took them back to the club-house and hung them up to examine them, he shook his head sadly.

"Not a torn place in them," I pointed out proudly.

"Yes," he agreed dolefully. "I'm sorry to see that. It looks like it's a stand-up league."

"A what?" I asked in mystification.

"A stand-up league," he repeated, and then went on to explain. "You can tell everybody stands up when they run the bases. Look at them pants. There ain't been no sliding in them pants. I like base-runners that hit the dirt."

This seemed like going a long way to find fault, but Eddie, I discovered, was an expert at finding something wrong with everything. I was all the more agreeably surprised, therefore, when he turned up with a helpful suggestion about the bats. Bats are a big item of expense in any ball club. Big league clubs with their prima donna hitters will use a hundred dozen or more in a year. We bought sixty dozen one year for our Class A club—and they cost $2 apiece.

"There ain't no use in wasting money on them high-priced bats," Eddie volunteered helpfully. "I know where you can get 'em just as good as any $2 bat that's made, and lots cheaper."

"But all the ball players I ever knew had to have just exactly the right kind of bat," I replied. "I don't believe they would like it, having to use cheap ones."

"They won't be able to tell the difference," he insisted. "Just wait till you see these sticks—and they don't cost but a half a buck. There's a fellow out near here in the country that's started a bat factory. He's got a lathe and he's got models of all the popular bats for patterns and he's got plenty of good ash—what more do you need to make a good stick? I'll go out tomorrow and get a sample dozen of 'em, if you'll let me have six bucks."

Knowing how insistent ball players generally are on using nothing but the best bats that money can buy, I was somewhat surprised at Eddie's willingness to save money by using the product of the rural manufacturer; but I appreciated his desire to help, and we had lots of problems more pressing than bats, so I did not give the matter much more thought.

"If a good hitter like you can use them, I guess they're all right," I said.

"Well, I've tried 'em and I can hit with 'em as good as I ever could with any stick I ever used," he said.

The subject of his hitting having been brought up thus casually, I asked him in an effort to be jovial and facetious:

"Do you feel like knocking about forty or fifty home runs this year?"

"I won't knock none at all with that right-field fence where it is," he responded glumly. "Why that's more than four hundred feet out there. Ruth couldn't knock one over that fence where it is now."

"What do you think we'd better do about it?" I asked in some alarm. I was depending on Eddie's booming home runs to attract customers through the gate.

"I've been thinking about that," he replied, "and I don't see but one thing to do—move the fence in about a hundred feet. I can pop aplenty fly balls over there then—but I couldn't reach it with a fungo stick where it is."

"Do you know how much that would cost?" I asked him.

"No," he replied simply, "but I know that's the only way to get any home runs in this park."

This brought up a new problem—and a new expense. But in the long run I gave in to Eddie's suggestion. Carpenters were hired, new posts and lumber bought, and the fence was moved in. The local sporting editor loyally concocted some cock-and-bull explanation of the rebuilding of the fence—the fans in a small town have to know the reason why for every move the club makes, and it would never do to admit that we were paving the way for synthetic home runs. So this hurdle was cleared—and another unexpected dent was left in my modest bank roll.

But at last all these exacting pre-season preparations were completed. The diamond was raked and leveled; the weeds were cut in the outfield; the numerous holes in the fence were patched up to circumvent the boys and other patrons of the traditional "crack ticket;" the broken-down batting cage was repaired by a local plumber; the dressing room was cleaned out and a new coaloil heater purchased, for the weather was still chilly; and the players under contract were notified to report. Arrangements had been made with a good second-class hotel to bed down and feed our athletes during the training season—two in a room, American plan, for $2.25 per day each. The hotel accommodations did not compare very favorably with the resorts in the South patronized by the big leagues and the upper strata of minors; but the beds were good and clean, and the food was wholesome and plentiful, if plain.

Three of the players, it developed, had come in their own cars, vehicles of ancient vintage, and in these the boys rode to and from the park, I agreeing to pay for the necessary gasoline. So, on the first day of April (I couldn't help wondering if the April Fool joke was to be on me) we all went trooping out to the dreary looking ball park for the first day of our short training season. The uniforms were dealt out, the Class men being given (or rather assuming) preference as to the suits in best condition and those that fit them best. Eddie got a half dozen balls out of his locker and tossed them out, and the practice session began. It was a cloudy, threatening day, with a cold, penetrating wind hanging over from March; but the boys put a lot of vim into their warming-up activities, and soon the park was ringing with baseball's trite chatter: "Bear down in there, kid;" "That's the old life;" "Stick in there;" and so on.

All went merry as the traditional wedding bell until batting practice started. Then it was that Eddie's new bats were given their first tryout, and it was interesting to watch the players' faces as they attempted to use them. Pretty soon there were audible murmurs, with Eddie making vain efforts to pacify them; and it was obvious to anybody who could see and hear that the new bats were not making a very favorable impression on the players.

That night at the hotel both our second baseman and our catcher each took me aside privately and asked me, as a personal favor, to buy them the kind of bats they were accustomed to using.

"These here bats may be all right for these kids," said Dick, the catcher, "but I'm used to the other kind. I wouldn't hit my weight with these drugstore bats."

Blackie, the old second-baseman, was not quite so reserved in his criticism.

"Nobody can hit with them sticks," he said bluntly and emphatically. "They're too damn heavy. You know what's the matter with 'em? They're made out of green wood. I used to be in the lumber business and I know. Why one of them sticks will weigh damn near four pounds; they feel like they was made out of iron when you try to swing 'em. Did you see me in there hittin' today? I can't pull one of them iron sticks around fast enough to take my cut; fact is, I can't hardly lift one of 'em off the ground. It was bad enough when they was just lobbin' 'em up; but when that new college pitcher come in there with his Number One, with a lot of swift on it, I was so slow gettin' around that the ball hit the damn bat and damn near knocked it out of my hands. I got to have a real bat if I'm going to do any hittin'. I might as well be up there swingin' with a hitching-post."

Eddie, however, tried to minimize the bats' shortcomings. "They're all right," he insisted. "All that's the matter with 'em is that he's made the handles a little too thick, and it's hard to get a good finger grip. We'll take 'em all back out to the factory tomorrow and get him to put 'em back on the lathe and turn them handles down a little so you can get your fingers around 'em. Then they'll be all right."

So the next afternoon after practice we loaded all the bats in the back of Eddie's car and he and I started out to take them back to the factory. Blackie asked to come along and see the job well done, so he got into the back of the car with the bats and away we went. After driving several miles into the country Eddie at last stopped in front of what appeared to be a blacksmith shop.

"Something the matter with the car?" I asked.

"No," Eddie replied. "This is it—this is the bat factory. Get out."

The "factory" was a travesty on the very name. Into this tumble-down little shack the ambitious wood-turner had installed a secondhand lathe, which was connected by a ragged, flapping belt to a broken-down, stuttering gasoline engine; and out of some split billets of ash wood he was slowly producing a line of wooden bludgeons which bore a fairly close resemblance to a baseball bat. The proprietor of the factory, it appeared, had only a vague idea of what a bat should be.

"But," he boasted, "I can turn anything on a lathe that can be made out of wood—bats or anything else. I've turned axe han-

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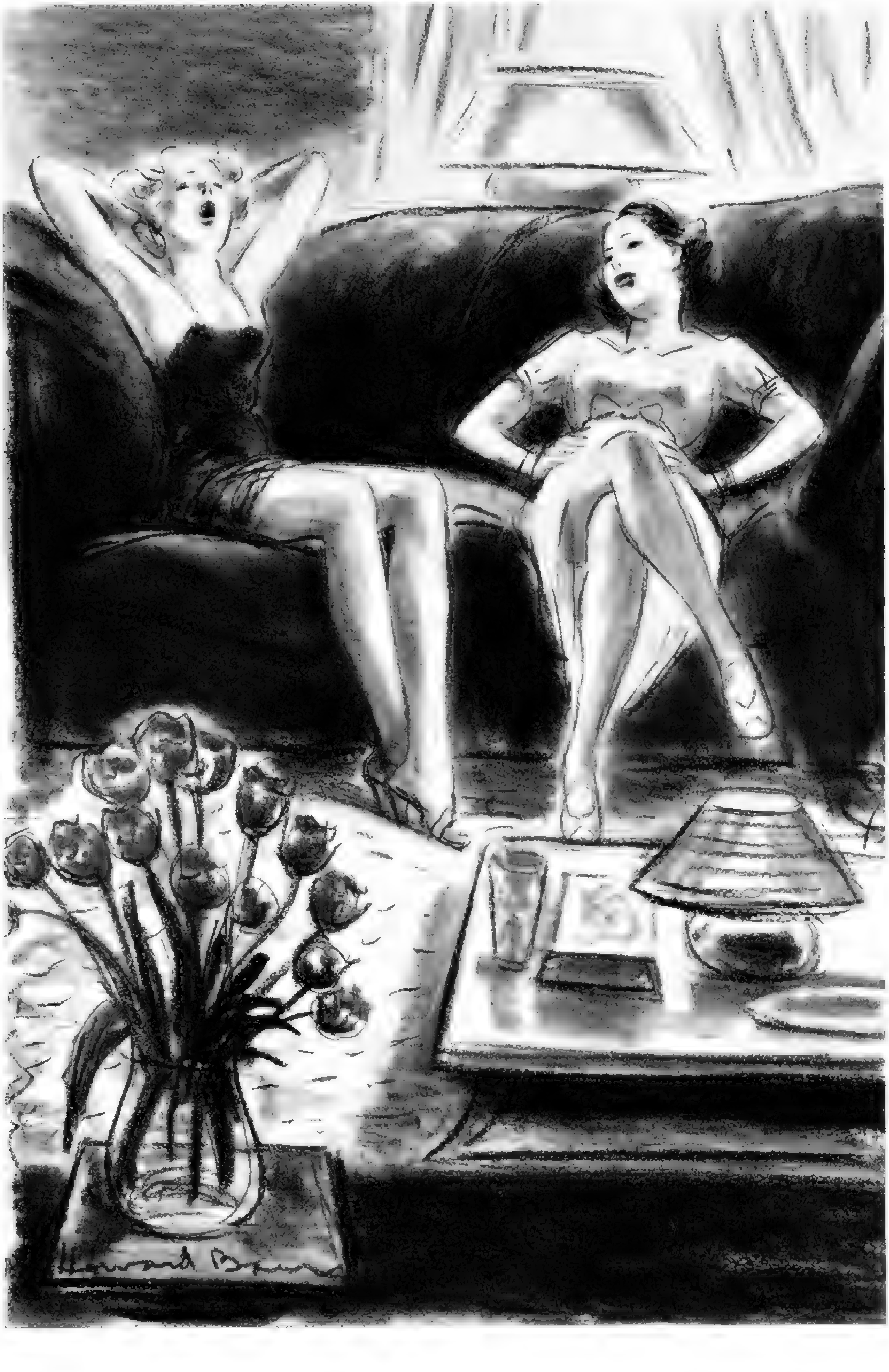
Howard Baer

"Yes, his name is Marx, but I don't know whether he makes suits or movies"

The Class B Bust

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dles and spokes, but more lately I've been in the yo-yo business," and he pointed to a big pile of boxes which, upon examination, proved to be full of gaily painted yo-yos. "But the yo-yo craze died out about the time I got a good stock on hand, and when Eddie bought a half interest in the factory he give me the idea of making baseball bats."

"When he bought a half interest?" I asked, light beginning to dawn on me.

"Yes," the turner explained. "I was pretty near broke, but Eddie paid me $50 for a half interest in the business and he says we ought to make pretty good money out of it. He says he can sell a lot of bats for me—he's already sold a dozen."

"Well, if this ain't a hell of a bat factory," snorted Blackie, as he prowled around among the confusion of chips and shavings and piled up wood billets and half finished bats—and yo-yos, yo-yos everywhere: "Ain't you got no dry wood? You got any bats a guy can lift off the ground without breaking his back?"

But Eddie was occupying his partner's attention by showing him how to turn down the handles to slimmer proportions, and he insisted that we give the revised models at least one more trial, so at length we all piled into the car with the remodeled bats and drove back to town.

The next day in practice, still grumblingly using one of the "home-made" bats, as he sneeringly called them, Blackie hit one of the highest foul flies I ever saw. It must have gone a hundred feet straight up in the air and it came straight back down again, the catcher gathering it in without moving out of his tracks. As Blackie came disgustedly back to the bench, he threw the offending bat savagely against the grandstand and said bitterly: "That son of a gun must 'a put some of that damn yo-yo wood in my bat!"

That was the doom of the new bats. From then on the men would yell "Yo-yo!" whenever they struck out or popped up; so the next day I bought a supply of regular bats and told Eddie regretfully but firmly that he and his bat factory had better cater exclusively to the drugstore trade. I appreciated his loyal desire to help me economize, but I felt that we had better concentrate our economies elsewhere.

In normal circumstances, a minor league franchise owner's principal hope of profit is through the sale of players' contracts to higher class leagues. This involves a good deal of luck, but it also depends to a great extent on the manager's skill in picking promising recruits and his ability to polish off their rough edges and develop them into major league prospects. An otherwise disastrous season from the financial standpoint may be redeemed by the sale of two or three young players; and I, of course, hoped that some of our youngsters might display some signs of marketability.

It soon developed, however, that our prospects for player sales were all too few. I had seen too much trouble caused by the owners' interference with the manager, and it had always been my policy in the past to let the manager make the final decisions as to what players should be signed, which ones should be released. I thought, and still think, that the manager can have but little initiative and authority when all the decisions as to players are being made in the front office. But I discovered that this was a dangerous policy to pursue with Eddie in the managerial rôle.

I left the selection of the rookies almost entirely to him, and he gathered together a rare collection of awkward and incompetent would-be ball players. A clumsy, gawky boy in the outfield I discovered, after several weeks had gone by, was one of Eddie's cousins from the country who needed work. ("His daddy ain't had a job for a year.") He released a promising young second-string catcher, who is now in the big leagues, in order to give the second-string job to a friend who ran a filling station across from the ball park. ("It's so handy for him.") Another rookie he signed on the grounds that his cousin had once played for Cleveland. ("All them boys are good ball players in that whole family.") For shortstop he had picked up an eighteen-year-old boy who wasn't even a good semi-pro and who cried when I gave him his release and made me feel like a man who had kicked a sick kitten.

It did not take me long to reach the unwelcome conclusion that if we happened to sell a player to a higher league it would be just a fortunate accident, and that it would not be safe to bank on any income from that source. We'd have to do everything possible to stimulate the attendance if we hoped to survive, and I started bending every effort to that end.

I was particularly anxious to have a large turnout on opening day, as through an energetic build-up it is generally possible to capitalize the baseball enthusiasm which always blossoms out when the sap begins to rise and the umpire calls "Play ball" for the first time. By an impassioned appeal to local pride, accompanied by the judicious distribution of a few annual passes, I succeeded in getting one of the town's luncheon clubs to take over the task of ballyhooing the opening day game as a great civic event in which the public should co-operate by shoving their money through the box-office window. The members of this club got themselves all steamed up about it and made optimistic estimates of the probable attendance on opening day, even going so far as to suggest that we make arrangements for temporary seats to take care of the overflow crowd. I had had enough experience, however, to know that the best advertisement is a winning team.

Well, we got the crowd but we lost the first game. We lost it four to three but we lost it.

We could have overcome the ill effects of that bad start, however, if we had promptly shown the people that we were prepared to supply them with first-class baseball. Even a poor baseball town will turn out if the club is playing heads-up ball and winning most of its games. But it didn't take long for Eddie to supply abundant evidence that as a manager he was no John McGraw or Connie Mack. If our club won, it would be in spite of him and not because of any acuteness on his part. He convinced me of this beyond any question or doubt during the first week of the season when by the exercise of his genius for mismanagement he contrived to lose a game which we had in the bag (I thought) in the seventh inning with the score sixteen to nothing in our favor. You wouldn't think it was possible for anybody to kick away a sixteen run lead in two innings—but then you didn't know Eddie. And, to make it a very masterpiece of ineptitude, he managed to crowd into that same game an event unparalleled in the history of professional baseball—he had the same pitcher knocked out of the box twice in the same game. That can't be done, you say? I can only repeat, you didn't know Eddie.

It was in a game while we were on the road, so we were hitting first. Our boys were in a hitting mood that day and the home club had been unable to solve the delivery of our pitcher, who was one of Eddie's rookies, a home-town boy named Pete something-or-other. When we went into the last half of the seventh with that sixteen run lead I felt that the game was as good as over. But in their half of the seventh the home club came suddenly to life and began to slam the ball to all corners of the field just as fast as Pete could serve it up to them. Before we knew what was happening they had scored seven runs, with only one out and had men on second and third. By this time it began to dawn on Eddie that perhaps all was not well, so he halted the game and went over to the box to confer with Pete. He was a rather frail boy, only nineteen years old, and he frankly admitted that he was about used up. But Eddie had no other pitcher warmed up, and he was in a quandary.

"Leave me pitch the rest of the game," suggested Muscles Middleton, our center-fielder, who had come in to take part in the conference in the pitcher's box. "I can set the buzzards on their ears." Muscles was a strapping big left-hander whose ambition it was to be a pitcher, and he had been worrying Eddie for a chance to show him what he could do; so our master-mind weakly consented to let Muscles try his hand in the box. (He still had a nine run lead, didn't he?) Then, as our reserve strength was very slight, he had an inspiration:

"All right," he agreed. "Pete," he said to the wavering pitcher, "you go out and play center-field and let Muscles pitch. That way we won't have to put a new man in the line-up."

So Muscles, after a few warming-up pitches, confidently mounted the rubber and assumed his unfamiliar task. He finally got the side out; but both men scored, and the count stood 16 to 9. We went scoreless during our time at bat, but Muscles' confidence in his own ability was unimpaired, and I felt that a seven run margin ought to be enough to carry us through, even with an outfielder pitching.

Muscles fanned the first man who faced him in the eighth and was elated at his success; but then, without warning, the opposing batsmen fell on him and plastered his offerings all over the lot. Before you could say Dizzy Dean they had scored four runs, the fourth man scoring on a wild pitch which went at least six feet over the catcher's head. This was too much for the outraged Pete, whose tongue was hanging out from chasing the long flies anyhow, and he came rushing in to demand of Eddie:

"Leave me back in there, for cripe's sake! He ain't got nothing; he's just throwing baskets of fruit up there. I held 'em for six innings, didn't I? I'm rested now, and I can hold 'em for the rest of the game. Leave me and Muscles swap places again."

Eddie was so bewildered by this time that he gave his consent to this bizarre suggestion, and Pete went in the box again while Muscles dejectedly trudged back to center-field.

"Bear down in there now, Pete," Eddie urged him. "There's two out. Just hold 'em."

But Pete was too weary to bear down; or else he tried to bear down too hard. Anyhow, he passed the first two men who faced him. Eddie frantically started another pitcher to warming up—but it was too late. When the next man came up, Pete eased up in an effort to regain his control and grooved one. Away it went over the fence, and the score was tied. At this juncture Eddie finally became convinced that Pete wasn't right, so he jerked him; and the relieving pitcher had the good fortune to make the next man pop out.

We came to life in our half of the ninth and scored a run, mak-

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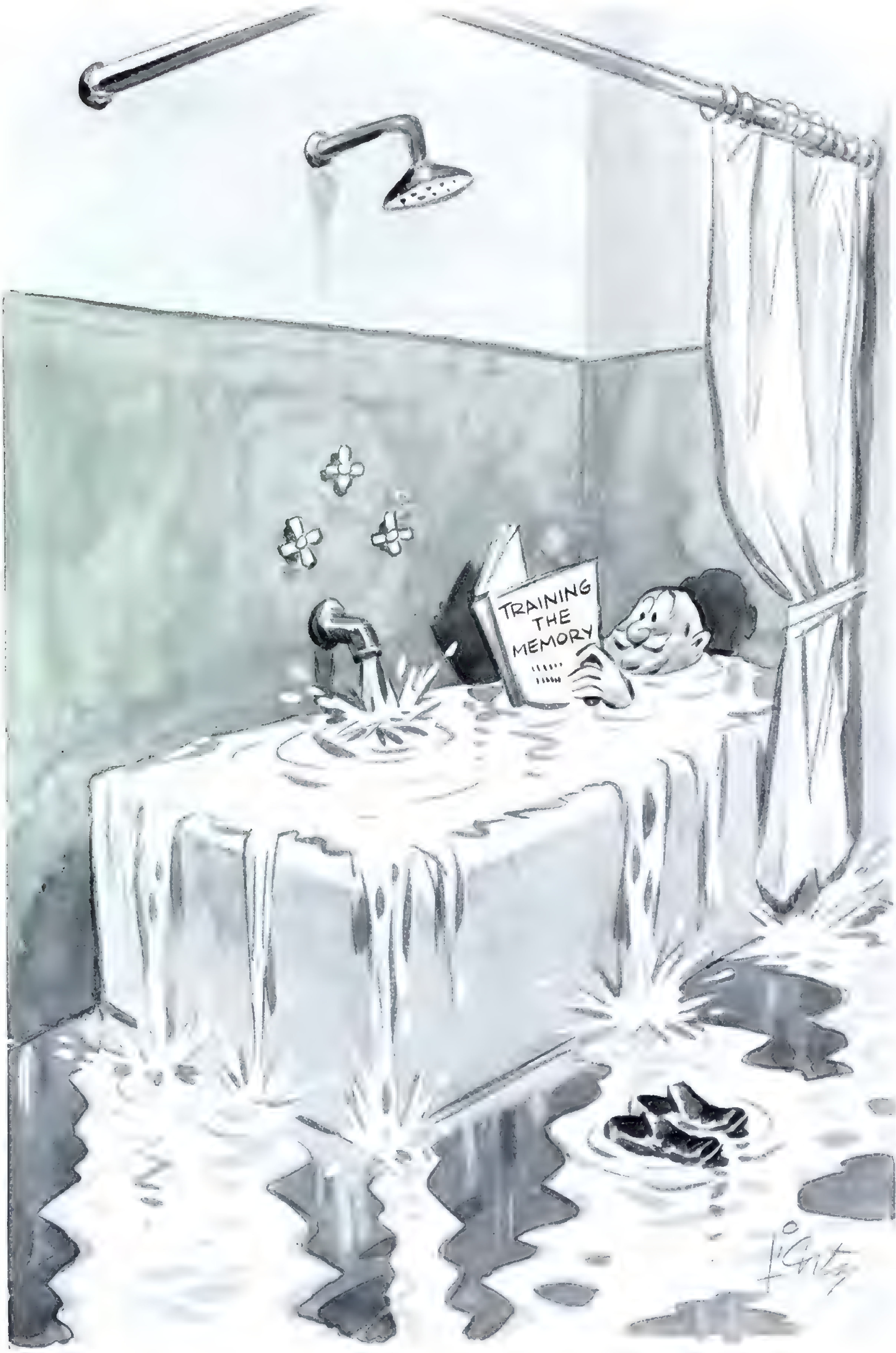
TRAINING THE MEMORY

The Class B Bust

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ing it 17 to 16; and I thought we'd probably win after all. But the relieving pitcher had pitched the day before and had mighty little on the ball. Furthermore, the sudden turn in the complexion of the game had demoralized the fielders; so, what with second-class pitching and third-class fielding, the home club staged a two run rally and won the game 18 to 17. That may sound like a fairy story (it sounds like a nightmare to me), but to any Doubting Thomas I shall be glad to quote the date and the page in the records where the gory details of this horrible affair will be found.

I seldom criticized Eddie's management, but that night I could not refrain. "Why," I wanted to know, "didn't you put in a fresh pitcher and save the game when they started to hitting Pete in the seventh?"

"I didn't have nobody to put in," he explained. "Lefty said his arm was sore, and Everett has a blister on his thumb."

"What about Joe?" I asked.

"He ain't got nothing," Eddie said in disgust. "I'm thinking about leaving him go."

"But what about Whitey?" I insisted, mentioning our "ace."

"Aw, I was saving him to pitch tomorrow," Eddie explained.

"But you can't win but one at a time," I suggested. "Why not put him in there and cinch one you've already got won? Tomorrow's game won't count any more than today's."

But Eddie doggedly answered: "I had to have somebody to pitch tomorrow, didn't I?"

No, Eddie was cast in the wrong rôle when he took a job as a manager. He couldn't have taken the New York Yankees and won in the Kitty League. A manager like Eddie needed a club loaded down with first-class talent—and we didn't have that kind of material. We were in a bush league and we had some of the very bushiest of bush league players.

The ignorance and stupidity of some of the raw recruits was colossal and amazing. Some of the things they would do were simply unbelievable; and I believe I got my first gray hairs watching them display their astonishing genius for doing things wrong.

Among the pitchers was a big, broad-shouldered farmer with tremendous speed and magnificent control, but practically a vacuum above the ears. All he was trying to do was to throw the ball by the batter, wheeling it in there so fast they couldn't hit it. He knew nothing of the technique of pitching and none of the fine points of the game. "But I can throw it hard as anybody," he boasted.

"Just a thrower," Dick said disgustedly after catching him in a game one day. "He wasn't there when they was dishing out the brains." But nevertheless Dick did his best to make a pitcher out of him, working hard to impress him with the things a pitcher had to do besides throw the ball.

"Now you're a sucker on the hit-and-run," Dick told him one day during the first series we played, "and a smart pitcher has got to learn how to break that up. I believe I've got these rubes' signs; anyhow I'm sure I can tell when a guy on first is getting ready to go down. The next time I see they're going to put it on, I'll flash you the sign and then you must break it up."

"How in the hell can I break it up?" inquired the mystified pitcher. "Suppose I do know the man on first is going down with the pitch? What can I do about it except throw the ball across the plate and hope the batter won't hit it?"

"That's just it," countered Dick. "You don't have to throw it across the plate every time you throw. Throw it where he can't hit it. Now the next time I see the runner is going to start down, I'll pass you the sign, and then don't throw it across the plate—throw it at his head; that'll break up the hit-and-run." It was indeed the accepted method of foiling that particular play, for if the pitcher threw the ball directly at the batter's head it would send him to the dirt in self-defense and effectively prevent his getting the hit that would send the runner around to third.

But our rookie pitcher got his instructions slightly mixed. The next time a man got on first, Dick walked out and refreshed his memory about it.

"Remember now," he told him. "Watch this guy on first. I'll watch him too, and if I see he's going down I'll give you the sign. Then don't groove it, just throw it at his head."

The rookie followed instructions to the letter. The runner did start down; Dick did give him the sign; the pitcher did throw at his head—but he threw at the base-runner's head instead of the batter's! What's more, his control was perfect and he hit him squarely above the left ear and dropped him in his tracks as if he had been pole-axed.

It didn't take any clairvoyant to predict where we would finish if we played this kind of haywire baseball. In fact, before the first month was out we were right there—right on the bottom. Eddie kept assuring me that things would go better, that we would begin to get the breaks—but I'd rather had one good pitcher than all the breaks in the world. We continued to throw games away by poor pitching, Chinese base-running and general bad management, with Eddie blaming everybody except himself, until I insisted that we make some changes. Eddie was by now convinced of the need for a shake-up and he released all of the rookies except one, and replaced them with a new crop of amateurs. He was so much in earnest that he even released his cousin, who was now slugging the ball for an average of .124 and who had fallen down only four times while chasing flies in the outfield.

But the shake-up did no good. The rookies continued to play like rookies. We continued to lose. In addition to poor pitching and shabby fielding, we had no punch at all on the club. Eddie wasn't hitting any home runs, so it seemed that the expense of moving in the fence was a total loss. At that, he was the only man we had hitting over .300, and he was pounding out a feeble .306, composed mostly of singles and a few short doubles—this from a man who in his prime was feared by every big league pitcher and who formerly sent the outfielders back to the fence when he came to bat.

Eddie was so worried about our losing streak and about his batting slump that his fielding fell off, and that affected everybody else in the same way. We looked terrible out there, and when we won a game everybody was surprised. I was getting discouraged and my money was running low. And the attendance had fallen off until some days there were more ball players on the field than there were customers in the stands.

I tried to fight on, but at last a combination of untoward events forced me to throw up the sponge. It was in the early part of June and the weather was getting warm. We used only one umpire in that league, and he made a practice of maintaining his stand in the center of the diamond just back of the pitcher's box, where he could see everything. When the sun began to bear down he shed his coat; and as this left him with no pockets in which to carry the extra balls he resorted to the expedient of placing them on the ground just back of the mound. Anywhere else this would have worked out all right all season, I presume; but we were jinxed, and on this fatal day something happened that probably wouldn't happen again in a million years.

We were one run ahead late in the game, with the visitors at bat. They had a man on third and one out, when the batter slashed a vicious, low line-drive right between the pitcher's legs like a rifle bullet. The drive hit that little nest of extra balls there on the ground and scattered them just like breaking a rack of pool balls. They flew in every direction, and every infielder came up with one—and they all threw home to try to cut off that tying run.

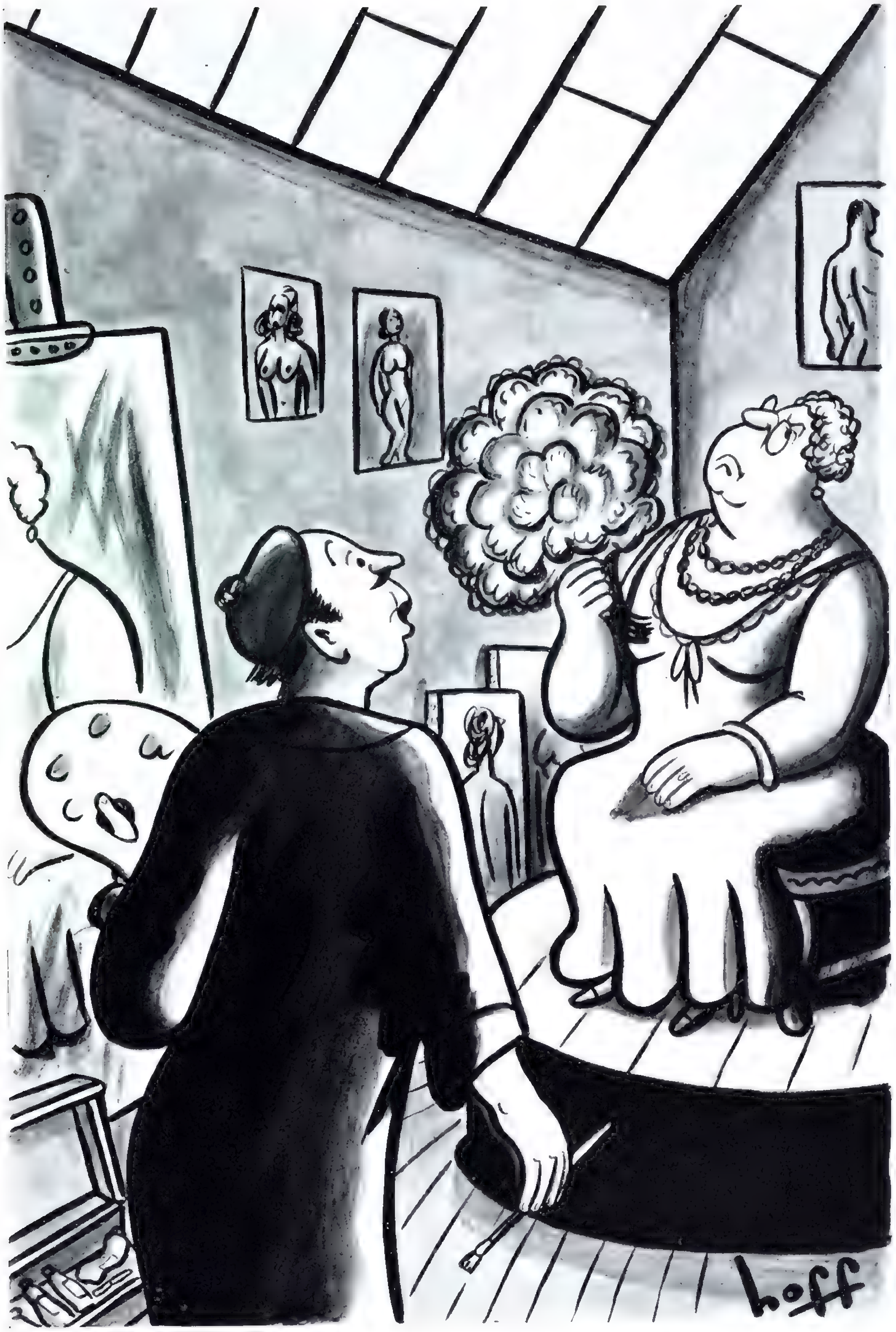
Dick had cast off his mask and was standing astride the plate when the barrage of balls came pouring in, and in the confusion he didn't catch any of the four. But they all hit him—one squarely in the eye, one on the point of his jaw, one on his throwing arm, and one broke the first finger of his throwing hand. The runner slid safely across the plate, and when the umpire ruled that that was legitimate Eddie lost his temper and hit him in the chin, whereupon the umpire put him out of the game and promised that he would telegraph the president of the league and recommend indefinite suspension and a fine of $100 (which I would have to pay). There ensued a general argument in the course of which Blackie became so abusive that he, too, was put out of the game and fined $25 (which also came out of my pocket); and when Eddie refused to leave the field the umpire forfeited the game to the visitors.

The fourteen spectators in the stands certainly got their money's worth that day. But it was too much for me. It was the old last straw. Dick was incapacitated by his injuries, and it developed that our relief catcher couldn't get away from his filling station just then as his partner and helper was on a vacation. Eddie and Blackie were out of the game indefinitely. The club, from the playing standpoint, was practically wrecked and was completely demoralized. I decided I had had enough.

It was just three days short of the mid-month pay day and I had enough money left in bank to pay everybody up to that time. So the next morning I made out the players' pay checks in advance and gave them to them with my blessing, then called up the president of the league and notified him that I was surrendering the franchise and retiring to private life. He made arrangements with some local enthusiasts to take up the burden and back the club for the remainder of the season, but my career as a minor league magnate ended right then and there. That day I became an ex-magnate, with the accent on the ex.

It was great fun while it lasted, but there were most too many thrills for me. I like excitement, but not as an everyday diet. I'm getting old and can't stand too much of it. Also, I'm not wealthy enough to indulge in it as a hobby.

But if anybody wants to spend an interesting and entertaining summer and is able to spend a few thousand dollars for the entertainment, he needn't go to Africa to hunt wild animals or try to climb Mount Everest. He can just buy him a Class B franchise and let Nature take its course. He won't make any money, but he'll have a lot of fun and he'll have such a lot of experiences as he could have in no other way. And, anyhow, how else can the provinces be extended the boon of organized baseball if there are not philanthropists willing to assume the ownership of Class B franchises? Somebody's got to do it—but it's not going to be me any more.



"Yesterday you smiled like Mona Lisa, Mrs. Vandervere"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

GOOD RIDDANCE

In the December issue of Esquire, an unnamed gentleman undertook to tell the universe why he stopped collecting postage stamps. In the course of his story he viciously attacked the profession of stamp dealer in gross, and the Scott Stamp & Coin Company, the seventy-five-year-old concern with which I am associated, in detail.

Mr. X. alleges that he took up philately to rid himself of insomnia. The record as disclosed belies the allegation. Mr. X. was obviously, only too obviously, sound asleep for ten years. He admits as much in his opening sentence: "I should have known, when I started collecting stamps some ten years back, that I was going to end as another living proof that you can't mix business with pleasure." He tried to capitalize a hobby horse, and awoke surprised and grieved to find that the bookies are not interested in laying bets on wooden horses.

You certainly cannot mix business and pleasure in stamp collecting without a serious headache in both departments. You can collect, as Soames Forsyte collected pictures, for an investment, lie awake worrying about market conditions, and if you are a shrewd buyer with years of philatelic experience, perhaps come out at the end with a monetary profit. There are records—not many—of tidy fortunes made in haggling the postage stamp market, just as in haggling rubber, cotton, utility stocks and foreign exchange. Or you can collect for fun with no more hope of reaping a monetary profit than has a ski runner, a tennis player or a bridge fiend, by selling, respectively, his second-hand skis, wax and pants; his worn rackets and balls and jock straps; his dirty decks, ash trays and spittoons.

Fun is an item of recreation and recreation is one of the six major items of the budget of every normal consumer. (The other five are food, clothing, shelter, education, health service.) These items have been on the debit side of the account since Adam. Fun always costs something, either in money or in man-hours. You takes your fun and you pays for it. A man who tries to have his fun and make it pay him is a fool, and a low fool to boot. It is as reprehensible as the notion of a prostitute enjoying her business. Mr. X., purely as a study in character, leaves much to be desired. I recommend him to Eugene O'Neill in one of his gloomier moments.

Having divorced fun from cash income, irrevocably and eternally, there is this to be said about those flimsy bits of engraved paper known as postage stamps, which can also be said about paintings, lithographs, first editions, coins; but which cannot be said about second-hand skis, tennis balls and playing cards. Certain stamp issues of certain governments, at certain dates, achieve for one reason or another a scarcity value. With some fifty million collectors the world around this is inevitable. If the collectors all yawned and chucked the game tonight, the bits of paper could be shovelled into the furnace with no more ado. But with fifty million fans in the market, certain numbers, particularly if the issue is limited or if the general's bust is upside down thanks to a petrified printer or if the color is not all it should be, acquire the status of a rarity and, like a Gauguin, are bid up over the years. Sometimes it is only a fad and the price comes tumbling down. But a selected list of items tends to go on climbing because there were only so many printed to begin with, and time is always reducing the supply. In these rarified and not always dependable regions, an investor-collector, as noted earlier, can make money. A hobby collector, if he owns an item or two, can salvage something, often quite a substantial something, when he tires of it all and rids himself of his collection—a kind of rebate on his fun. A few hobby collectors, with horseshoes on all parts of their anatomy, have actually sold their whole collection for more than it cost them—say one man in a hundred. There is, sometimes, with luck, real salvage value in a general stamp collection. That is all an honest man cares to say. Dealers who promise hobbyists more are without bowels of compassion, to use no harsher phrase. That such dealers are to be found, I do not deny. That the average responsible dealer promises net profit on a general collection is dreary nonsense.

Now let us look at the clinical record. Mr. X. tried to eat his cake and have it twice, both attempts being made in the midst of the most devastating industrial depression known to history. He wanted fun and pecuniary profit. He got the fun, according to his testimony, and because the profit escaped him, proceeded to brand stamp dealers as "unkempt, grubby and conniving" rogues. Our taste in haberdashery may leave something to be desired, but rogues in this business, as in every other reputable business, cannot function for long. There are three dealers' associations and scores of collectors' associations looking for them under every bed. From time to time a dealer is found wanting and expelled for unethical conduct, even as bankers—or so I have been told—occasionally are found wanting. As a group we cannot serve nine million American collectors, many of them expert philatelists, on the basis of connivance and roguery. How could the Scott Company have survived for three quarters of a century?

Mr. X. had been collecting for ten years which means he began about 1926. At the pit of the depression he was forced to sell, say in 1932 or 1933. In some seven years he had assembled 4500 stamps from all over the lot with a catalogue value of $18,750. After shopping around, he sold the collection, lock, stock and barrel, for $500. cash. He never tells what he paid for his stamps, so we have no means of determining his loss. He says he bought some of his stamps "at one-fourth catalogue price or less, usually at auction, but generally these are scarcely bargains; they are often soiled, creased, notched, straight-edged or otherwise in poor shape." He hoped to receive one-fourth catalogue price—say $5000. for the lot. As this would have surprised his wife, a woman of sound judgment, we may take it that $5000. would have given him a profit and that the whole collection cost him appreciably less. One might hazard a guess that what he spent $4000. for, during a period of seven years, he finally sold at $500. spot cash. Hardly an investment;—yet were purchasers of 1926 to 1929 stocks doing any better in disposing of their equities in 1932?

At the bottom of the tailspin, Mr. X. was selling a miscellaneous collection of cats and dogs, unspecialized for real rarities, filled with soiled, creased, notched and "damaged" items, and replete with "space-fillers"—to make the album page look pretty. On the whole he did remarkably well. I am afraid the buyer got stuck. On November 17, 1936, J. C. Morgenthau & Co., Inc., stamp auctioneers, at 1 West 47th Street, New York City, knocked down Lot No. 202, composed of damaged stamps. It catalogued for $170. It sold for $2.60. The buyer, in my opinion, did not get his money's worth unless he wanted space-fillers.

Catalogue values, as all the stamp world knows, are base prices from which sales and exchanges are figured after appropriate discounts and allowances. They are determined by taking an average of world markets. I am responsible for the Scott Catalogue prices and know whereof I speak. For all stamps in all countries the world around, buying and selling values average perhaps 50% of catalogue prices. In any given transaction the value may be one percent of catalogue or five hundred percent. It depends on demand at the time, on a swift fad, on the dumping of a big collection suddenly on the market; above all on the condition of the stamp itself. Bad condition is reflected in Lot No. 202 above; superfine condition may bring twice the catalogue value. A single stamp may be had for half catalogue but the same item in a block of four may fetch thrice catalogue. It all depends. Sometimes I wonder why I wear out my life and my few remaining hairs, laboriously constructing a standard to which the exceptions are astronomical in number. But people like it; nay, demand it. At least it provides some definite point at which to start the argument.

To sell $18,750. catalogue value for $500. is nothing unusual. Almost any dealer today would buy you one of our beautiful loose leaf albums (adv.), mount therein $18,750. catalogue value of damaged copies and space-fillers but all genuine, and ring your $500. up on the cash register with the sense of a day's work well and profitably done.

A packet of one thousand different stamps catalogues at least two cents per stamp, a total of $20. It sells for seventy-five cents wholesale, $1.25 retail. Yet if the dealer sold these stamps to you one at a time by mail or over the counter, he would have to charge you $20. or presently go into bankruptcy. Why? Because of the labor cost of handling stamps one by one. Cheap stamps as raw material are negligible in cost but clerks are required to sort, handle, examine, mail, invoice, record, keep books, for each and every transaction. Clerks must eat. When you buy cheap stamps one by one, you buy practically nothing except labor. It costs little more to handle a $1000. stamp than a 2c stamp. A packet is mass production with labor at a minimum.

These considerations make it plain why no hobby collector of run-of-the-mine stamps can ever hope to get his money back by reselling to dealers. He has bought not stamps but labor. To re-sort the collection in shape for the next hobbyist, costs more labor—a lot more labor. Naturally the dealer cannot afford to touch it with a ten-foot pole, at the prices the collector originally paid. Most dealers refuse even to look at such collections. Mr. X.'s was not only looked at; he got $500. This implies that despite his space-fillers and dubious assortments, he had some items worth the labor of reassimilation in a dealer's stock. And the moral of sortie number one in Mr. X.'s pursuit of something for nothing, is that cheap stamps and damaged stamps are always and forever a pecuniary expense, never an investment. The profit, if any, comes in the fun of playing with them. Investors should stick to perfect speciments of finest grade on which the dealer's mark-up seldom exceeds 25%.

Let us examine sortie number two. Brother X. now gets tough. He's going to beat this game. A million Wall Street Lambs have nursed the same lofty ambition. So this time when he starts buying—probably in 1933 or early 1934—he specializes in United States stamps, many of them uncancelled, some costing him more than catalogue because of their superior condition. Altogether 1600 items are assembled, with a total catalogue value of more than $1500, an average of nearly one dollar per stamp. (Strangely enough, sortie number one averaged $4 per stamp catalogue value. The contrast does not make sense.) Now comes a statement from Mr. X. of the first importance. I quote it exactly and italicize: "*The face value—postage value—of my uncancelled stamps was $400 alone.*"

With this prime stock in hand, Mr. X turns briskly about to reap his profit. Again he carefully refrains from telling us what the collection cost him. He takes it to the Scott Company, my company. We have no record of his bright morning face flushed with profitable ambition, but he says we refused to buy. God knows we refuse better men a thousand times a year, for reasons set farther above. We are not philanthropists. We buy collections when our stock in those particular items needs replenishment and when we have the money. The two stars must be in conjunction. He says we offered to sell them for him on commission. This is a regular practice for collections containing valuable items. We charge from ten to twenty per cent of the gross receipts. In a recent case an estate was willing to sell us a specialized collection of British Colonies for $1800 cash down. We advised the commission transaction. In due time we sold the collection, took our commission and turned over $2250 to the estate. The trustees were with difficulty revived.

Mr X., for reasons unknown, passed up the commission offer. In his despair he then proceeds to sell the entire collection for $210 to a Washington dealer, together with his whole and complete interest in stamp collecting.

We can spare him from the fold. Observe carefully. He sells $400 face value of uncancelled United States stamps, good on any letter or parcel package, plus another group of items cataloguing at least $1000, for $210. He says that the Scott Company refused to pay $400 for the lot. This means, if it means anything, that Mr. X. took $400 in currency out of his pocket and sold it for a check for $210. Any bank would have credited him with $400 of uncancelled United States stamps in good condition—less perhaps five per cent discount. Any uncancelled U. S. postage stamp issued since 1861 is still available for postage. No stamp dealer in this country would have refused to buy the collection for $400. Either the sales figures given are wrong or the description of the collection is false. In either case he comes to court with unclean hands, libelling honest merchants.

Then this ornament of integrity proceeds to characterize the merchandising of stamps as a racket, to charge dealers—there are one thousand of them on a full-time basis in the country—with stuffing packets with waste-paper, with rigging auction sales, with connivance and monopolistic agreements. In righteous indignation he bawls for our regulation by the Government.

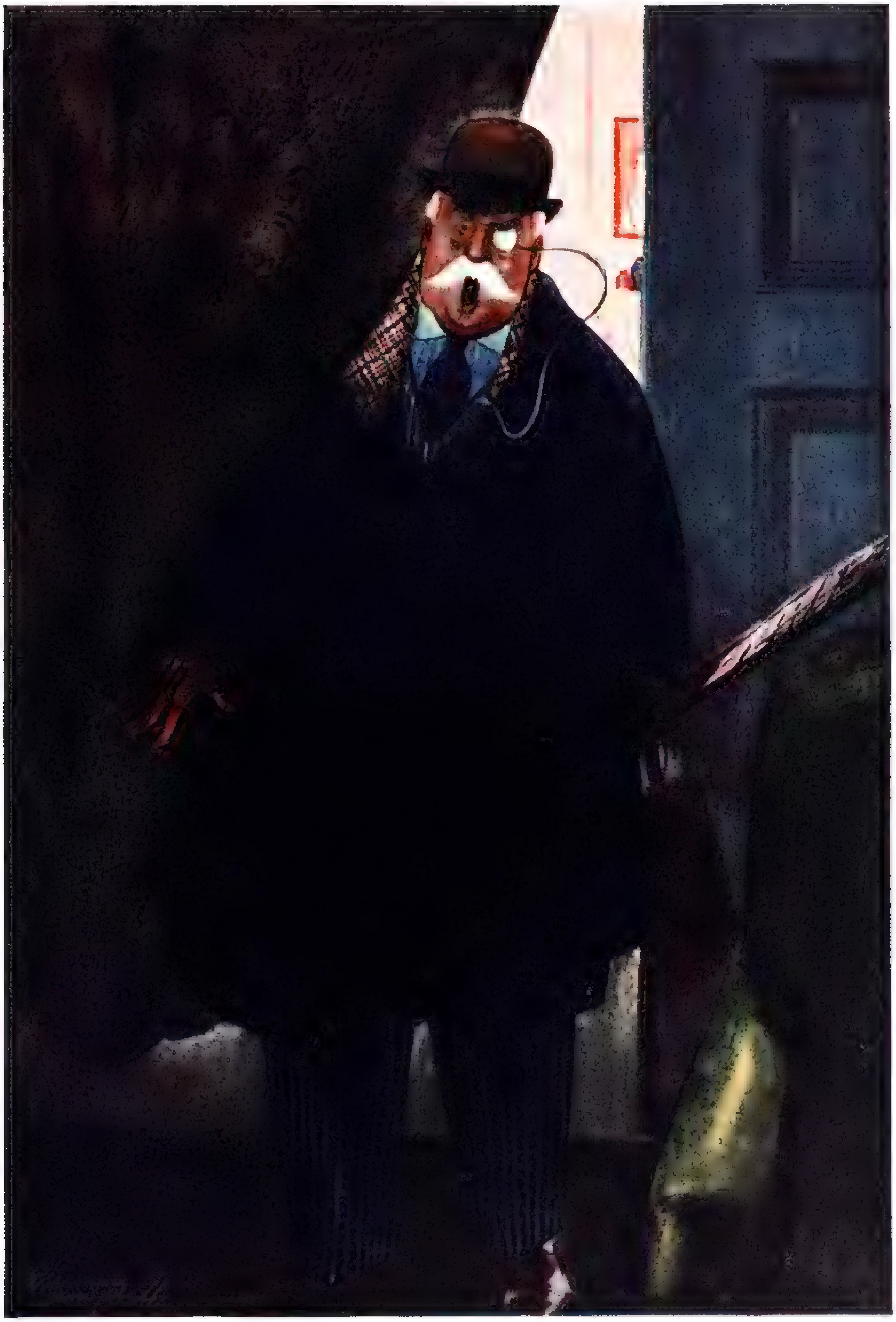
There are gyp artists in every business and Heaven knows the selling of stamps has provided a lush field for the fraternity, but, fortunately, they seldom last long. The Scott Company has a permanent reference collection for the protection of itself and its customers, which cost over $100,000 to accumulate. Packets have been stuffed by fly-by-night operators, but no customer ever returns to such a source for his supply. How long should we remain in business if we deliberately put waste-paper in our packets? We do sell damaged stamps—with this specific warning: "Although we do not advocate the purchasing or collecting of damaged stamps, still many collectors have found this series desirable in order to obtain 'space-fillers' for some of the more expensive items." Auction catalogues are printed and issued in advance of sale with meticulous description of every lot, especially as to condition. The oldest stamp auction house is that of the J. C. Morgenthau & Co., Inc., founded by the uncle of the present Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. Far from being a monopoly, the selling of stamps is one of the last stands of highly competitive, rugged individualism.

Stamps are issued by governments and protected and regulated by government laws, postal authorities, secret service agents, inspectors. In the United States, illustrations of stamps must be defaced before they can be reproduced in catalogue, album or magazine; counterfeiting is a major crime; face values of postage stamps since 1861 are maintained at par by the Post Office. Quality is maintained by law—contrary to the market practice in shoes and sealing wax.

Finally, our sympathy goes out to Mrs. X. She knew that only a fool attempts to mix business with pleasure. She knew that her ineffable spouse could not be trusted to do anything sensibly.

New York, N.Y. Hugh M. Clark

Continued on page 180



"My wife! And the Right Honorable Percy Gilcannon Cleep, M.D., V.C., M.P.!"

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-178

LOVE'S LABOR

The anonymous author of *Why I Stopped Collecting Stamps*, in the December issue of Esquire, has done much in his article to mislead the uninformed concerning a hobby which is followed with pleasure, and, indeed, profit by many persons.

As he claims to have collected stamps over a long period of time and to have built a collection of 19th century stamps having a catalogue value of more than $18,000, I cannot put him down as a mere dabbler in Philately, however I would like to point out several flaws in his thesis and would be grateful if you will print this for the sake of the dignity of Philately which long ago ceased to be a childish pastime.

Your writer states that after several attempts to sell his fine collection of 19th century rarities for which his most modest hopes anticipated no less than one-quarter of catalogue value he was finally forced to sell out for the pitiful sum of $500.

Now the great body of stamp collectors is composed of men of average means and who are unable to purchase desirable stamps of the 19th century. A man of limited means should never have invested in stamps of this type but should have confined himself to a specialty within the scope of his means. I know that your writer mentions his second venture and his specializing in unused United States stamps but he should have looked about and noticed the great number of collectors who are doing the same thing and he would then have realized that there can be no great rise in the U. S. stamp market for many years.

Men who can afford to collect 19th century stamps, men like Arthur Hind, Baron Ferrari, and Col. E. H. R. Green (lately deceased) are willing to pay top prices for material of this sort but the stamps must be in *superb* condition. No thin spots, no slightly torn or damaged margins, no heavy cancellations are wanted. A fine classic rarity cataloguing $50 or $100 may not bring one-twentieth part of that amount if it has a minute tear or some slight defect.

It is obvious, therefore, that the market for 19th century stamps is limited, and I will add that it becomes more limited every day as even well-to-do collectors are turning to the superlatively beautiful and fascinating 20th century postal emissions.

Concerning your author's venture in collecting mint (unused, to you) United States stamps hoping to be able to sell for at least face value, if he had to accept $200 for $400 worth of stamps he must indeed have been out of touch with the business world for he could easily have disposed of it in small lots to various commercial organizations.

Notwithstanding the arguments set forth in your article I can cite several instances where investment in U. S. stamps would have brought a tidy premium within the past few months. The so-called Tipex souvenir panes issued in honor of the Third International Philatelic Exhibition in New York last May, and sold by the Post Office Department at 12c per pane (four stamps, perfectly valid for ordinary postal use) would double an investment in them today as dealers are offering as high as 27c per pane. The Century of Progress 50c Zeppelin stamp (1933) is selling today for $3.00 and the "law of international supply and demand" is constantly forcing the price of this item upward.

One collector with whom I am acquainted and who was collecting stamps before I was born has built and sold at a profit several fine collections. In the early part of this year he disposed of a collection of 20th century British Colonial stamps at a handsome figure which included a very sweet profit.

In 1935 I bought the complete British Silver Jubilee issue issued in honor of the 25th year of the reign of the late King George V. This issue of 249 stamps from all the Crown Colonies, agencies, and self-governing dominions cost, when they were first issued, $23. I have refused offers of $80 for the set. Eastern dealers are asking from $95 to $100 right now and the catalogue value (Scott's) is $150.

Human nature being as it is every stamp collector is looking for some profit on his collection, but profit should not be the fundamental motive behind any hobby. It is true that your anonymous writer could have relieved his insomnia with penny trifles and cheap packets of stamp mixtures, but your sincere collector who loves stamps for themselves, for the traditions behind them, and the beauty of a well ordered and handsomely mounted collection cannot be satisfied with cheap stamps any more than a golfer who takes his game seriously can be satisfied to play with a bag of cheap, off brand, clubs, or a connoisseur of liquor can drink cheap whiskey.

A gourmet does not shop for cheap foods but demands the finest articles on the grocers' shelves, and the sincere philatelist derives a pleasure from looking at (and bragging about) his album pages of handsome and expensive stamps, and this pleasure to the real lover of stamps is more satisfying and more permanent than the transient delights of golf, gastronomy, or gulping.

Much has been written about the therapeutic value of hobbies, yet for purposes of therapy alone (as relief from insomnia in the case of your writer) almost any other form of collecting would have done the job as well with considerably less outlay of cash. He could have collected book match covers without spending a penny, and I know a man who will buy these empty match covers at one-fifth of a cent each.

Hiking through the woods in search of bird eggs would have been pleasantly instructive as well as mentally refreshing, satisfying the acquisitive nature, and this together with the physical exertion and abundant fresh air would doubtless have proven a far better soporific than the cloistered study of Philately.

The love of a hobby should be the primary reason for pursuing it and I can say that among the dozens of collectors that I know I do not know one who collects stamps simply for speculative purposes.

Very truly yours,
Clarence Atkinson
The Twin City Stamp Club
Monroe, Louisiana

HELUVA CAPTION

After reading the story *Its a Heluva Note* by Michael Fessier I can readily understand why your staff has built up my stack of rejections to 156—eighteen of them from Esquire. The yarn was a damn good one! I take off my hat to this Fessier lad.

But one thing—who in the hell wrote the blurb over the story? Here it is, in case it's slipped your memory: "The judge he charged the jury as plain as plain can be: 'Let us Hang the witness and set the Killer free'!" Now if that isn't a complete giveaway of the climax I'll eat your Xmas edition, and *that's* a big order! Boy, am I glad you haven't bought any of my yarns! You probably would have ruined them with your blurbing and illustrations!

Well, I'm not surprised to see your mag take such staggering upward leaps. It's been a good publication and a helluva lot more honest than most of the slicks. But with the overload of whiskey and clothes ads that you're carrying now, I expect the old reaction of the well-fed bourgeois to set in any moment. I'll let you know—not that it makes any difference to you, I suppose—whenever I notice your blood going gouty.

Sincerely,
Los Angeles, Calif. Kelso Morris

WHAT STAND SHALL WE TAKE ON TRUISMS?

I have been a reader of Esquire ever since its birth and I was also present at the first and very successful forthcoming of Coronet. I have lived through many battles in *The Sound and Fury* as an interested bystander, a silent bystander, but now I feel that I shall not remain quite so silent.

It is Mr. George E. Sokolsky's article *One Sure Cure* that brings me out of my silence and into your *The Sound and Fury*. (I hope.) Mr. Sokolsky's *It Can't Happen Here* attitude is the thing that riles me up a bit—quite a bit. I do not doubt that Mr. Sokolsky has much more of an inside knowledge of the present set up in these United States than I have, and I am perfectly willing to admit it, but I can see no reason for saying that the patient has only a mild case of pneumonia so just forget about it. Just because Communism, Fascism and a few other "isms" have turned Europe into an armed camp and Spain into a battlefield, but as yet have not made much of a dent into the United States seems to mean to Mr. Sokolsky that we should take it for granted that they never will or can, and so should go soundly to sleep and let come what may.

Well that is all fair and fine for Mr. Sokolsky, and for all of me he can pick out some nice little island and take his unprepared and unsuspecting nap, but not for me. The United States of America was and is founded on clean ideals and underlying liberty. Freedom is our birthright and it was not given to us without a struggle and we will not give it up without a struggle. In my opinion America should never be exposed to the remotest possibility of being crushed and beaten into a machine for any individual or any certain group of people. If the day comes when governmental supervision of business and of the daily acts of life in this country is a necessity—*if*, I say—then let it be a supervision that is consented to; a supervision that is drawn up and okay'd by the majority of the people in a general vote and not one imposed upon the people by any one person or group of persons irrespective of party.

We have gotten along wonderfully without kings, emperors, dictators, duces or war-lords and we not only can continue to get along without them, but we damn well will continue to get along without them.

We do not want anyone telling us just what time we can get up in the morning, what we can eat, what we can read, what we can wear, what work we can do and what work we can't do, what places we can go to and what places we can't go to, that we must salute some one or fall on our knees for someone else. And if the "isms", any of them, have even a toe hold here in America, I for one am in favor of the young people of the United States organizing into one large group, irrespective of party, color, or religion, and teaching the followers of the "isms" our way of living and our way of running our own country and if they can't see it—send 'em over to the country of their own "ism" and let them have all of it they want. We don't want it.

If we must have an "ism" to get along in this modern world let's let them know that it is going to be "AMERICANISM" and nothing else.

Sincerely yours,
Sioux Falls, S. D. David H. Bowring

P.S.: Dear Editor: I might say that I feel so strongly on this subject of "isms" that I will be more than glad to correspond with anyone who feels either way on the subject.

PHILATELIST'S PHILIPPIC

As a stamp collector who enjoys this hobby irrespective of "International Supply and Demand" may I comment on the ravings of *Anonymous* ("Syphaletelic Insomniac" I believe would have been a better pseudonym) on his so-called stamp collecting experiences in what is facetiously called an article, in your issue of December 1936?

It undoubtedly seems the whinings of one of those poor deluded creatures whom P. T. Burnum so aptly described as "one born every minute" and for whom it was necessary to pass the "Blue Sky" Laws lest they purchase the Brooklyn Bridge. "Insomniac" states that he finally had a collection of about 4500 19th century stamps with a catalogue value of $18,750 or an average of $4.11 per stamp. Tush Tush and Pish Pish, my heart bleeds for him, to think that the naughty big bad stamp dealers, wolves in sheeps' clothing, could have treated him so for ten years without his catching on. From his statement that he spent one-fifth of his salary for 10 years on these "gummed stickers with notches" he must have had a salary of over $5000 per year average, and to think that an innocent, unsophisticated male, whom some deluded employer was paying $5000 a year (evidently not for brains) should be forced and coerced against his will to buy approximately $1000 dollars worth of stamps a year for 10 years seems a crime and a shame.

When a Mr. So and So has a special yacht built for the defense of the America Cup he of course expects to sell it after the races for "half catalogue."

When a Mr. So and So buys a polo pony and rides him in games for several years, he of course expects to sell him later for at least "one-third catalogue."

And when John Q. Sapp buys a hundred shares of Electric So and So in August 1929 he of course expects to sell it for at least "one-quarter catalogue" in November 1929.

However, when *Anonymous* makes certain sweeping allegations about the Hobby in general without any qualifications I really believe that your Editors slipped a bit in allowing the article to be published, and I know that I voice the sentiments of all true collectors in hoping that you will at least apologize for the lack of good taste in publishing the article. Have you ever stopped to think that many of your subscribers and advertisers are stamp collectors?

In closing may I set up the probable profit and loss statement of *Anonymous* in his Philatelic Philanderings.

Expenses	
Stamps Purchased (½ of $18,750 catalogue)	$ 9,375
Savings—10 Years	
Doctors' bills to cure Insomnia at $5 per week	$ 2,600
Time and money not spent in bars—$10 per week	5,200
Tatting, knitting, Twiddledy Winks, debts not incurred, $10 per week	5,200
Pleasure received (admitted in article) $5 per week	2,600
Received for sale of stamps	500
	$16,100
Less Cost of Stamps	$ 9,375
Net Profit	$ 6,725

Why B-alonymouse ought to endow a philatelic scholarship at some college.

Anyhow I am glad that such a virile, manly cry baby has decided to give up this Hobby of Stamp Collecting, because there is certainly no place for he or she as the case may be, in a brotherhood of good fellows such as are found in all phases of philately.

Very truly yours,
Henry W. Salisbury
Brooklyn, N. Y.

P. S.—I have some beautiful Susan B. Anthony 3c stamps used, which I will be glad to let *Mr. Anonymous* have for $3.53 apiece and also some beautiful perforations at $15 apiece and a priceless Mint Watermark at $5.00.

Continued on page 182

concentrate your care on these 3 danger zones

CREAM 683
Dorothy Gray

YOUR NOSE

Coarse pores are most conspicuous on the nose. Keep your skin *thoroughly* clean with Dorothy Gray Cream 683 — a conscientious cleanser, especially for dry skin. Its luscious oils have been double-whipped to make them finer, more deeply cleansing. No pore dirt is beneath its notice. No dryness allowed. Swiftly, luxuriously ...it coaxes a coarsening skin back to loveliness! *Cream 683 (Dry-Skin Cleanser) $1.*

SPECIAL DRY SKIN MIXTURE
Dorothy Gray

YOUR EYES

Tiny lines cheat eyes of charm. Nightly, use Dorothy Gray Special Dry-Skin Mixture for smooth, supple skin. It contains the "sunshine" Vitamin D which skin *absorbs*. Texture feels softer. Dull skin brightens. Lines actually seem to smooth out. *Special Dry-Skin Mixture, $2.25.*

THROAT CREAM
Dorothy Gray

YOUR THROAT

Throat skin is sensitive to dryness and aging. Let it luxuriate frequently in treatments of Throat Cream—a Dorothy Gray emollient rich in Vitamin D. This vitamin is *absorbed* by skin. It seems to smooth it out—benefit flabby skin tissues. *Throat Cream, with single chin strap, $2.*

VITAMIN D! Now the Dorothy Gray emollient creams have been enriched with this precious "sunshine" vitamin which the skin *absorbs*. As scientific evidence seems to indicate, it is extraordinarily beneficial to skin cells and tissues. The skin clears and brightens. Lines seem to soften and smooth out noticeably. Skin texture feels softer, smoother. For a generation Dorothy Gray experts have pointed the way to loveliness. They continue to do so, with their Vitamin D emollients!

Copyright 1937 by Dorothy Gray Co., Ltd.

JEWELS BY CARTIER...*Ring*, a rectangular-cut diamond, weighing 30 carats, bordered by baguettes. *Diamond Bracelets*, in supple triple strands, framing sapphires. *Diamond Ear-Clips. Diamond Clip-Brooch*, emphasizing sapphire group.

MAKE-UP BY DOROTHY GRAY SALONS...*Face Powder* in Natural. *Lipstick* in Blush. Eyelashes intriguingly accented with the subtle *Blue Lashique*. Eyes alight with a background of *Deep-Blue Eye Shadow*. Nails in *Blue-Red*.

Dorothy Gray

DOROTHY GRAY SALONS...a corporation, successor to Dorothy Gray...683 Fifth Avenue, New York...Los Angeles Denver...Washington...Boston...Milwaukee...Paris...Brussels Amsterdam...The Hague...And on the Grace Line "Santa" ships.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-178-180

WHY I STILL COLLECT STAMPS

Have just finished reading the article called *Why I Gave Up Stamp Collecting* in the Dec. issue. Just like any article, "there is much to be said on both sides."

About 4 years ago, I found myself in the same position as the writer of that article. I suffered too from insomnia and being in a business that is fast and speedy, I looked for something to occupy myself with at night that would be quiet, relaxing and interesting. After a while, I chanced to notice that my two boys were collecting stamps. I became mildly interested and then without my even knowing it, I became quite interested in it. I noticed the boys were collecting stamps both used and unused from all over the world. I bought them a Scott's catalog and was amazed to see how many thousands of different stamps there were and some of the prices of them. I didn't do much in the way of buying stamps until one day, I noticed an ad on stamps by one of the large N. Y. dept. stores (Gimbels) located near my office. Out of curiosity, I stepped in to see the dept. They had a very interesting display and I saw stamps which aroused my curiosity. I spoke to the head of the dept. and recalled to him that as a boy I had saved stamps. I didn't buy anything there but visited the dept. again in a few days and made a few purchases. After a month or so I told the head of the dept. I didn't want to collect ALL the stamps in the world but I wouldn't mind specializing on something interesting. He suggested Commemorative Stamps of the World—all to be unused. These were pretty, historical and so I started on them. I found as I went along, that to obtain these Commemorative Stamps from all countries, would cost me a small fortune. Among some of these Commemorative issues, were some Air Mail stamps. These interested me immensely. I decided to start one collection of Air Mail stamps from all over the world, unused only, for one of my boys. For the other, I decided to save only U. S. Commemoratives and Great Britain and colonies, commemoratives and unused only. I therefore sold my Commemorative stamps which I had paid around $350 and got $275 for them. This first sale, taught me to be cautious and that I should not expect profits from stamps.

I have found stamp collecting of the above items were very relaxing to me after a strenuous business day. It has brought me into contact with new people and I have found it very interesting.

Today, I called my two boys into my room. I had the oldest one read the article in Esquire and explain what it meant. We had a nice heart-to-heart talk about it and when we got through, I was completely satisfied that neither one of my boys nor I, for that matter, would make the mistake your writer did. My boy, who has the Air Mail collection, knows what I have been doing—buying mostly *new issue* stamps, about 10% to 20% above face value, unused only and old issue stamps, unused only, but not real expensive ones. All told his collection amount to about $900 at cost and I venture to say I can easily get $650 for it from any dealer. The other boy's collection, amount to $490 at cost and can easily get $350 for it. So what have I lost? I do not bother with the stamps during the year but save my time on them for the cold winter months of January, February, March, when one can't get outdoors and believe me, they certainly relax me. On the U. S. and Gt. Britain and colonies collections, we buy only the new issues too, unused, at 10% to 20% above face value and have quite a number of old issues too but not real high priced ones.

In my humble opinion, the mistake your writer made was that he forgot the old adage—"don't put your eggs in one basket."

Incidentally, I might say this, although it is beside the point. I happened to invest about $15,000 in so-called gilt-edge first mortgage certificates in a company which was under the jurisdiction of the N. Y. state banking dept. I got, after all liquidation, about $600 for my investment plus loads of headaches, aggravation and constant reminders in the forms of letters, meetings, about my investment. Wish I had put it into stamps! At least, I would have had some fun out of it! Also I am positive I would have realized at least $7500 out of the $15,000.

Rather than my stamp collections being a headache, I am grateful to them also for this. They are a constant reminder to me of the days when my health was not so good and I had insomnia and they are gentle reminders, not to go back to the old way of living, rushing all the time and trying to "swallow up the world."

Another thing, I do not understand is this. I constantly put in bids at stamp auction sales (Air Mail stamps only and U. S. and Gt. Britain Commemoratives—all unused). I bid consistently, ⅓ off the catalog price and I find that I rarely get over 10% of my bids filled at that price. So I can't understand what your writer collected.

I do want to thank you for the article because it made me realize that I must instruct my boys not to make the same mistake your writer did.

Yours very truly,
Anonymous (as your writer)

P. S. Here is an *unusual* incident connected with my stamp saving. When I first visited Gimbels, I did not notice anything unusual about the store. Later, as I grew better acquainted with the buyer, I kept remarking to him that the store seemed to be getting more customers in and in a kidding way, I said to him I might buy 100 shares of Gimbels (it was then selling at $3). About six months later, I again remarked to him the store looked busier than when I first went in there. I visited some of the other depts. and noticed quite an improvement. Stock selling now around $5. I still had a notion to buy 100 shares. I investigated further into Gimbels and one day, last February, I decided to buy 50 shares—stock then selling at 7¾. Today it is 25. Had I bought the original 100 shares at 3—it would show me a profit today of $2200. As it is, I have a nice profit on it—all through stamp collecting and in addition, a nice hobby and one that is extremely relaxing. Should the stock go down now, I have no one to blame but myself if I don't sell it.

SELF-PORTRAIT

I have just finished reading your unsound but furious *Sound and Fury*, and between swallows of aspirin dissolved in one-fourth cup of Four Roses I wish to paint a picture of the guy who writes to the *S.&F.*

He ranges in size from four to six feet, is a snappy dresser, has bags in his tuxedo trousers, and eats meals between meals.

His age is either 21, 17, 42, 86, or any other number.

He doesn't read Esquire.

He ends every letter he sends to *S.&F.* with "So What?"

He reads Esquire twice a day and sees his dentist twice a year.

He's not a Latin, but nevertheless he's a lousy lover.

He signs his letters to *S.&F.* with some good American name like Gabrilowitch or Snurbfleagle.

He loves his wife, but oh you kid.

His favorite actress is W. C. Fields.

When he wears tails he steps on the ends.

He plays mental golf in the 70's.

He picks his teeth with a pitchfork.

He apologizes for his puns in his letters to *S.&F.*

He misspells wurds so kutely in his letters to *S.&F.*

He either likes drawings by Petty, or he doesn't.

He calls Esquire, familiarly, Esky.

It's a pity he can't read—he'd enjoy Esquire.

So what?

Chicago, Ill. E. S.

FILE UNDER "COINCIDENCE"

Perhaps you will be interested to learn, unless someone has preceded me, that the character of Professor Arzici in *The Portrait of Mrs. Morton* is a perfect word portrait of a remarkable resident of Mexico City named Dr. Atl. Your illustrator, all unawares, no doubt, has done a striking likeness of the strange Dr. Atl.

Mrs. Norton and Dairson Fiche are delightful. I hope we shall have more of them.

Very truly yours,
Marion C. Wright
Battle Creek, Mich.

ON OUR WAY

Your magazine is going to hell. That is not a prophecy, merely an observation.

I have been reading all the comment and dis-comment in the *Sound and Fury* department of the December issue, relative to the story over which so much controversy rages. The name, I believe, is not necessary. Strange as it may seem, and disconcerting I hope it may be to the author, I have not read the story though everybody in the western hemisphere from the Arctic circle to the Equator appear to have done so. As I said, it is merely an observation and the basis for the establishment of the fact that the dear lady, if she is a lady, is losing you many of the subscribers to the rag. I don't mean the lady as an individual but rather the female of specie as a whole whom you allow to scatter asinine mutterings over the surface of a very good grade of paper.

REST
IN
PEACE

The dear lady? might say the man can't take it. Well! He can't. It is man's inalienable right to give and woman's to take. Boy, and do they! Regardless of race, color or creed there are some things that should be reserved for the right of use by man alone and not have some female injecting her infinitesimally small amount of wit and wisdom at the most inopportune times and in the most unwanted places.

This privilege, I believed and now I know it was foolishly so, was to be found within the covers of Esquire, so bold were your opening statements and dedication address. Had the standard bearers of your organization stood by their colors and carried out their threat that the magazine was going to be published for men only it would have been a wonderful achievement indeed. Aghast I am at the thought that you may be influenced by the lure of filthy lucre as well as the desecrating works of woman.

Woman has encroached upon the rights of man in almost every way imaginable and the engulfing tide is fast sweeping your, and I may as well say, my magazine, to the deep, perilous and uncharted waters of the mediocre, oblivionating the constitution upon which it was founded. I think, and take the statement not too lightly, that eradication of *The Magazine for Men*, on your front cover, is in order. It, the Esquire, before very long, shall be relegated to the ranks of *Vogue* and *The Woman's Home Companion.*

The fairer sex are a bit of the most noble of God's handiwork. Indeed! Wonderful in her place but that place is not upon the reservations of man's domain. Wearing man's clothes, doing men's work, playing man's games and in fact doing everything that man does excepting his share in the reproduction and replenishing that of which the world already has too much. Even there, they are attempting to replace man.

Ah, Ladies! Imagine, a beautiful night under a clear tropical sky, the stars, a million diamonds scattered in the velvety blue, the moon, a precious disk with its golden pathway across the rippling silver sea giving promise beyond, of those heavenly moments apart from the pale of our hum-drum existence, the warm tropical winds enveloping the body and caressing the cheeks—and a test tube for a lover. It is a well known fact that women are even going to that means to defeat the purpose for which man was placed on this good earth. Thanking the good Lord, it is, I am, that I was not born in the age and the way which would necessitate my calling one of those things daddy. Just try and get used to the idea of father being buried in the laboratory trash can. If and when I am lucky enough to get married, after herein expressing my opinion, the establishment shall do business at the same old stand in the same old way.

This may be a bit vague and drifting from the original, the composition and enunciation poor but it is all built up to give an indication as to how and why so many of "us guys" are fast losing interest in your manly publication. Keep the dames out.

Though it may not worry the circulation manager much I am thankful that I have never subscribed as I have been so many times tempted to do, for now I intend to reserve the right of the purchaser in the open market, to acquire any issue I consider worthy and to shy away from those upon which there is the taint of a feminine writer's hand, trying to control, direct, and influence the existence of man. . . .

Respectfully and most humbly submitted,
Jimmy Carelton Pendlebury
USS Hull
Vallejo, Calif.

SWELLING THE CHORUS OF IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

Mr. Antheil's article in its attempt to be realistic has a lurid form of sensationalism which can hardly be credited with a trace of rational logic. When one takes the United States and its varied resources with its self independence and variety of individuals and individual thought and classes; who although they may be moded in their dress and speech are hardly such in their inward forms of thought. United States with its economic outlet and ability to survive without the commercial assistance of foreign products can hardly be rationalized into such a condition as Mr. Antheil seems to have done.

Even in the eventuality of defeat we would not have to necessitate ourselves to such a spirit broken defeatism so sensationally described.

Yours most sincerely,
Seattle, Wash. Louis Ybarguen

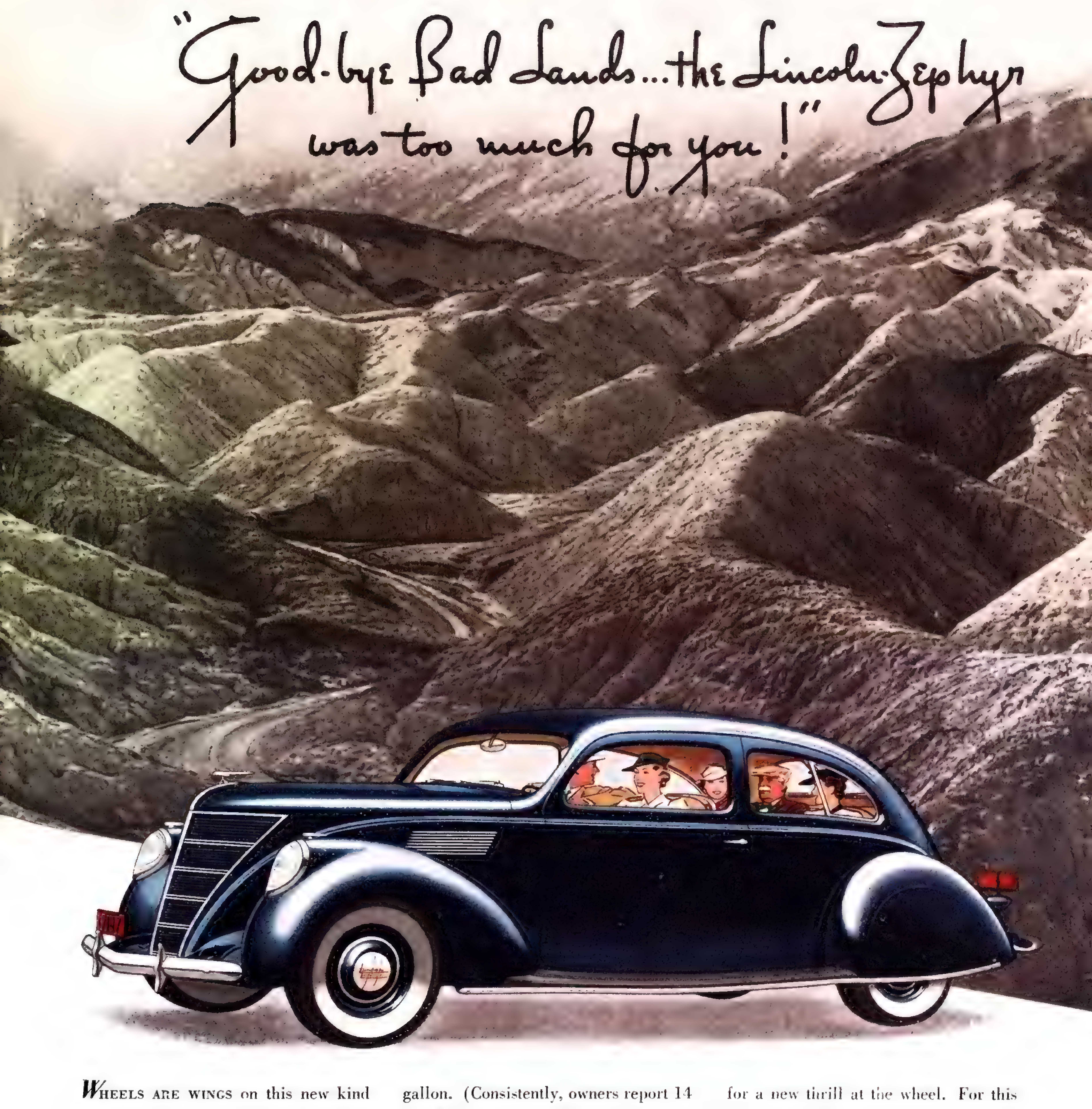
WHODUNIT

Usually at this time of the year I send my subscription to your magazine and a number of additional as gifts but I hereby cancel all of these renewals.

I was more than surprised to note the article on Page 69 of your December issue pertaining to stamps. I cannot conceive how a concern of your size could allow such an article to appear unless thoroughly investigated. It just happens that I am in this particular business and such articles are detrimental.

I understand that an investigation is being made as to the actual facts of this case and I will assist to the utmost to get to the root of it. Fortunately our name has not been involved, otherwise I would take entirely different proceedings.

Very truly yours,
Economist Stamp Co. Edw. Stern
New York, N. Y.


"Good-bye Bad Lands... the Lincoln-Zephyr was too much for you!"

WHEELS ARE WINGS on this new kind of car! Like an air transport hugging the land, the Lincoln-Zephyr glides across the countryside . . . giving a fresh idea of how a car should perform, rolling up fresh records of economy.

This is the car, Lincoln-built, in which a Louisiana owner drove 12,000 miles across country through ice, snow, flood and windstorm to average 17 miles per gallon. (Consistently, owners report 14 to 18 miles to the gallon of gasoline.)

This is the car with an engine of 12 cylinders in V-formation . . . with a new, rigid, steel, one-piece body and frame . . . with the advanced features that set new standards of comfort, safety, roadability. *This is the only car of its kind!*

Arrange, through the nearest dealer, to drive the Lincoln-Zephyr. Prepare for a new thrill at the wheel. For this new car brings back the old desire to travel . . . to see the land and the people, to look again upon far and lovely places.

The Lincoln-Zephyr is priced well below its specifications! Convenient terms can be arranged through Authorized Universal Credit Company Finance Plans. *Lincoln Motor Company, builders of the Lincoln and Lincoln-Zephyr.*

LINCOLN-ZEPHYR V·12

THIS YEAR, MORE THAN EVER, PRICED WELL BELOW ITS SPECIFICATIONS

Backstage with Esquire

Continued from page 28

"Do we know what the hell it's all about? No.

"But the book's coming out in a little more than two weeks. *Three Times Three* is the title, it's Saroyan's choice and we've formed a publishing firm composed of the maestro and us three college kids who play around or used to play around on the daily college publicity sheet.

"We went over, the three of us, to see Saroyan last week at the studio where he sits in an office in front of a desk and a pad of yellow paper and a dozen sharpened pencils through the courtesy of B. P. Schulberg. We didn't go with any idea of publishing anything. We went because we thought he, Saroyan, ought to be an interesting guy to see and listen to. Well, he was and in six minutes there was the publishing firm, the Conference Press, and we now possess an office, five hundred letter heads, and maybe a future.

"A book in about three weeks. And a possible career for three potential WPA applicants in six minutes.

"We left him at the studio after a half hour, with a Schulberg pencil in our pockets and a lot of ideas racing through our heads and plans for the nine story volume.

"I don't know what kind of a book it's going to be. It has good stories in it. At least I think they're good. I remember their being very good when I first read them but since that time, in nine days, I've typed them so painfully and read them so thoroughly and listened to them read back for punctuation and spelling corrections so long into the nights, that I'm really not sure that they aren't all lousy.

"Anyway, we'll see about that when we try and sell them.

"Maybe we lose money, maybe not. I hope not.

"But we've come to know this fellow Saroyan. He calls you pal at the second meeting. And he's very gay and generous. So whatever happens to the four-man, nine-day Conference Press, we're getting a lot of fun out of the experience.

"At least I know three of us are.

GILBERT HARRISON."

Welcome Home, Pretty Pigeon!

Continued from page 51

heads thrust early out of windows to observe the visibility.

"I'll come by the coast today, Shawn," bawls Bat Galvin to his next-door neighbor.

"By the coast is it? Not me own Grey Rock indade! 'Tis bright enough altogether for her to come by the midlands. She's the grand little hen, that wan!"

"Devil a bit! Can't ye see the mists toward Mallow?"

There is a lull as Rathlooney Cross prepares for mass.

* * *

On a railway station platform in the far County of Meath Mr. Joseph Grogan is talking with the engine driver.

"A pint is it, Jim? 'Twould do us no harm at-all!"

Eight o'clock becomes eight-thirty and then nine.

"Them bleddy birds," grunts Mr. Grogan irritably.

"Dan, me bhoy," to an elderly baggage porter, "will ye let out them filthy pigeons when ye get the time noo?"

"'Tis the curse o' me life entirely, the birds, this time o' year! Let 'em out here and let 'em there! The divil take such idjiots as flies pigeons about this misfortunate country! Noo, Mr. Delaney, I'll tell ye what's wrong wid Ireland—!"

In his own good time the porter shuffled off toward the crate which rested without covering in a drizzling rain.

"A sorry lot o' filthy geese," he grunted as he was about to open the door. Thereupon ensued an interruption and it was ten o'clock when next they entered his mind.

"Blast the birds, I forgot them entirely!"

He kicked open the crate and out fluttered the disheveled prides of Rathlooney Cross.

"Go it noo, and the devil a wan o' yez darken the sky of a respectable county agin!"

Up and up soared the Blue Rocks, the Grey Rocks, the Magpies, the Whites and the Speckled Hens. Uncertainly they circled over Navan to get their bearings and then, hurtling off on a tangent, set sail hell-bent for the County Cork and home.

* * *

At about this time the pious gentlemen of Rathlooney Cross, straight from Holy Communion, are assembling around a time clock in the center of the street.

"Wan more hour," observes Mr. Jack Sheehan, "and I'll be collecting me money. 'Tis easy to see they'll come by the coast as it's raining to the north."

Time drags on enlivened by spasmodic betting. Wages for a week's work are slapped without hesitation on the beaks of the homing birds. At eleven o'clock, the hour at which the pigeons, barring an act of Providence, should put in an appearance, there is an ominous silence. Every eye searches the heavens. Every fist is clenched. At eleven-fifteen Jack Sheehan speaks and there is murder in his voice.

"And if I had yer Mr. Grogan by the throat this minute I'd tear his liver out, the divil blind him!" This anatomically inaccurate malediction opens the floodgates and releases the venom of Rathlooney Cross where venom is venom and no mistake. The womenfolk, just then returning from a late mass, hurry by, the younger ones pressing their fingers to their ears.

"Such cursing," comments Mrs. O'Leary. "'Tis a disgrace on the Sunday! What would Father Mac say at-all?"

But Father Mac is completely forgotten by his masculine parishoners. Everything is forgotten save the carcass of one Mr. Grogan, employee of the Irish Railways, who was at that very minute comfortably engaged in blowing the suds from his fifth pint of porter in the back room of a public-house in the County Meath.

At noon an inexperienced youth sights two specks on the horizon.

"Here they come, bhoys!"

There is a moment of confusion in the midst of which the informer slips quietly away to forestall mob violence. On closer inspection his two birds prove to be seagulls grown weary of the mud flats of the Lee.

At twelve-thirty small children are sent out to summon their incoherent male parents to dinner. The entreaties are ignored. At twelve-forty-five wives appeal to their husbands' better instincts with exactly the same results. Rathlooney Cross is in a state of rebellion. The shrill screams of the shawled women have no earthly effect on those gentlemen who, their faces turned to heaven, are calling on God to strike dead the second illegitimate son of a lady named Grogan.

Suddenly there is a wild shout. Out of the mists loom four black specks, rapidly growing larger until they are identified beyond all question as the homing pigeons of Rathlooney Cross. Instantly the shout is suppressed. Men hurry on silent feet toward their own houses bending low as they run. Children are warned on pain of death to make no sound. A sweet Sabbath calm descends upon the vicinity.

There are the birds, Jack Sheehan's Blue Rock in the lead accompanied by three brave birdeens, grand chickens, every one! The owners by this time are standing apparently unconcerned in their gardens intently inspecting the few pallid cabbage plants as if they had no thought in the world of homing pigeons. Noses are pressed to window-panes from the inside. Rathlooney Cross holds its collective breath.

The four birds volplane to rest upon their respective ridge-poles and resume their domestic affairs without delay, quite unaffected by a dash of one hundred and fifty miles in three hours.

All the pigeon-cotes look particularly inviting, corn having been lavishly sprinkled on the boards in front of the doors with promise of much more inside, but the intrepid voyagers will have none of it.

"Mother of God, will ye go in?" Jack Sheehan's hoarse whisper trembles with impotent rage.

"Blast ye, will ye show some sinse, ye ugly duck?" comes a dulcet voice from over the hedge.

"Ah, me fine little hen, 'tis ye are the grand bird altogether. Please, noo, the saints protect ye, will—ye—go—in?"

Rathlooney Cross is concentrating. It cajoles and threatens but the birds are oblivious to both vituperation and flattery. Casually they get up and fly around the houses. They make tours of inspection of the neighborhood. They light on the very boards in front of their own cotes, eat the corn and fly back to the ridge-poles of the houses to strut a bit, reducing the helpless owners to the verge of apoplexy.

By this time other birds have arrived. All sixty of them are hovering around their own cotes but as yet no owner has punched the time clock. The tension is terrific. The language of the community is an epic effort. All the powers are called upon, all the saints implored.

Then suddenly, just in time to prevent mass insanity, some whim seizes the birds. Home looks good to them again. They pop in through the little trap doors. The owners jump for the cotes, pull out the gallant riders of the skyways and all but dismember them yanking the rings from their legs. Then begins the last phase of the wild race.

Rathlooney Cross is in a furor. Barefoot men dash shouting for the time clock bearing aloft the rubber rings. Down the streets converging on the Cross they gallop, cheered wildly on by the populace. The secretary of the club records the arrival times until everyone has checked in. In the midst of an ear-splitting uproar the handicaps are calculated and first prize awarded to one Mr. Hooley, whose Magpie was one of the last birds to arrive. A love of home in that feathered breast, however, compensated for a lack of drive in the pinions. In popped the weary Magpie on arrival, earning Mr. Hooley the weekly purse and making him, for a few hours at least, a well-to-do man.

Jack Sheehan, whose Blue Rock showed the way from Navan, was fifty-ninth in a field of sixty. I refer you to Mr. Sheehan for observations on pigeons.

* * *

And now, praise be to God, the pubs are open! Dinner forgotten, the entire male population of Rathlooney Cross troops away to Pat Healey's musty bar. The pigeons are free to live the normal life for another week.

Murphy's stout, Cork-brewed, flows in a thick, nourishing stream into countless pint glasses. Gradually the members of the Rathlooney Cross Pigeon Club forget their earthly bounds and in fancy one by one they venture out and upward along the damp Irish winds.

"God help me, didn't I make it in three hours from Navan?"

"Be damned to ye, Mick Sweeny. Did ye ever in all your life fly Belfast? Well didn't I do it, mind ye, straight as a string for Cork and the fog that thick . .!"

Such is pigeon racing in Cork City and such are the men who take part in it. The pint glasses stand two deep on Pat Healey's bar. The gentlemen of Rathlooney Cross are off high over the midlands with the sun overhead and the wind on their tails. #

It's all Sterling

This Louis XVI Tea Service from Cartier, New York, is made of sterling silver. And it's _all_ sterling silver!

It's all Whiskey
SCHENLEY
SCHENLEY'S
Golden Wedding
BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES
ONE PINT
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC. SCHENLEY PENNSYLVANIA
90 PROOF
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Schenley's Golden Wedding is a blend of straight whiskies, and *only* straight whiskies! It's _all_ whiskey!

As you prefer—in Bourbon or Rye

For your well-being *tomorrow,* treat yourself *tonight* to a whiskey that's _all_ whiskey!

In the evening, enjoy the friendly companionship, the mellow glow of this *sound* whiskey . . . and in the morning you will enjoy the added pleasure of a feeling of fitness. For over 50 years, Golden Wedding has been a leader because its acquaintances become its *friends! You* can try Schenley's Golden Wedding with this assurance . . . it is the "Number One" straight whiskey blend of the House of Schenley.

SCHENLEY'S
Golden Wedding
BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES

In flat *or* round bottles at your dealer's—in *round* bottles at bars!

Copr. 1937, Schenley Products Co., Inc., N. Y.

SCHENLEY'S

Golden Wedding

BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES . . . 90 PROOF . . . IN BOURBON OR RYE

The Ape-Men of Sugar Peak

Continued from page 42

improve with the more temperate climates. Daisy thinks he's grand. So the next couple of days Daisy and Sterling go swimming, and they go walking, and they go riding. And, quick like a fox, he is calling her "Sugar Pie" and she is calling him "Big Mans." It gives him a sense of power.

It also restores his confidence. And when in a couple of days, traffic starts using the main highway again and not even the postman stops, and Honest Jack is wondering whether to put in a fan-dancer or burn the joint down for the insurance, Sterling decides to take a hand.

"What we got to do," he tells Honest Jack, "is to get the newspapers here to write up the place."

"We could maybe send them a postcard inviting them up for the week-end," says Honest Jack.

"No," says Sterling. "What we need is a smashing big story. Maybe even a hoax. Have you got any good ghosts around here?"

"How about a headless Indian stalking the surface of the lake on moonlight nights?" asks Honest Jack.

"A headless Indian would be punk," says Sterling.

"How about a sea serpent?" asks Honest Jack.

"The lake is hardly big enough for a Page One sea serpent," says Sterling. "He couldn't turn around."

"Well," says Honest Jack, "we could always dig up that old one about the ape-men on Sugar Peak."

"Now you are talking," says Sterling. "The only thing I can think of which would be better than ape-men is ape-women. And there must be ape-women up there, too, or the ape-men would never stay."

"Isn't he simply marvelous, daddy?" comments Daisy. "What I like about him is his mind."

Sterling tears into the ape situation at top speed. He learns that there has been a minor ape scare just the week before. Seems that a couple of miners, which are working a claim halfway up the peak, wake up one night to hear boulders bouncing off the roof of their cabin. One of them takes a long pull at a bottle, looks out the window and swears he sees a shaggy creature running up the hill. He and his partner rush down the mountain and into the village yelling bloody murder. Nobody pays much attention because for years these boys have been pointed out by the temperance people as terrible examples of what happens. Everyone figures they have only got the snakes again.

Sterling takes a couple of crocks to the village with him. By the time he and the miners have worked down to the bottom of the first, the miners are ready to swear that the ape-men came down the mountain in platoon formation. Then Sterling talks them into going back and awaiting developments. The second crock goes to the editor of the *Weekly Bugle* who is also correspondent for the Associated News. By the time they are well into this, the editor is telling Sterling about the editor's dear old mother, and Sterling is writing a story for Associated News to go on the wire under the editor's name.

"CRESCENT LAKE, May 7—This little town was thrown into a panic last night when officials and employees of the Sugar Peak Mining Corporation rushed here with a story of being routed from their scene of operations by a strange war-like tribe of men having the appearance of cave-dwellers. The mining men said they believed the townspeople to be in imminent danger and advised immediate evacuation."

On the way back to the hotel Sterling passes a couple of guys standing outside the pool hall. One of these guys is ordinary enough, except that he is wearing a fistful of phony sparklers, but the other one looks like the original Neanderthal Man's great-grandfather, which the family kept locked up in the attic. The guy stands about six feet, six inches and has a beard. And while I wouldn't say that he is so dumb that he wouldn't come out of the rain, I will admit that somebody else will have to point out first that it is raining.

Sterling edges up to the smaller guy.

"What is its name?" he asks.

"Its name," says the smaller guy, "is the Terrible Togar, the Human Rock Crusher."

"What does it do?" asks Sterling doubtfully.

"It wrestles," says the smaller guy, "and I am its manager. Dusty Jones is the name, my friend."

"Dusty," says Sterling, "do you think it could yell real loud?"

"It is one of the loudest yellers that ever I see," says Dusty positively.

The Terrible Togar, it seems, is scheduled to wrestle another behemoth in the Odd Fellows' Hall next week, but Sterling has a better idea. He takes them both to the hotel and gives them the plot. Dusty is to stay there. Togar is to take a couple of blankets and a tin of beans and go to the top of Sugar Peak with a half-witted Indian boy named Yellow Horse (only people have fallen into the habit of calling him Yellow Pony because he isn't as smart as a horse). Twice a day Togar is to yell, once around noon for the afternoon editions and once around six p.m. for the morning sheets. There is a swell echo across the lake from Sugar Peak and you can pretty near hear a man scratch a match on the seat of his trousers halfway up the mountain.

Daisy is vastly interested in the preparations and asks the Terrible Togar can she feel his muscle.

"I should think it would be terribly interesting to wrestle," she pipes.

"Yeah," Togar replies. "Would you like for me to show you a couple of holts?"

"No," says Sterling, "she wouldn't."

"Would you like for to hear me yell?" asks Togar.

"No," says Sterling. "Save it and surprise us."

Togar and Yellow Horse leave for the peak, and they don't get away any too soon, either. The newspaper mob begins arriving that afternoon like salesmen at the home of a sweepstakes winner. And, of course, they all put up at the hotel. Business is so good that in a few hours there isn't anything to drink in the whole joint. The first thing they run out of is soda water, and there is a constant line of muggs walking down to the village drug store until some bright lad discovers that the water out of the mineral springs makes dollar whisky taste like five-dollar Scotch.

The story is No. 1 on the Associated News budget that night and New York is hollering for more. Along about six o'clock there comes a terrible yell from across the lake which might be an ape-man, but it sounds a whole lot more like some wrestler having his toes broke off one by one. The Associated News puts a hot new lead on the wire that the ape-men are probably gathering for a second attack, this time on the town. National Photos wires its crew from New York: "SPARE NO EXPENSE RUSHING PICTURES APE-MEN HERE." Standard Features, which is always looking out for the woman's interest, telegraphs "GET US HOT FEATURE PRIMITIVE APE-MEN HOUSEKEEPING FOR SMASH WOMAN'S ANGLE." The governor telephones down from Olympia "Do you need National Guard?"

Well the National Guard doesn't show up, but the next morning the village taxi rolls into the yard and deposits a photographer—and Alice Reynolds! Sterling is rushing to help with the luggage when he recognizes her and skids to a stop.

"Well," she says, "so this is where you are!"

"How did you get here?" he finally blurts.

"I flew up for Consolidated," she says. "And I suppose you're responsible for this ape-man story?"

"And I suppose," he says, "that you are going to tell all these monkeys who I am the first thing."

"No, I'm not, darling," she says, "and I'll bet that will surprise you, too. But I've been doing some thinking lately. We're going to have a nice long talk, you and I."

"Alice," he says seriously, "it's too late for you and I to do any talking. That is all over. I am out of that Hollywood racket. I am going to settle down here in the country where a man can think and enjoy a little peace. I have already bought myself a big piece of this hotel."

"But, darling," she laughs, "I don't like it in the country."

"Alice," he says, "I am sorry but I have met a swell little girl and I am going to marry her."

"Is that so?" she says, not very impressed. "Who is she?"

"She is the daughter of the proprietor here," he says, "and she is a sweet innocent little creature."

"Sweet innocent little creatures are not your type," says Alice.

"One never knows one's type until one meets one's type," says Sterling soberly. "I'm serious now."

"You certainly sound like it," says Alice. "Well, we can go into this further a little later. I've got to get a story out by noon. Don't worry about my giving you away."

There isn't a great deal doing that morning so the Great American Press devotes itself to Daisy. The headlines in Seattle, Tacoma and Portland papers that day read: "VILLAGE BELLE ISN'T AFRAID OF OLD BAD APE-MEN" and "RUSTIC BLONDE IS TERRIFIED" and "CRESCENT LAKE CUTIE IS PHILOSOPHICAL AS TOWNSPEOPLE FLEE MOUNTAIN TERROR."

"She is a cute little thing, all right," Alice tells Sterling while the photographers are posing Daisy all over the hotel yard. "But look how she's lapping up this big city stuff! If you think she's going to be content to milk cows, dig gardens and raise babies while you play country gentleman, I am Helen of Troy."

To tell the truth, Sterling isn't any too pleased with the attention the newspaper mob is showering on Daisy and he gets her aside.

"What's the matter, honeybunch?" she asks. "Don't you trust me to be a lady?"

"Not with that bunch of muggs, I don't," he says. "And listen. You remember that Alice Reynolds I was telling you about! Well, she is here, and whatever you do, don't let her talk to you. Don't even tell her what time it is. If she asks you whether Crescent Lake is in the United States, tell her you don't know."

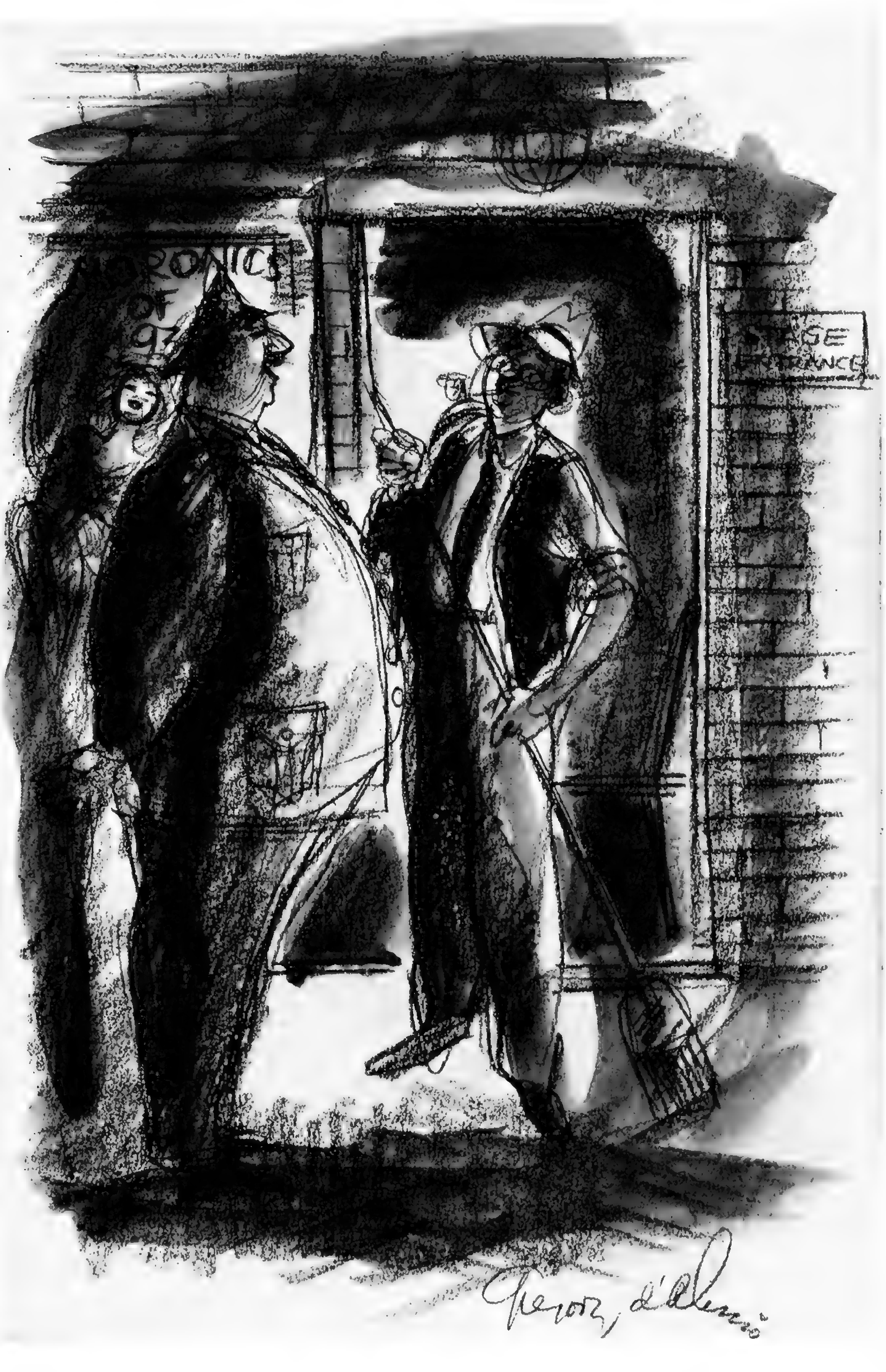
"Why, Sterling Olds," objects Daisy, "you talk as if I were dumb."

"It isn't that you are dumb, kitten," says Sterling. "It is only that you haven't been around much."

"Don't you worry about me, honeybun," she says, and skips away like kindergarten is just out.

Sterling is vaguely annoyed, though, until about 11:55 o'clock when the Terrible Togar warms up his second yell. This is really a peach. The guy is in fine voice and sounds like two wrestlers arguing their cut of the gate receipts, which is the most terrible human sound of all. The newspaper boys rush the telephone and the telegraph office, then scramble for the

Continued on page 188


RONICS
OF
STAGE
ENTRANCE
George d'Alessio

"And how is that cute little red head on the end these days?"

The Ape-Men of Sugar Peak

Continued from pages 42-186

boats to cross the lake. Alice is with them, of course, and Daisy goes along for the excitement even though Sterling objects. There hasn't been anything like this at Crescent Lake since the school house burned.

Sterling is taking his own pulse at fifteen-minute intervals and wondering if maybe he ought to do a little yelling himself to bring the newspaper crowd back again, when four or five automobiles pull into the hotel yard. They are full of guys which are armed with everything from automatic rifles to derringers.

"Listen," says one of these guys which has a very villainous puss, "which way are them ape-men?"

"What ape-men is that?" Sterling asks innocently.

"Don't be trying to rib us, you punk," says the leader, "on account of we are officers and we are in a hurry."

And he flashes a buzzer which reads Portland Police.

"Why, they are way up there on top of that mountain," says Sterling, "but do you know what I think would be your best bet?"

"No," says the leader, very nasty-like, "what do you think would be our best bet?"

"I think it would be a good idea," says Sterling, "if you fellows were to rest up here this afternoon and start out fresh tomorrow morning."

"We're plenty fresh right now," says the leader.

"But we haven't any boats left for you to cross the lake in!" objects Sterling, grasping at a straw.

"Then we will walk around the lake," says the copper. "Come on, gang. And keep your eyes open. We don't want to be taken by surprise. And, remember, aim for their middle."

Dusty Jones is standing there, taking it all in, and his lips are moving but no words are coming out.

"Well, Dusty," says Sterling sadly, "it begins to look like you are now out of the wrestling business."

"If anything happens to the Terrible Togar," Dusty finally squeaks, "I will file a lawsuit against you so big that it will take ten lawyers to pack it around in their brief cases."

And he gives himself a quick anesthetic, straight, without water, which he repeats at frequent intervals as required.

In about an hour they hear the first shot.

"I will not only sue you for damages," mutters Dusty, "but I will also have you thrown in jail for murder and false pretenses."

Then comes a couple more shots.

"They will hang you," says Dusty hopefully, "and burn down your lousy hotel, too."

"They haven't had time to get around the end of the lake yet," Sterling assures him. "So unless that bum of yours is playing way off his base, those guys are just popping one another, I hope. Don't worry. I will go up tonight and bring down your grunter, beard and all."

The newspaper boys, of course, have heard the shooting and are paddling furiously back across the lake, expecting to find the hotel in the hands of the ape-men and the prices of all rooms jacked up to twice what they were before. The newspaper boys had only got up as far as the miners' cabin and were interviewing the miners when the shooting broke out below.

Sterling meets them when they hit the beach and tips them to the police. The whole mob hotfoots it along the shore after the coppers; all except Alice and Daisy. Sterling grabs Daisy by the arm and tells her to go to the hotel. Alice takes off her shoes and stockings and cools her feet at the water's edge.

"What's the matter you're not going with them?" Sterling asks.

"Because," she says, "I've got a pretty good hunch that when this story breaks it is going to break somewhere in the vicinity of you."

"I don't know why you should say that," Sterling replies.

"It's only because I know you pretty well," she says. "And that reminds me of something else."

"What is that?"

"I had a little talk with the girl friend," Alice says, "And I don't think I will permit this marriage."

"I don't know that you are going to have a hell of a lot to say about it," he assures her savagely.

But Alice waves him aside.

"Did you ever try to climb a mountain in high-heeled shoes?" she asks. "Run along now and let a lady soak her feet in peace."

Daisy doesn't seem to be in any better frame of mind. Yes, she says, she and Alice had a nice talk. Where did he get that stuff about Alice being so smart? Why the only subjects she seemed to be interested in was how to milk cows and make old-fashioned huckleberry pudding. And she wanted to know a little, too, it seems, about raising pigs.

"Why, damnation," shouts Sterling, "she was only ribbing you. You didn't let her get away with it, did you?"

"She was not ribbing me," replies Daisy with equal heat, "and I don't like the way you keep insinuating that I am so dumb."

And she flounces up to her room. Sterling is standing there, wondering whether to follow and apologize, when a couple of newspaper people, breathing hard, come in with the news that the police have a suspect.

A few minutes later a copper shows up with Yellow Horse in handcuffs.

"We catch this guy sneaking around," he says. "And he don't say anything except that he wants to talk to you."

"Why, this fellow is all right," says Sterling, "he's just a harmless Indian boy. Chances are he was out picking berries."

"All right, so he's out picking berries," says the copper. "So where is his pail?"

"Indians carry berries in their hats," explains Sterling.

"I wouldn't want to eat no berries which he packed in his hat," the copper says, but he turns him loose and hurries back to the firing party.

"What happens big man?" Sterling asks Yellow Horse.

"Big man run away," says Yellow Horse. "I come tell you."

"What did you let him run away for?" demands Dusty Jones. "We told you to keep him top mountain, you damned foreigner!"

Well, it seems the big man did not want to stay on top of the mountain. He hears the shooting below and decides to investigate. The Indian tries to detain him and the Terrible Togar casually picks him up by the seat of his trousers and tosses him into a fir tree sixty feet away. Yellow Horse figures that is not in his contract and lights out for the hotel.

"Well, this is going to be swell," moans Dusty Jones. "Just about the time Togar opens up for his evening yell, he will be standing right smack in front of that bunch of killers. I can see your name on the coroner's verdict already."

"I can head him off," says Sterling. "I am going across the lake."

It's dark by this time. Sterling is about a hundred yards off the beach when he hears another boat putting out.

"You stay there, Dusty," he calls. "I can handle this."

But as he rows the boy is worrying plenty. Terrible Togar is about an hour late with his ape-man act and there is still an occasional shot coming from the section where the police are working slowly through the underbrush with flashlights. When Sterling is nearing the opposite shore, however, he is delighted to hear a familiar scream. It's good old Togar and it seems to come from a point about halfway down the mountain. It's pretty short, though, and sounds as if it were shut off suddenly. Sterling wonders why.

He gets his answer fifteen minutes later as he scrambles up the trail. When he comes on the miners' cabin he sees a very remarkable sight. In fact, it is so remarkable he stands stock still and seems to lose his power of speech. In the light from the cabin doorway he makes out the figures of the two miners on the grass outside. One of them is holding a flashlight upon something on the ground, and the other is holding a shotgun, about the size of a French 75, within a couple of inches of the same object, and keeps repeating "All right, just try that again. Just try that again and see what happens." Sterling doesn't have to be told what is on the ground.

He is licking his lips and fixing his face to say something, when he is lightly brushed aside.

"Well," says a voice which sounds horribly like that of Alice Reynolds, "what have we here?"

The Terrible Togar, bound and gagged, looks up and blinks as her photographer flashes the heart-rending tableau.

"Put that gun right down into his ear for the next picture," the photographer directs, changing his plates.

"This here is an ape-man spy," says one of the miners. "He just sort of sauntered in a couple of hours ago and we opened a bottle and were having a nice sociable time when this guy suddenly asks us what time it is and we say it is seven o'clock. So he says he has got to go outside for a minute. And then he steps out and starts giving the old ape-man signal for his pals to come down, and we come running out of the cabin and somehow he gets knocked down and hits his head on this here rock. Well, by the time he comes to, we got him tied up."

"I think it will be all right to let him up now," says Alice, "and hear what he's got to say."

The Terrible Togar has plenty to say. He is not a fluent guy but he can make himself understood. He puts the finger on Sterling and unburdens himself completely. Alice is making notes and smiling pleasantly.

"I think you boys can let him go in a little while," she tells the miners. "He is only a victim of circumstances. He got out a little beyond his depth intellectually.

And then she turns to Sterling.

"You can give me your side of it on the way down," she says.

"My side of it!" he protests. "What is there I can say?"

"I was wondering," she says.

He is bitter.

"So you followed me up here and got your story," he says. "Well, I suppose you feel pretty good."

"Yes," she says. "I feel fine."

"A clean scoop," he says. "Alice Reynolds rings the bell again."

"Yes," she says. "It will probably mean a bonus."

"And you will be making a monkey out of me," he says, "so that every friend I got will be laughing for a solid week."

"What do you care?" she asks. "You are not going back to civilization, anyway. You'll be the village smart man, no matter what I say."

He follows her down quietly.

"How are you going to handle this yarn?" he asks her finally.

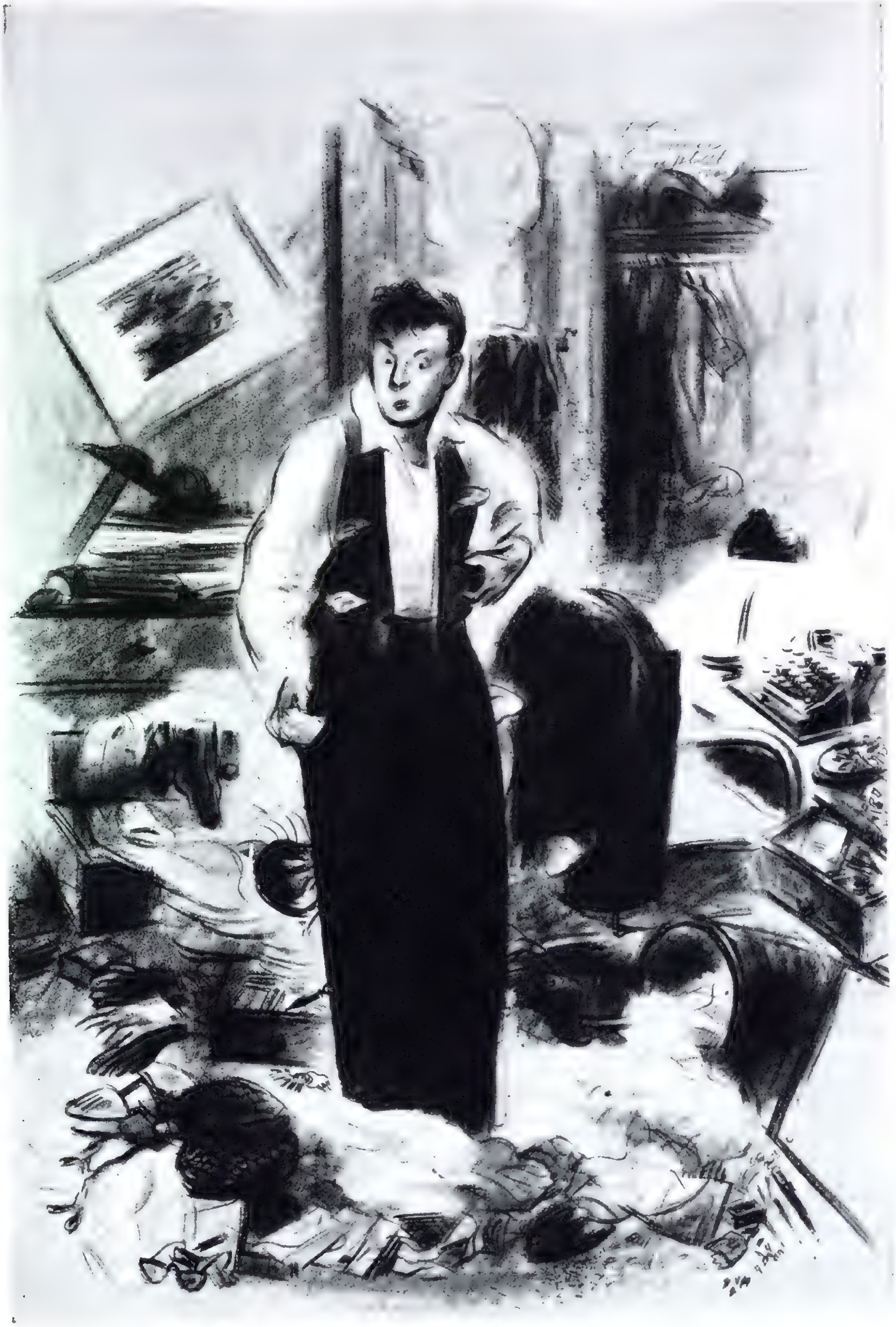
"I am going to long-distance Los Angeles from the hotel," she says, "then put it on the wire."

"But you can't do that!" he protests. "Everyone in town will overhear you."

"Where should I go?" she asks.

"We will go first to the telegraph office, of course," he says.

Continued at top of page 190



"I thought sure I had another cigarette!"

Palm Beach goes PALM BEACH

Shoes combining leather with fabrics, such as Palm Beach cloth, are seen everywhere at the Southern Winter resorts. This Crosby Square reproduction, in suntan and pale brown, makes a quiet, inconspicuous combination for late Spring, and for Summer occasions when you don't care to wear white. Faithfully executed in the usual Crosby Square manner, with careful attention to the small custom details of Authentic Fashion.

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O IS FOR 'OSTESS

A tactful young hostess named
Bruce
Discovered a mouse in her
mousse.
She giggled, "Oh look!
"It amuses the cook,
"And it helps, if you're trying
to reduce!"
Her guests were the *creme de la*
cream,
So they stifled their impulse to
scream,
And they weathered the siege
By *noblesse oblige*
And Otard, the cognac
supreme.
Ogden Nash

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Only OTARD, with its rich, full flavor—has the distinction of being bottled at the Chateau de Cognac itself. Distilled in the old, historic tradition, OTARD is one of the world's truly *great* cognac brandies.

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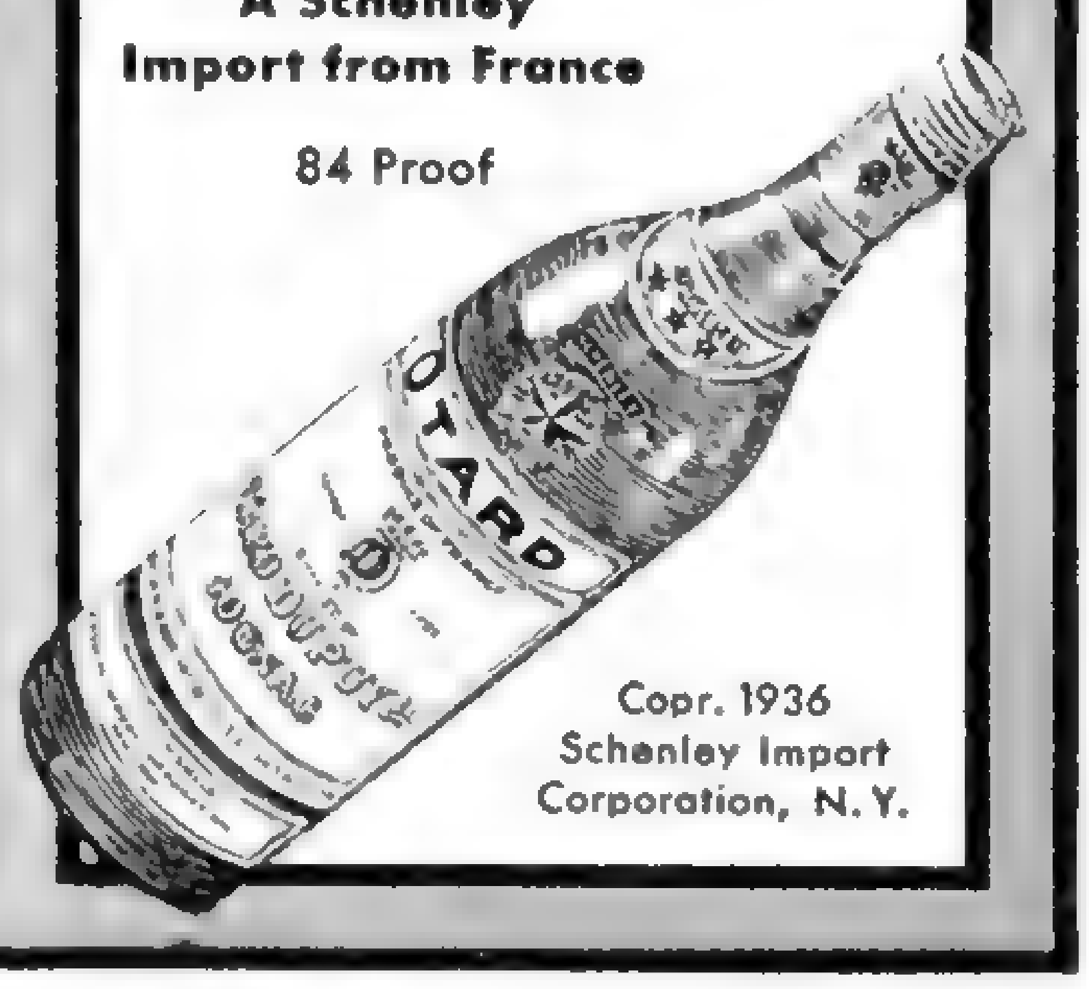

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The Ape-Men of Sugar Peak

Continued from pages 42-186-188

"As long as you have got a scoop you might as well keep it airtight."

She gives him a quick little look of surprise, but says nothing.

At the telegraph office she sits down and starts to write, in longhand.

"What kind of a bum lead is this!" he snarls, reading the first take.

"What kind of a lead would be any better?" she returns indignantly.

"I will show you what kind of a lead would be better," he says, grabbing the pad. "Here you have the biggest story in the country tonight, exclusively, and you muff it like a cub."

While she's looking around for something to throw at him, his pencil flies over the blank. Alice picks up the first page, reads it and begins to chuckle. She begins feeding the yarn page by page to the operator. It's an epic. It's got everything, this story. It's the work of an artist. It makes this guy Sterling Olds the prize boob of the year. The guy seems to be taking a savage delight in taking himself apart. It's all there: the guy who ran away, who wanted to settle down in the country, Daisy, the hotel, the wrestler, the ape-men. Sterling is right. It is a good story. It has you jumping through the paper for more. When they get the story in Los Angeles they do a nip-up.

Alice slides the last page to the operator. It's got her signature. Sterling sits back in his chair exhausted.

"Well," he says. "I guess that's all."

"No," she says, "that isn't all."

"What's left?" he wants to know, wearily.

"Sterling," she says, sitting down on the arm of his chair, "in some ways you are a mugg, but you are also a very swell guy. And it is dangerous to have you running around like this, so for the good of the country I am going to marry you just as soon as the courthouse opens in the morning."

And that's exactly what they did. And that's how he happened to make his pile. No, the hotel business didn't improve. The ape-men didn't bring any new customers. Where they made their money was bottling and selling the mineral water which made dollar whisky taste like five-dollar Scotch.

And Daisy? Oh, yes. Daisy married the wrestler. ⌗

Twentieth Century Barnum

Continued from page 38

Macbeth, of the New York *Herald Tribune,* who happened to be in California covering the Santa Anita races and saw Louis fight, which prompted Mike to get aboard the Brown Bomber.

Mike was very anxious to see Louis in action. So were the Manhattan scribes. Therefore, when Louis was scheduled to fight Natie Brown in Detroit, March 28, 1935, Jacobs booked several Pullmans, one of which, by some ironical quirk of fate, happened to be named Madison Square Garden, and took thirty prominent sports writers west to join him in looking Joe Louis over for the first time.

If Louis, the so-called Brown Bomber, had proved a dud that March night in Detroit, Jacobs would have been in a pathetic position. The ballyhoo squadron which Mike brought along to cheer would have instead made him the target of their raspberry broadsides. You cannot buy sports writers with a train ride. No one knows that better than the Twentieth Century Barnum. Fortunately, it so happened that Louis hit Brown that night with everything but the referee. The right build-up for Louis's appearance East was thereby launched. Those sports writers who had seen Louis for the first time in that Detroit bout started the Louis ballyhoo ball a-rolling. And it's still going strong, in spite of that unexpected and temporary stop by Schmeling.

There is nothing stand-offish about Mike Jacobs. He is as informal as the proverbial old shoe and as democratic as a Dublin jarvey. In appearance, he is a dead ringer for Heinie Wagner, the old ball player and former manager of the Boston Red Sox. Mike is a well set-up gent, stands five feet eleven inches and weighs about one hundred and eighty pounds. He has thinning iron-gray hair, brown eyes, a sharp nose and affects eternally a dead pan. Immaculate and natty in street attire, Mike always works in his shirt sleeves and suspenders and smokes incessantly—usually cigarettes and an occasional gift cigar. He is a coffee hound and downs cup after cup day and night.

His office in the Hippodrome is small and unpretentious. No drapes nor expensive mahogany desks. No evidence whatsoever that Mike goes in for any of the usual fanfare of the big, busy executive. His desk is in full view of every caller, so that he cannot resort to the ancient "in conference" dodge. He does not even attempt to write or dictate a letter. When Mike wants one written, he will tell a subordinate the gist of the message and ask him to write it. Should the finished missive contain a single typographical or grammatical flaw, the incredible Mike, who never went beyond the eighth grade, will spot it immediately.

Anyway, Jacobs doesn't place much confidence in the written word. Being a very direct person, Mike much prefers to transact business verbally and bind agree-

CRANKED CAR wrenched back

Salesman on job same day thanks to Absorbine Jr.

WRITES Salesman J. R.,* of New Rochelle, N. Y., "I went out to start the car one zero morning and the engine was so stiff the starter wouldn't budge it. I got out and cranked and wrenched my back so badly I thought the pain would keep me in bed for days. But my wife rubbed in Absorbine Jr. at once and after a few applications I was ready to go out and sell my prospect."

Good old Absorbine Jr. comes in handy so often in the home to ease and comfort paining muscles. Strains, sprains, bruises, muscular rheumatic aches and similar ailments gratefully yield their soreness to its cooling, soothing kindness.

Also famous for Athlete's Foot, Absorbine Jr. is the friend of millions, recommended by many doctors and nurses for more than forty years. Your druggist has Absorbine Jr., $1.25 a bottle and thrifty because a little goes such a long way. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 430 Lyman St., Springfield, Massachusetts.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

ments with a handshake.

His working day begins early and ends early the next morning. A few hours sleep apparently satisfies him.

Should Jacobs get sleepy during the day at the office, he will drop in at a cheap movie house a few doors away and indulge in an hour's shut-eye.

Personally, the Twentieth Century Barnum is very well liked by the gentlemen of the press, fellow promoters in boxing and wrestling ranks and the sporting contingent as a whole. All these folks have been his friends for years. Not a few of them have spent long nights yarning with him on the famous "Jacobs' Beach." This is a little strip of sidewalk near his ticket offices on West Forty-ninth Street. It has been Mike's practice of a summery evening to set up beach chairs here and invite the gang to commune with him for hours on end. Damon Runyon is one of the many regulars at "Jacobs' Beach." It is often said that Runyon has drawn considerable first-hand material from these "Beach" gabfests for his classic Broadway stories.

Mike, unlike his rival, Colonel Kilpatrick, never went in for the higher education. A grammar school diploma symbolizes the last bit of formal education he ever had. Jacobs was born one of three sons and seven daughters of German-Jewish immigrant parents. The date was March 10, 1881. The place was a tenement on Washington Street just above the Battery, lower Manhattan—then the toughest Irish section in New York City. The Jacobses were the only Jewish family for miles around. And Mike paid the penalty by arriving home from school every day with a couple of black eyes.

According to Jacobs, the Irishers just seemed to delight in "poking that Jew boy, especially since that Jew boy would fight back."

Following his graduation from grammar school, Mike got a job driving a delivery wagon for Hearst's New York *Journal*. Down at the *Journal* offices, even today, they will tell you how Mike and Joe Bannon, then another *Journal* driver but now a millionaire publisher, often raced each other from the Hearst Building near the Brooklyn Bridge to the Grand Central Station up at Forty-second Street. Driving spirited horses, their best time for this run was about nine minutes flat. To make that same time for that run today, even with an automobile, you would need a motorcycle police escort.

A Hearst newspaper circulation department is not exactly Groton, Exeter or Andover. You have got to be a self-starter, possess stamina aplenty and know thoroughly the manly art of defense and attack. As a prep school, it has had some distinguished graduates. Moses Louis Annenberg, who recently paid $15,000,000 for the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Joseph Bannon, publisher of a string of racing and radio papers, and Mal Lunn, the astute business manager of the New York *American* and *Journal*, are a few of the many top-flight successes who were trained in the Hearst newspaper circulation department. Hence, Mike Jacobs, after several years of rugged individualism in the New York *Journal's* circulation department, naturally felt that he was well qualified to chance the world alone.

'Twas a hard world, the first one Mike marked out to conquer. He started in business for himself as a vendor of Coney Island and Rockaway excursion tickets along the New York waterfront. The usual greetings for a newcomer in this already crowded field in those days were a couple of cobblestones. Thanks to his Hearst education, Mike knew how to duck and also how to introduce original ideas.

Finding the competition for selling tickets on the pier too keen, particularly on a Sunday when all the boys were taking their girls for a boat ride down to Coney or up to Rockaway, Jacobs placed his men at the subway entrances throughout the city. Subsequently, the other ticket-sellers discovered to their dismay that the customers, when they arrived at the pier, already had their tickets. His rivals immediately appealed to their local Tammany leader. Before the following Sunday, an ordinance was rushed through the city council, forbidding the sale of amusement tickets outside of booths. Came the next Sunday and Mike's lads once more appeared at the subway entrances. However, in respect for the law, all of them were encased in light cardboard booths.

With his profits from steamboat ticket sales, Jacobs leased the catering privileges on the Coney Island and Rockaway boats. In this venture, Mike, who was still in his 'teens when he engineered this contract, literally parlayed a bag of peanuts, a hot dog and a bottle of soda pop into a half million dollars in the short span of six years. Jacobs still knows how to make money out of concessions. The price for the back page of his Hippodrome program is $7500 which, as any adman will tell you, represents practically an all-time-high rate for a non-political program. Many nationally known magazines whose audited circulations run into the hundreds of thousands cannot command $7500 for their back covers.

The tall, lean, hard, ambitious young business man, Jacobs, was not content to remain an overlord downtown while there was even greater money to be made uptown. Especially, since he had observed repeatedly that most New Yorkers and out-of-town visitors will not go to the box-office and pay face value for amusement tickets when they can be had at fancy prices from a ticket agency. Even to this day, Mike, though he has made several

Continued on page 192

PIPE
"BUSTS UP"
HOME!

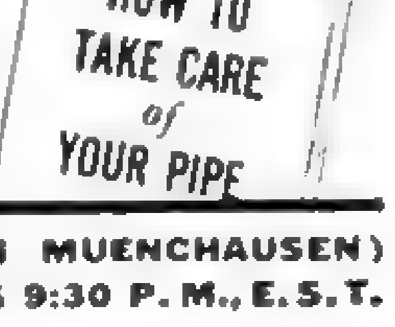
...then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

A GURGLY pipe stuffed with wife-strangling tobacco can wreck a love-nest. So keep your briar clean and tidy, reader; fill it only with Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, sweet-smelling mixture. Sir Walter is Burley, all Burley, Kentucky Burley. A supreme combination of leaf, easier on your tongue and the other half's nose. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool. And *quite* a bit milder: we've blended it for the man who wants to save his throat (as well as his sweetheart). Try it.

SIR WALTER
RALEIGH
15¢ AND WORTH IT!
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later—Your Favorite Tobacco"

UNION MADE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. D-72.



TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUENCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P. M., E.S.T.

WONDER WHAT MAKES TOM SO CROSS? HE MUST BE HAVING BUSINESS TROUBLES
SLAM
NO! HE'S HAVING SHAVING TROUBLES_ GET SOME GILLETTE BLADES SO I CAN GIVE HIM A DECENT SHAVE
GILLETTE RAZOR
NEXT MORNING
LOVE BIRDS AGAIN!
SEE _ I NEEDED YOU TO GIVE HIM A MILLION DOLLAR SHAVE
YOU AND I WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
GILLETTE RAZOR

You Get Cleaner Smoother Shaves

when blade and razor match

WHY make shaving an uncomfortable task? Why be satisfied with ragged, half-way shaves that leave part of your beard behind?

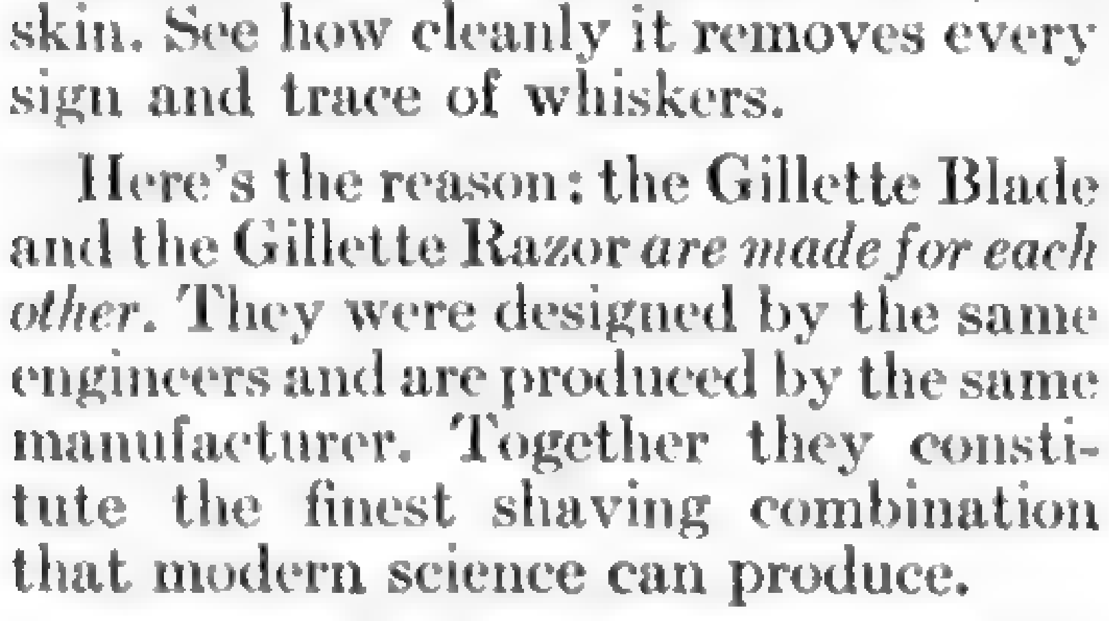
Here's the way to be *sure* of smooth, clean shaves always. Use Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor. Then note how smoothly your razor glides over your skin. See how cleanly it removes every sign and trace of whiskers.

Here's the reason: the Gillette Blade and the Gillette Razor *are made for each other*. They were designed by the same engineers and are produced by the same manufacturer. Together they constitute the finest shaving combination that modern science can produce.

Try an All-Gillette Shave. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and slip one into your Gillette Razor tomorrow morning. See how pleasant shaving can be!

Reputable dealers never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday night—10 P.M. E.S.T.



Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

Twentieth Century Barnum

Continued from pages 38-191

fortunes as a ticket broker, cannot explain this particular streak of Manhattan madness. In no other city the world over do ticket agencies flourish on such a grand scale as they do in New York. Jacobs opened his first ticket brokerage office in the old Normandie Hotel, Broadway at Thirty-ninth Street.

Ticket brokerage is no push-over pursuit. To stay in business, a ticket broker must have an unerring instinct to distinguish in advance between theatrical hits and flops. He buys ahead batches of tickets costing him thousands of dollars. If the show clicks, he can dispose of said tickets at a high premium. Should the production fail, he may be left with thousands of dollars' worth of tickets on his hands.

From the day he opened his ticket brokerage office, Mike Jacobs had what it takes to succeed in that hectic, uncertain profession. Though his knowledge of the theater was slight and that of opera even slighter, Ticket-broker Jacobs played his hunches on what he thought the public would like. And Mike was usually right, for he never knew any great losses. Instead, whenever there was a hit in town, you would find Mike with bundles of choice seats for it. And he was never bashful about demanding and getting his own prices for these prized ducats. Jacobs is very proud of the fact that he once sold a pair of season tickets for the opera at $5,000—a price which netted him a clean profit of $4,000.

Personally, Mike was never one for the theater or the opera but he does love sports, especially fights and six day bike races. In his earlier days, Jacobs was a constant attendant at the old Madison Square Garden down on Madison Avenue. Since he rarely misses a chance to mix business with pleasure, Mike began to cultivate the management of the old Garden. Before very long Jacobs began to have the corner on all the choice seats for the old Garden's sports events, the circus and what-not. In the dull seasons for both his ticket agency and the Garden, Mike would oblige by trumping up any number of so-called "society" balls, fashion shows and "charity" affairs. He kept the old Garden's schedule pretty well booked and, of course, there was always the piece for himself.

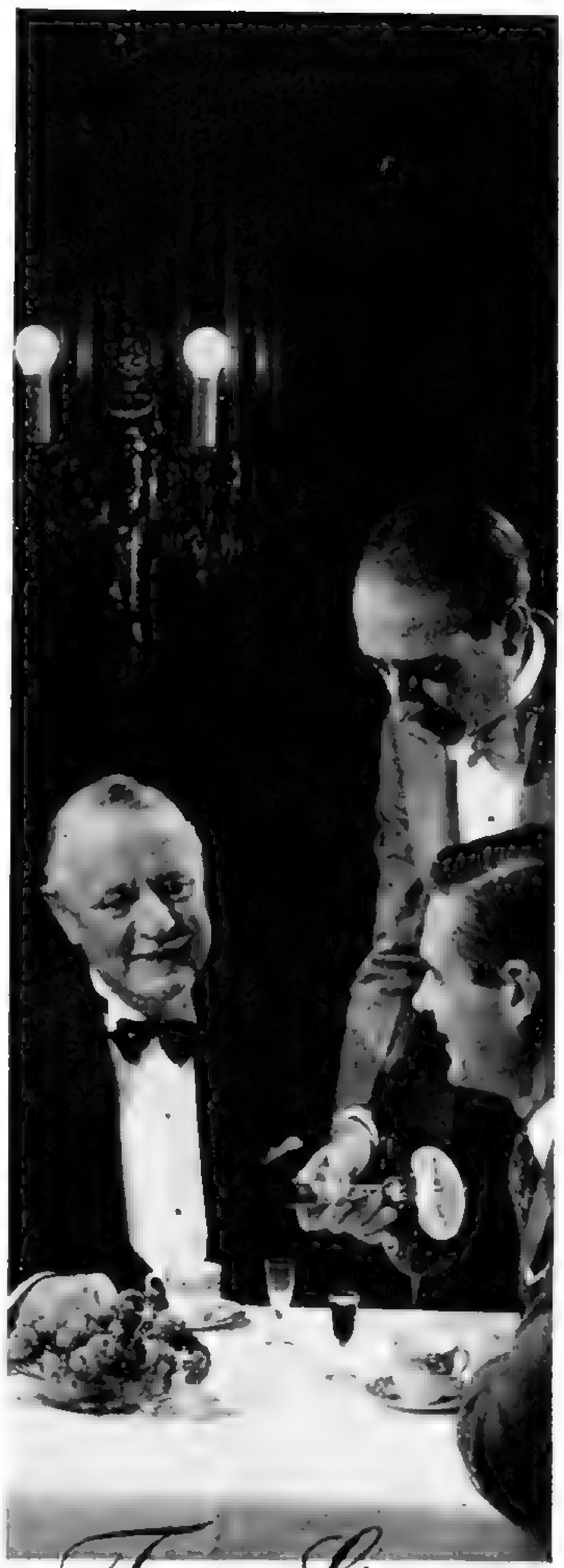
In the Great Causes, there is rarely any profit for the sponsors. Such has not been the experience of Mike Jacobs. Whenever allied with a Great Cause, he usually manages to do nicely by himself. Some years ago, Mike had not the remotest personal interest in Women's Suffrage but he helped the Cause and himself tremendously by importing Emmeline Pankhurst, the famous English Suffragette. Under the auspices of Mrs. August Belmont, Mike made all arrangements, including a publicity stunt to have Emmeline detained at Ellis Island.

"That was one time," ruminated Jacobs, "that our ballyhoo almost boomeranged on us. It was a cinch to bring Emmeline in when she arrived, but once we sidetracked her to Ellis Island, it took six days to pry her out of there. In the old Garden box-office at 3:00 p. m. on the day of her first scheduled talk, there was $40,000. We just barely managed to get Emmeline off the Island in time to cover that money. Later, we sold the road rights for Emmeline to Comstock and Gest for $100,000 but they didn't do so well. How did I make out? Okay. I got $35,000 as my bit for bringing Emmeline over."

Jacobs first met Tex Rickard at the Battling Nelson-Joe Gans fight at Goldfield, Nevada, in 1906. Rickard promoted this battle which went forty-two rounds and drew a $70,000 crowd—the first sizable money netted by a prize-fight in modern times. Prior to this Goldfield bout, no fight had attracted any worthwhile gate since 1887 when Kilrain and Jem Smith fought with bare fists in France for a sum slightly topping £2,000.

In 1906, when Gans and Nelson were matched for the lightweight championship of the world, their managers announced that promotion of the battle would go to the highest bidder. Tex Rickard, a saloon-keeper in Goldfield, outbid the world with a then sensational offer of a $20,000 purse. Rickard had further startling ideas. He demanded that Nelson and Gans meet in Goldfield because he believed that money could be made by holding a championship fight in a specially constructed arena and making such seating arrangements that every ticket-holder would be able to see the ring. Up to 1906, nobody had even dreamed of such a proposal. At that time, most fights were staged indoors where usually only the ringside patrons could get full view of the ring. Those in the back rows and the gallery had to be content with glimpses around pillars and other obstructions. Rickard's novel beliefs proved practical. As stated, the gate was $70,000 and Rickard made $10,000 for himself.

Rickard's unique methods intrigued Jacobs. Before leaving Goldfield, he and Tex became fast friends. Following this meeting, Tex's ideas and Mike's lucre, for he had gobs of it even back in those days, began to make fight history in America. Between them, they were responsible for the Dempsey-Carpentier fight in Jersey City in 1921 which brought in $1,626,580; the Dempsey-Firpo fight in New York in 1923 which netted $1,082,590; the Tunney-Dempsey set-to in Philadelphia, in 1926 with its $1,895,723 gate; the Tunney-Dempsey battle in Chicago, 1927, with its all-time receipts record of $2,650,000 and the building of the new and magnificent

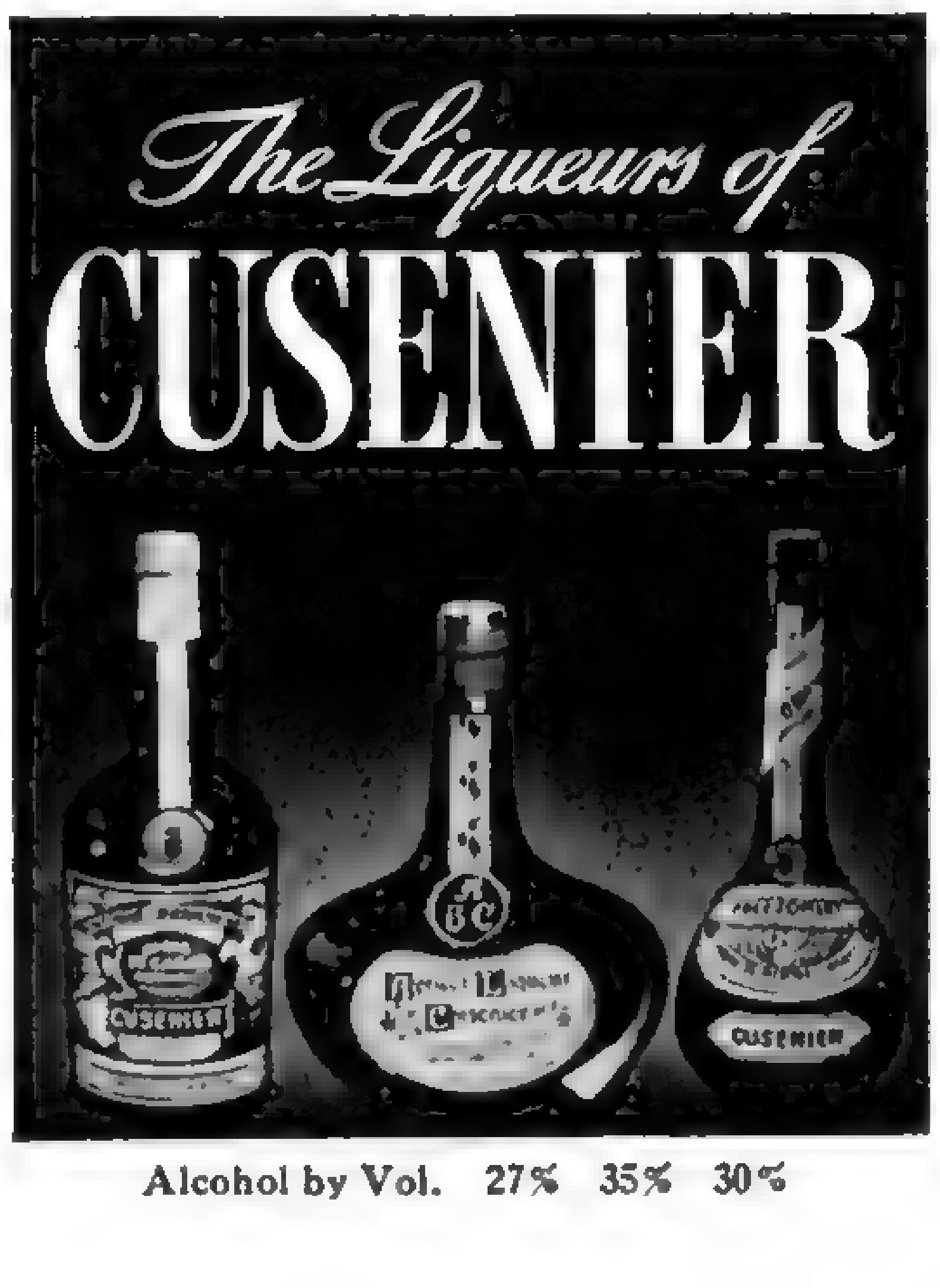


Try a Liqueur

INSTEAD OF DESSERT

If desserts give you a "stuffy" feeling, try a liqueur instead. Especially useful at luncheon. Try a Cusenier Liqueur—none better in the world. Thirty-one kinds. Offer guests the three below: Creme de Cacao, Apricot, Creme de Menthe.

Sole Agents for U. S. A.
W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y.



Alcohol by Vol. 27% 35% 30%

Madison Square Garden in New York City.

Regarding the new Garden, Tex needed, pronto, $40,000 cash to bind the option on the Garden's proposed building site and he appealed to Mike. Tex got the $40,000 because Mike went out and mortgaged his own property to get it, thereby saving that prized Garden site at Fiftieth Street and Eighth Avenue. There was nothing that Jacobs would not have done for Rickard and vice-versa. They were as close as the proverbial Siamese twins and were always together. Both had one great interest in common—the size of the gate. Whenever that was definitely decided, neither Tex nor Mike gave thought to the performance that followed. For instance, in Chicago when the bell rang for the start of the Tunney-Dempsey battle, Tex and Mike, delighted with the two million gate, were seen leaving the premises to get a hot dog and a shot of rye. In fact, the first major fight of which Jacobs ever witnessed every round was the Louis-Carnera. At all the others in his thirty years' promotional career, Mike was too busy in the front of the house counting the receipts to see anything but a few final rounds.

Rickard never undertook a fight promotion without consulting Jacobs, for Tex respected Mike's uncanny ability to forecast a match which would attract a good gate. If a proposed bout would measure up to Mike's specifications, and he could scent a killing at the box-office, Mike would literally underwrite Tex's promotion for the fight by buying up all the best seats. Then, while Rickard's ballyhoo drums rolled, Jacobs would fatten up his bankroll by disposing of these choice seats at nifty advances over the Garden's box-office prices.

There are many around Broadway who insist that Jacobs split with Rickard his golden harvest from Garden ticket sales. Mike vehemently claims not and maintains that Tex was simply satisfied to have his judgment on whether a given promotion would be a success or a failure. Whether Mike did or did not divvy with Tex, nobody will know. Rickard has long passed on and Mike has had his public say upon his relationship with Tex. One thing is certain. Jacobs had a deep, personal affection for Rickard and reveres his memory. In Jacobs' office, there are a half-dozen pictures of Rickard, while at his home in Fair Haven, New Jersey, there are more than a hundred.

Three years ago, the directors of the Hearst Milk Fund, namely Damon Runyon, Ed Frayne and Bill Farnsworth, disagreed with the Garden over a proposed Milk Fund fight between Barney Ross and Billy Petrolle and began casting about for a co-promoter. Runyon suggested Jacobs because of his long association with Rickard. Mike was approached and accepted, entering into an agreement with the Milk Fund directors to promote one fight annually and possibly more.

Mike had no sporting club to handle fight promotion, so he immediately incorporated himself as the "Twentieth Century Sporting Club." He owns every share of stock in this corporation. In his debut as a promoter, Jacobs engaged the Bronx Coliseum for the Ross-Petrolle fight. To insure himself against any other competition on that same night of this fight, cagey Mike leased both the Polo Grounds and the Yankee Stadium. The only competition Mike had was centered on the box-office at the Bronx Coliseum. He had to turn away 10,000 fans the night of the Ross-Petrolle fight.

From that night on, Mike with his Twentieth Century Sporting Club has had the upper hand upon the Madison Square Garden as the producer of the heralded colossal prizefights which New Yorkers crave. He has handled the four big battles in which Louis has fought, namely those with Carnera, Baer, Schmeling and Sharkey. Therefore, since its inception, Mike's Twentieth Century Sporting Club has been a huge money maker and will likely continue to be. Besides its contract with the Hearst Milk Fund, the Twentieth Century has headliner Joe Louis under contract. Jacobs intends to promote Louis in fights from Coast to Coast this winter and spring and thereby build the Black Boy up for another Schmeling bout. According to Mike, the next time that Louis meets Schmeling, the gate for this fight should top the record $2,650,000 which Tunney and Dempsey drew in Chicago.

While in New York, Mike and his wife, Josie, occupy a spacious apartment at the Hotel Alamac. They have no children. Their country home is a large place out in Fair Haven. Mike too is a bit of a gardener and specializes in roses and Japanese cherry trees. Besides, he is a connoisseur of false teeth, possessing twenty-five sets. He never wears any but uses them to decorate the shelves of his study in his New Jersey home. The Jacobses have three dogs, a flock of angora cats, three expensive automobiles and a monkey christened "Miley" after Jack Miley, the sports columnist of the New York *Daily News.*

Jacobs falls for a touch from anyone but a professional panhandler whom he can tell a mile away. It is easier to get a thousand dollars from him than a five or ten dollar bill. However, unless you repay him on the day and hour promised, there will never be any more loans forthcoming.

Though generous in money matters, Jacobs, like old P. T. Barnum, has no patience with a sucker who squawks. Recently, a chap who had paid forty dollars for a ticket to a much heralded fight, which had ended sourly in an early round, complained to Mike.

"What do you want for forty bucks," rasped the Twentieth Century Barnum, "a Spanish Revolution?" ⧺

Bostonians

BOSTONIAN MARVIN
New expression in wider toe sport shoe acceptance. White Buck and Tan Calf, Brown Reverse Calf and Tan Calf, Gray Reverse Calf and Black Calf.

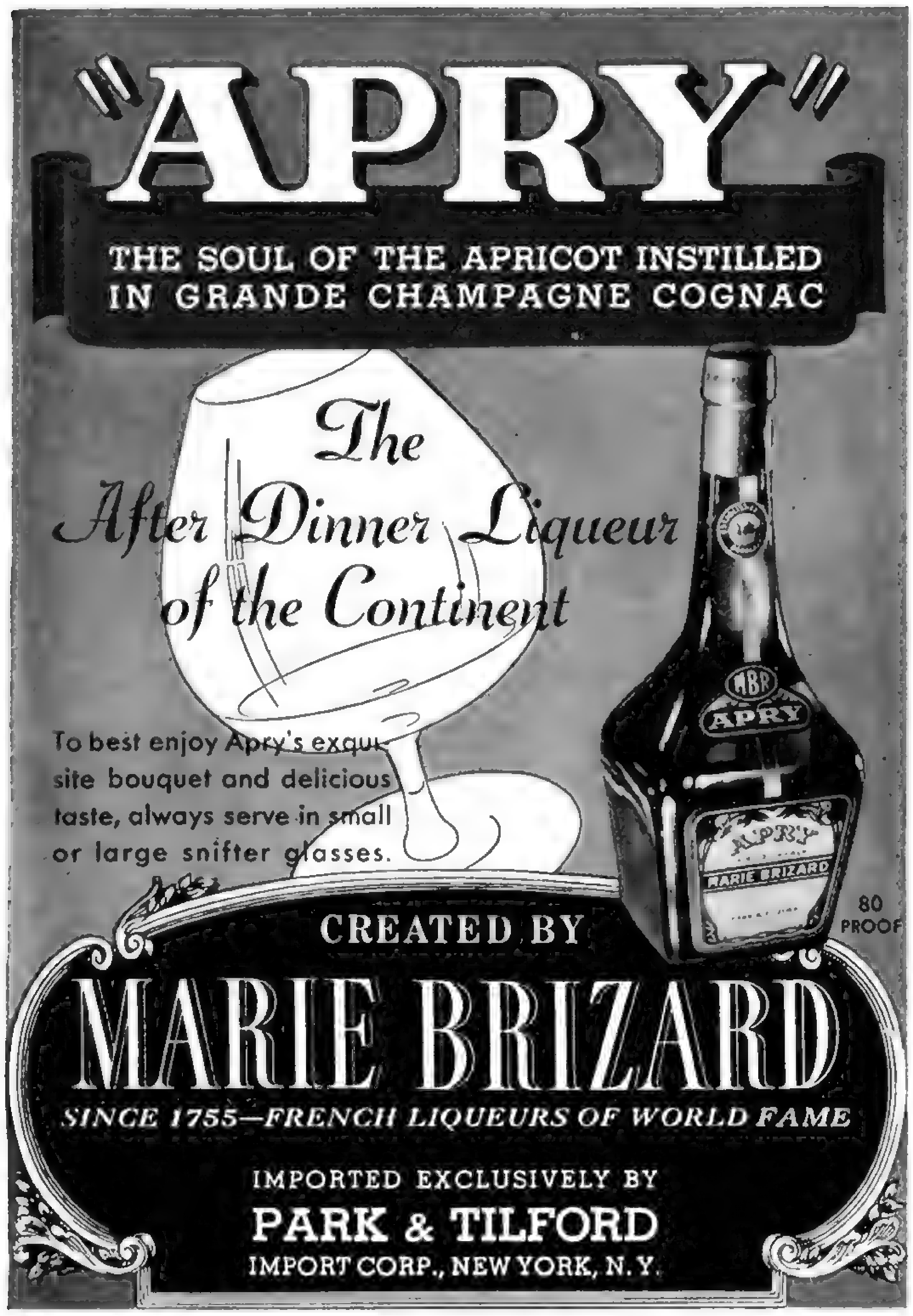
Prevailing
FOOTWEAR FASHIONS
headed NORTH-EAST AND WEST
for Summer 1937

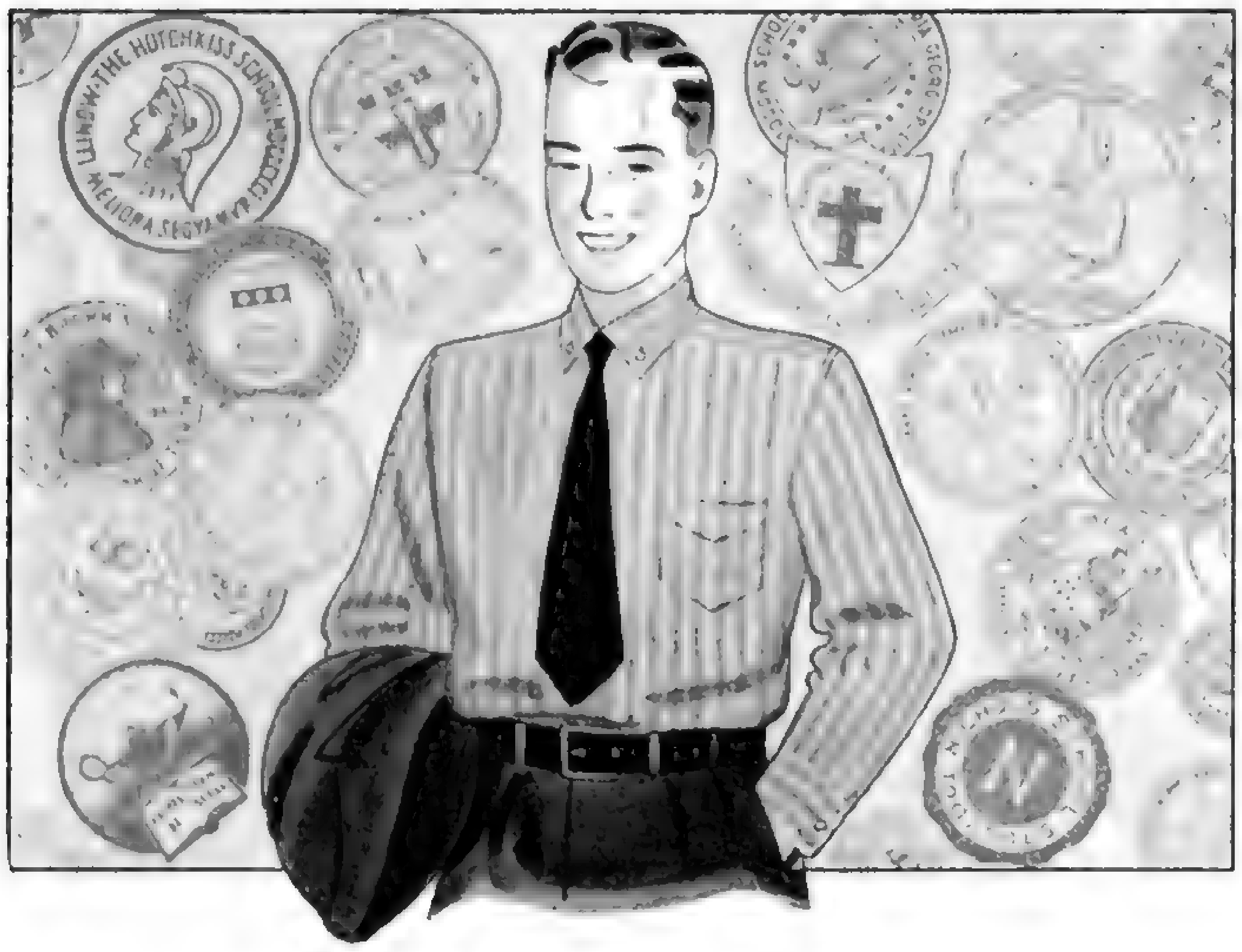
Here is found the authentic guide to men's Summer footwear fashions projected months ahead...Typical examples of Bostonian's distinctive fashion development of things wanted ...Both caught on from the first showing.

BOSTONIAN PRO-MOC
Distinctive adaptation of the Norwegian Ski Boot. White Elk and Golden Tweed Calf, leather sole, also fitted with golf studs.

The Nor-Moc... Casual unlined moccasin sewed slipper by Commonwealth. Golden Saddle Calf, Leather Heel.

Burdine's
MIAMI and MIAMI BEACH
Sunshine Fashions


"APRY"
THE SOUL OF THE APRICOT INSTILLED IN GRANDE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
The After Dinner Liqueur of the Continent
To best enjoy Apry's exquisite bouquet and delicious taste, always serve in small or large snifter glasses.
80 PROOF
CREATED BY
MARIE BRIZARD
SINCE 1755—FRENCH LIQUEURS OF WORLD FAME
IMPORTED EXCLUSIVELY BY
PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.


"ALMA MATER"
New Creation by the Pace Setter in Shirt Style
• Any young man—particular about his appearance—will go for this new shirt in a big way. It's a typical Kaynee product—roomy in cut—of the finest fabric—and with Kaynee's exclusive patented features that mean more than your money's worth in longer wear. "Alma Mater" has that popular button-down collar and gives you a choice of three striking color combinations. Sizes up to 15. At the better stores . . . $1.50
THE KAYNEE COMPANY • Cleveland, Ohio
Kaynee
QUALITY WEAR FOR BOYS

A Moment in the Sea

Continued from page 46

coughed faintly once, twice, and faltered.

The sun was brighter than before. It boiled in the blue sky like the flames of a gas-burner, and the small choppy waves glowed like broken mirrors.

Olson and Jameson reappeared on deck. Olson saw the pump first. "*Satana perkola!*" he yelled. "She ban stop!" He threw his hands forward in command. "Quick—start her goin'—hoory—hoory up!"

The phones lay on the deck so that the two sections seemed to be talking to each other. Despair came oozing invisibly and frantically out of the instrument and coiled helplessly about like heat waves. Soon the bubbles climbing into the air near the boat diminished, then stopped. A small vicious wave swept over the spot where the last bubble floated and cracked it between its teeth.

Olson clutched the phone and yelled into the transmitter: "Hallo—hallo—hallo—hallo!"

The Captain joined them. He snatched the instrument out of Olson's sweating hands and said commandingly: "Hello—hello—hello—hello!"

They looked for bubbles, now that the infernal machine had started its whirling whine again. The three looked for bubbles, crouched on their knees like intent, hard-playing crap shooters, and stared helplessly down towards the mess below.

Then they began pulling up on the line. #

Press Rate, Collect

Continued from page 35

and therefore his last illness created extraordinary interest. The thousand journalists were there, daily finding nothing to send, apparently a fatal situation for American representatives of the press. The usual ruses employed in New York or Chicago by police route reporters were tried in the Vatican; bribes of 10,000 lire to a servant and 15,000 lire to a stairs washer were offered for information that the Pope was dead, the press believing for days that the news was being suppressed, and one reporter claimed he had entered the death chamber disguised as an attendant. Cleverest of all, so he thought, was the reporter who day after day went every hour to the post-office and filed a two word telegram, saying:

POPE DEAD.

"They have a censorship," he explained; "let them kill the telegram if it isn't true, and it should be the first out when it is true; I'm letting the Vatican work for me."

What was the result? On the third day the censor fell asleep, and that is why America got the famous story—unbeaten until the false armistice of November 9, 1918 capped everything the world had ever known in its history of human error.

In the 1903 election an American reporter arranged with a Vatican official to signal him from the balcony of St. Peter's. The conclavist made the sign of scissors meaning that Cardinal Sarto (*sarto*—a tailor) had been elected Pope, but the reporter mistook the fine Italian hand waving to mean Cardinal Svampa (*svampa*—flame) and got the wrong cardinal elected.

Likewise in 1922 a servant in the Vatican signaled the agreed upon number of the elevated cardinal, but he got Tacci for Ratti, and again there was confusion. In all these instances the correspondent also had secret code telegrams to fool the censor who might certainly overlook words such as "tailor" and "flame" and certain innocent numbers in private messages when looking for cardinals' names in press despatches.

It is not generally known to laymen that the dictators of Europe censor incoming telegrams as well as outgoing, and they especially delight in reading the personal messages to correspondents. I mean that the Soviet Foreign Office, up to and including Foreign Minister Chicherin, and the Italian Foreign Office, including the world-shattering Duce himself, read my personal telegrams.

For example, one day Colonel McCormick, editor and publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, sent me the following cable:

SELDES HOTEL SAVOY MOSCOW
INFORM CHICHERIN TRIBUNE
WILL WITHDRAW CORRESPONDENT UNLESS CENSORSHIP
STOPPED AND WILL GET
OTHER NEWSPAPERS DO
LIKEWISE.

I did not receive this cable the day it arrived. But I made my usual visit to the Foreign Office that morning. And there I found the censors and the officials talking about this "ultimatum to Chicherin."

Everyone had read it except the person to whom it was addressed. I was also told that Chicherin wanted to see me about it. "Come at 2:30," I was told.

Promptly at 2:30 that afternoon I presented myself.

"What do you want now?" I was asked.

"I have an appointment at 2:30 with Chicherin," I replied.

"2:30?" Everyone shouted laughter. "Chicherin never sees anyone in the *afternoon*. He sleeps all day. Come at 2:30 *A.M.*"

An old revolutionary custom. Chicherin and other former enemies of the Czar did all their sleeping by day, their meetings and plottings by night; Chicherin had continued to live that way.

Well, at 2:30 in the morning I walked up the six weary flights of the Narcomindel, the Soviet Foreign Office, and two Red sentries ushered me into Chicherin's presence. This amazing man had a phenomenal memory.

"Seldes," he began, "I last saw you in Berlin—with Spewack of the *World*—on the 18th of June, 1922—previously, at Santa Margharita, in Italy, three days after the signing of the treaty with Germany—at that time you presented a series of seven questions about Russia . . ." and so on.

Then he picked up the cable addressed to me and said:

"Who is your McCormick? Is he a nation? Is he a Foreign Office? He sends me ultimatums. He speaks to me like an equal power."

(At this moment, the phrase, "the power of the press" took on a new meaning but I kept quiet.)

"You can cable to your McCormick," continued Chicherin, "that until he can prove to me that he is a Foreign Office I cannot accept ultimatums from him."

Which I did.

(The next day I was asked to leave Russia.)

On the occasion of my expulsion from Italy I received a cable from Colonel McCormick which I still consider in a way the most subtly ironic and devastating of all the personal press rate collect messages I have ever seen. With the reader's permission I will recount the fact that in July, 1925, more than 100 members of the Italian Congress issued an official document containing other documents, notably the confessions of Mussolini's bosom friends, Cesare Rossi, his secretary, and Dumini, the Fascist Cheka agent, saying that numerous political murders had been committed on direct orders from the Duce and that he himself had told them to "take Matteotti for a ride and silence him." If President Taft or President Harding had hired Al Capone to "silence" the chief political "enemy," Senator Robert La Follette, Sr., and Capone had killed the senator, the situation would have been similar. Was it a story? I sent it. And was the Duce mad?

The not-so-subtle Mr. Grandi then tried to get Ambassador Harry P. Fletcher to expel me. I was informed that I was *persona non grata*. So I telegraphed, knowing that Grandi and Mussolini would read the telegram, a long explanation including the fact that the correspondents of the Chicago *Daily News*, *Christian Science Monitor*, New York *World*, United Press, Philadelphia *Public Ledger* – in fact the entire American press corps with the exception of the Italians representing the Associated Press and the New York *Times*—had protested to Mussolini and that the embassy, refusing to play cat's-paw, suggested a formal expulsion order before I moved an inch.

To which Colonel McCormick replied (in part):

IF PROTEST AMERICAN PRESS FAILS WILL TRANSFER YOU VIENNA STOP MEANWHILE HOPE YOU HAVE TIME COMPLETE SERIES ARTICLES ITALIAN CRIME ITALY AND AMERICA STOP INCLUDE MAFIA WHICH STILL FLOURISHING STOP WHY SO MANY CHICAGO GANGSTERS IMPORTATIONS EXITALY STOP GET SICILIAN CRIME STATISTICS ETC. EVERYTHING PERTAINING ITALIAN CRIMES

And was Mussolini mad?

In my own office files I had two famous telegrams which have never seen the light of publication.

One is from the great Ludendorff whom I asked late in 1923 whether it was true that he had become commander-in-chief of some sort of a Fascist army about which there was nothing but rumors, and if he had switched allegiance from the Kaiser to an unknown house painter named Otto (*sic*) Hitler. The reply was:

CHICAGO TRIBUNE UNDER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN ALLES ERLOGEN UND ERSTUNKEN LUDENDORFF

which in colloquial English would read:

ALL FAKE AND STINK LUDENDORFF

But two weeks later Ludendorff, with his hands high in surrender, was taken prisoner by the police of Munich for his share in the Hitler Beer Hall Putsch.

The other message is from Professor Freud. Loeb and Leopold were on trial in Chicago and the defense was bringing on the psychiatrists. Someone had the bright idea, why not have the father of psychoanalysis himself come to Chicago, but Professor Freud refused an offer of $25,000. I then telegraphed him asking for psychoanalysis of Loeb and Leopold by cable, to which Freud replied:

YOUR TELEGRAM DELAYED DUE TO WRONG ADDRESS. I ANSWER IN THIS WAY THAT IT LIES BEYOND CONSIDERATION THAT I SHOULD PASS JUDGMENT ON PERSONS AND ON A DEED, WHEN I HAVE ONLY NEWSPAPER REPORTS AND CANNOT MAKE PERSONAL EXAMINATIONS . . .
HOCHACHTUNGSVOLL
PROF. FREUD

The inner office correspondence of the late James Gordon Bennett is as famous as the internal sensations this strange figure created in the editorial offices of the New York *Herald* and the Paris *Herald*. One of the newspaper classics is the exchange of telegrams between Hearst and Bennett. Hearst must have heard that Bennett, self-exiled to Paris, would be willing to sell his great New York paper. He accordingly cabled and asked Bennett the price of the *Herald*. Bennett replied:

PRICE OF HERALD THREE CENTS DAILY FIVE CENTS SUNDAY

I have recently heard from one of Mr. Bennett's employees the

Continued on page 196

"FELLOWS YOU'RE MISSING A BET IF YOU DON'T LOOK AT Styl-EEZ

● You've never seen a shoe like it. Eye appeal that will make everyone who sees it ask admiringly, "Where did you get it?" Comfort that will take the tiredness and aches out of day-long walking or standing.

So smartly are these shoes styled that you just won't believe they're so comfortable. The three famous Styl-EEZ corrective features, shown below, are invisibly built in for lasting foot-ease. Try on a pair at your favorite shoe store, or write us for nearest dealer's name.

$6.75 UP

FLARE-LIFT ① INNERSOLE
② STEEL SHANK
③ SPONGE RUBBER METATARSAL CUSHION

Styl-EEZ FOR MEN

WALL STREETER SHOE CO.
NORTH ADAMS, MASS.
(Styl-EEZ shoes for WOMEN are made by SELBY SHOE CO.)

Are your lips as Keen as a Colonel's?
SCHENLEY
A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS INC
NEW YORK, N.Y.

If you have the lips of a Colonel, the greatest judge of whiskey, you'll be as pleased as the *Kentuckians* are with this *"Double-rich"* Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskey. *Try it!*

90 PROOF

SCHENLEY'S Cream of Kentucky

Copr. 1937, Schenley Distributors, Inc., N. Y.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT Bourbon WHISKEY

UNION PACIFIC

Discovered! WINTER SPORTS "Under a Summer Sun"

SUN VALLEY Lodge

IN SUN VALLEY
AT KETCHUM, IDAHO

THE season is now in full swing . . . snow blankets the valley and timber-free slopes . . . brilliant sunshine transforms the region into radiance.

Ski-Lifts are ready to whisk us up to mountain tops for exhilarating downhill runs. The skating rink gleams invitingly. Sledge dogs are eager to be away. A dip in the warm-water outdoor pool is a happy, late-afternoon thought. Tired?—Let the ultra-violet ray work its magic as you relax in a sun-room igloo.

And there's the Ski School, under the able direction of Hans Hauser, three times open champion of Austria. He and his staff of experts are available to all guests, with special attention given to beginners.

SUN VALLEY offers all this and more. SUN VALLEY LODGE completes the picture —it is luxuriously modern, with accommodations for 250 guests. Rates are moderate. Reservations necessary.

Only Union Pacific Serves Sun Valley

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THE PROGRESSIVE
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Press Rate, Collect

Continued from pages 35-195

story of the Stockholm Peace Conference of 1917 which I believe shows more than a volume of documents and deductions that the proprietors of newspapers force color into the news. Bennett of course was more French than the French, the usual attitude of the "converted" Americans who wear the Legion of Honor and reside in Paris. Bennett had no doubts about the war. He was for France and nobody else.

In 1917, it will be recalled, President Wilson, the Pope, and the various world Socialist parties made their last three attempts to end the war. They all failed. In 1917 I never read a word in the press about the last named. But the fact that the meeting of the representatives of the Socialists of all the warring and neutral nations in Stockholm was really the most important of the peace attempts, and that it scared the nations which wanted to continue the war until they gained commercial and financial power, was not revealed to me until after the war when I had a quarter of a million dollars for the purchase of the Kaiser's *Memoirs*. I turned this book down after reading the German original, telegraphing Colonel McCormick that it was the deadliest dullest book I ever read except for one chapter, the one in which the Kaiser and the Papal nuncio, Cardinal Pacelli, discussed the Stockholm Socialist Congress and agreed that if it had the backing of any nation really wanting peace, it would succeed and all the credit would go to the Socialists.

So far as I remember every word about the Socialist Congress was suppressed by the censors of Britain and France, where I lived in 1917.

Now, however, I realize that the press of the world was against this effort to make a peace, and Bennett's cable to the man he sent to cover the meeting is the complete give-away on the editorial corruption of the news. The day *before* the meeting opened the correspondent received the following telegram from Paris:

SEND THREE HUNDRED
(WORDS) DAILY SOCIALIST
CONFERENCE FIASCO
BENNETT

On the other hand I wish to restate, although I stand alone in this view, that I do not attach bloody significance to Hearst's now world-famous telegram to Frederick Remington who had wanted to return from Cuba because there was no trouble, no chance of a war between Spain and the United States. Hearst, all his biographers agree, cabled, "You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war," but I interpret this rather to youthful enthusiasm than a deep-dyed plot to bring the two nations into conflict. It is a fact that Pulitzer of the *World* and Hearst of the *Journal* were both eager to see their circulations go up in case of war, and that both were enthusiastic for a declaration at a time, it must also be admitted, big business and Wall Street were decidedly for peace, but this cablegram is not the documentary proof of publisher complicity. The Hearst telegram to his correspondent, John Creelman, to buy a ship and sink it in the middle of the Suez Canal so as to block Spanish ships from reinforcing the squadron off Cuba, is of more significance in my estimation.

The foregoing, so far as I know, are the best examples of inner office cables which reveal the mind and the technique of journalism.

There is one story, however, which I have not told because although it is without question the best of its kind, it is known to every newspaper man in America. So if you have a newspaper friend, read no further.

In my cubhood days in Pittsburgh frequent sensational stories, outside the long graft trials, were mine disasters. There was one disaster in western Pennsylvania which was terrible—hundreds of dead, the mine known as a model mine with all modern safeguards, completely wrecked, the slow horror of death from mine damp, heroic efforts for days to save survivors, heartrending reports of tapping on the walls, finally the opening of the mine, the procession of hundreds of blackened bodies, a town of several thousand men and women weeping—but all in all, journalistically, a great event, which brought reporters from everywhere.

Dick Beamish is the man who is usually mentioned as the recipient of the most famous telegram in American journalistic history. But Beamish or another is no matter, the fact is that the Philadelphia *North American's* reporter was overwhelmed with the immensity of the story, and attempting to write an opening paragraph which would indicate the horror and emotion of the vast panorama of death and heroism, he began:

GOD SITS TONIGHT ON A
LITTLE HILL OVERLOOKING
THE SCENE OF DISASTER

The story came into the *North American's* office on its own wire. City Editor Benn—Big Benn—who had been waiting impatiently for it, looked at the first three words.

"Stop" he shouted to the telegraph operator. "And send this." The telegram he sent read:

NEVER MIND DISASTER
INTERVIEW GOD

To this story there is an apocryphal ending. It is said that Benn concluded with:

GET PICTURE IF POSSIBLE

but I don't think it makes the story any greater. ##

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BOURJOIS

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 104

icism of the arts. It will be interesting to see how the thing works out, how quickly the concentration camps fill up with sensitive souls who can't help wincing when they hear an excruciatingly sour note or who can't help snickering when Clark Gable is made up as an old man in *Strange Interlude* and is required to point to the skies where an airplane 3,000 feet up is humming realistically and carrying his illegitimate son and Gable is required to call up to his son and then turn to his aged beloved and inform her (as if he were telling her something she would be surprised to hear like "The boss has just given me a raise!") that "He can't hear us!" or who display symptoms of acute gastric convulsions when they read that High-Mucky-Muck Henry Luce, Chink-eyed, sour-puss get of down-at-the-heel Presbyterian missionaries in Tengchowfu, China, believes that "without the aristocratic principle no society can endure" and that this stammering-speeched, Macfadden-like croupier of other men's ideas (whose yes-men employees call him derisively *Il Duce* behind his back and would rather not meet him socially) aspires to be President.

But, still, the experiment should not prove difficult. Dead-pans must be the only ones left in Germany any way. How otherwise could they keep a straight face and yank up a hand in a *Heil* to that Henry Luce of Berlin?

I have just been reading Dr. Louis E. Bisch's *Be Glad You Are a Neurotic* (Whittlesey House, $2). Most of my neurotic friends and acquaintances have been reading it; that is to say most of my friends and acquaintances. All of a sudden a bird writes a book which makes them glad that they are the way they are. Some of the worst cases are the gladdest. They have urged the book upon me with the gladdest sort of hoopla and for reasons you would never suspect. Most of my friends in the past who have urged me to go to their psychiatrist have wanted to be helpful. They have had *my* interests at heart. I have been interrupted in the process of buttering my roll with my left arm slightly south, southwest of the normal askew position to be informed that this was a very definite sign that I was in dire need of being psychoanalyzed; that this deflection from the proper stance of the left elbow and arm in the act of buttering bread has some peculiar psychotic connotation which my friend could not recall at the moment but which his psychiatrist could straighten out and make me a well man again.

Dr. Bisch's book has put them all in a new frame of mind. It has got them off the subject of me and got them on the subject of themselves. They shove the book at me and say, "Read this and see what a hot sketch I am. He has got me down to a *T*. He knows just why I want to fight cops and defend the virtue of women when I have got twenty-two rye highballs, twelve gin rickeys and four straight brandies in me and he knows why I have a great sense of inferiority the next day when I am trying to keep my mind on an office conference and all I can think of is how soon I can get to the nearest bar and whether I should ask the 'keep' to serve it to me in a tumbler or ask him to put a funnel in my mouth because my hands are too shaky to hold it. This book has set me up no end. I feel sorry for all these normal guys: they never want to climb up and do a skin-the-cat on the chandelier of the Waldorf, they never think the subway is going to close in on them and they can't get out, they remember your name even when they are trying to forget you; they leave their umbrella at your house even when they don't want to come back. Wash-outs all of them. All of us geniuses, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Napoleon and me are neurotics. We are the birds that make the world go round. Read about me in that chapter on 'If You Didn't Feel Guilty You'd Be an Animal' and 'Of Course Your Sex Life Is Far from Satisfactory.' Boy, does that doc know his stuff! He can read me like a book."

Dr. Bisch doesn't tell you anything you haven't heard before if you have been addicted to popular books on psychiatry; but he has got a new angle on how to present the very scrappy and superficial stuff he has. He has got his angle, I think, from Samuel Smiles, Walter B. Pitkin, Bruce Barton, Vash Young and Dorothea Brande. The angle, reduced to its crudest, vulgarest but most truthful and explicit formula is: Kid 'em along. And these books, I give you my word, I believe are real benefits to mankind. I am glad they sell into the hundreds of thousands, which they always do. I know a girl who has tried out, conscientiously, all of Mrs. Brande's disciplines and still can't wake up, but the book has been a great comfort to her and she believes that when she has mastered all the secrets of inspiration in Mrs. Brande's book, *Wake Up and Live*, she will have a richer and fuller life and, in believing this, I think she is already living a richer and fuller life. *As a man thinks so is he.* Never was spoken a truer word. I am reminded the more pointedly of this truth when I read Dr. Bisch's helpful book. He tells a lot of people (all who read his book, because all who read his book are going to think he has them especially in mind) that they are not normal. And he will be right. Then he tells them that they ought to be very glad of this. And many of his readers will think that it is swell to be a nut. And as a man thinketh he is a nut, so will he be. What I am worrying

Continued on page 198

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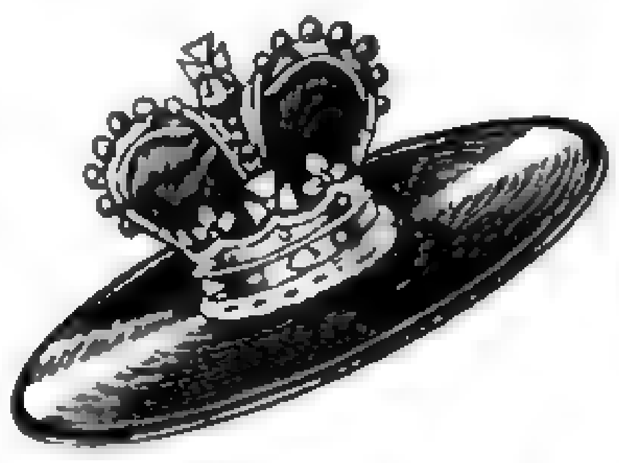

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 104-197

about is that a great many normal persons may read this book and begin thinking that they are nuts and that so to be is the nuts. I don't think I shall like that.

Dr. Bisch's book reminds me that good as Johnny Gunther's book, *Inside Europe* is (and it is good informative chatter) it propagates an explanation that, to me, is no explanation at all but a confusion of words and a confusion of issues. Johnny explains Hitler and Mussolini (and elaborately) on the old Adlerian grounds that they are victims of an inferiority complex. If those birds are *victims* of anything and if they have got any feelings of *inferiority* (even if in the Adlerian jargon it is "disguised" by "overcompensation") there isn't any meaning in words any more. They are insensitive, unimaginative, self-seeking, brutal bullies, with no more of a flicker of human feeling by experience or by taking thought to realize the implications of their own acts in human suffering than an emotional moron. I don't propose at my time of life to excuse a man who has stabbed me in the back, kicked me in the teeth and strutted away with his chin in the air, his left hand on his hip and his right hand in a pansy salute on the ground that early in life he had a hard time of it. A lot of us have had a hard time of it in our later as well as our earlier lives and I think it ill befits us to tolerate insensitive bullies on such irrational and sentimental grounds. This goes, too, for Stalin and for all lucky tinpot Americans who, having got in the money by "overcompensation" tendencies, get other, fantastic ambitions as if they were theirs by right, and who commit the sin of hubris, and always get roundly kicked in the prat by John Q. Public, as *vide*, Hearst, Knox and McCormick. Landon seemed like a pretty nice sort of fellow. It was too bad he had no program, no ideas and was saddled with the incubi, Hearst, Knox, McCormick, Smith and Lippmann. McCormick's daily pre-election slogan was: "Throw the rascals out!" They did. They threw the rascals out so hard they are still bouncing. Let the fortunate and unfortunate would-be Fascists remember this obscure (perhaps) but very decisive working of the principal of democracy as it still somehow pervades the voting will of this country.

The essential principles of American democracy should be continuously restated and emphasized if only because the intelligentsia, rather than the common people, are likely to become panicky and, tremulous and unstable as most of the intelligensia are, they are likely to take emotional flight (like Lawrence Dennis and Archibald MacLeish) in a species of Fascism or (like Edmund Wilson and the high-salaried intellectuals of Hollywood) in an avowed Communism.

The common people, the voting masses made up of laborers, white-collar employees, petty merchants and minor business men, whatever localized faults of temper and prejudice they may have (and they have them in plenty like the rich paranoiacs) seem instinctively and by nature to be aware that the principles of true democracy have never been wholly realized in this country and that so long as there is a slow progress toward this realization it were folly to flirt with an even more remote equalitarian dream (and one that has its glorious points, as a dream) such as Communism. That is why the Red-menace scare whooped up with vast alarums by Hearst, McCormick, Knox and the Republican newspapers in the recent election campaign had no demagogic effect whatever. Demos answered, "Your head is full of tin cups. If Roosevelt gets out of hand and gets to thinking as well of himself as Hearst, McCormick or Lippmann, we'll break him as quick as we broke Wilson and as mercilessly. Roosevelt has broken promises, just as Wilson did and just as every other president-elect has done; but Wilson broke a promise which meant thousands upon thousands of American lives, whereas Roosevelt broke only the pre-election promise that he would not lessen the value of the rich man's gold or increase the rich man's taxes. We regret that he made any such promises and, when we are reminded of it, we regret that he has increased the rich man's taxes because he has increased our taxes too. But until and unless Roosevelt gets out of hand we will string along with him rather than with a bunch of obvious fakers and highbinders such as poor Landon had rooting for him."

In the light of this resubstantiation of the fact that the leaven of democracy keeps working in American hearts it is pleasant to reflect that books are beginning to be written in substantiation of faith in American democracy. I have spoken here of Gilbert Seldes' *Mainland*, a book which exasperated me in places because Seldes was so anxious to put over his thesis that he gave the impression of being deliberately dishonest (which he never has been) and of turning renegade against all salutary cultural and intellectual ideas in the propagation of which he had himself been a force; but, on the whole, it is a book which asserts (somewhat belligerently) that there is an indigenous growth of cultural ideas and social vision peculiar to this country and very precious not only in its essence but in most of its manifestations.

Comes now Bernard De Voto with a collection of essays and book reviews, *Forays and Rebuttals* (Little, Brown & Co., $3) in which there is, naturally, no integrated thesis, but in which a thesis is implied all the way through;

and that implied thesis is this: "This is a damned fine country and our people have plenty on the ball in common sense, true culture, social vision and human decency. We are betrayed constantly by the intellectuals, by the petty academicians with a valet's ideas of cultural values and we are betrayed too by the predatory maniacs who over-exploit our natural resources and rush us all into booms and depressions by their grabbing and gimme instincts and actions. We must be constantly on guard against both classes of betrayers and slap 'em down whenever they rear up their ugly phizzes. We have the numbers and the power to do it and if we exercise our rights and our instincts America will become a prideful and pleasant place to live in." De Voto is a vigorous fighter, full of entertaining, foolish resentments and prejudices, highly inconsistent; but his central ideas are sound, salutary and invigorating.

Among the newer books I have read with pleasure and profit I especially recommend these, regretting that space does not permit me to expatiate upon them:

For Dear Life (Scribner's, $2.75) by Belinda Jeliffe—An extraordinary story of feminine courage and purpose relentlessly maintained in the face of the most frightful handicaps and bad breaks of luck; of drudgery after drudgery accepted not as one's natural lot but as a step up each time from a worse situation until there is a measure of triumph at last in a certain security and a degree of happiness. It is the story of the pre-married years of the wife of a famous New York psychiatrist; and it is more than a document: it is a strange and comforting poem.

Remember the Day (Doubleday, Doran, $2) by Kenneth Horan—These are the extraordinarily amusing recollections of a childhood in a home whereto came as guests at one time or another nearly all the famous personages of the first decade of the century from Bernhardt to Ty Cobb, Theodore Roosevelt to Joseph Jefferson—painters, actors, musicians baseball players, headliners of all sorts—and what two bright and observant and thrilled but disabused little girls thought of all these people, set down by one of them. I like it a great deal better than I liked Clarence Day's stuff about the household of his childhood, and I was one of the earliest and most persistent admirers of the art of Clarence Day.

Death in the Deep South (Stackpole Sons, $2.50) by Ward Greene—An ingenious and new kind of mystery story which is much more than a mystery story, the story of a social milieu in the South faithfully and philosophically set down and full of credible and interesting characters.

The Best of Art Young (Vanguard, $3)—A selection of the best work of the best satirist in pen and ink drawing in the America of our day, by the dean of dissenters, who hates greed and cruelty and pretense and hypocrisy and is one of the gentlest, most lovable, least selfish men on earth.

Portraits and Self-Portraits (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.75)—Here are seventy-three crayon and pencil portraits of celebrated literary figures of the day by a competent but undistinguished artist named Georges Schreiber. I wouldn't give a dime a dozen even for the original drawings; but this mediocre artist by the simple trick of writing to authors and saying he is getting up a book of portraits of literary celebrities and wants them to supply as text about 250 words about their aims and their work and themselves has got no less than 83 of them from James Truslow Adams to Arnold Zweig to come across gratis with the most interesting and valuable lot of self-revelation you can imagine.

For the sport enthusiasts there is Albert Dixon Simmons' *Wing Shots* (Derrydale Press, $15), a series of beautiful camera studies of American game birds and other birds in flight; *Ski Tracks* (Morrow, not priced) containing 190 thrilling action photographs of skiing in America, with a foreword by Charles N. Proctor.

Movers and Shakers (Harcourt, Brace, $5) by Mabel Dodge Luhan—The third and most hair-raisingly frank intimate confessions and revelations of the greatest man-eater and lion-hunter of our time.

These memoirs will go down in history but I am not sure they will go down *with* history for future generations will doubt that any such person as Mabel Dodge existed and learned academicians will stoutly maintain that the whole thing was made up. It will do no good for me to tell them now that they are cock-eyed liars: every word of this is true as Mrs. Luhan sees the truth. In this book she tells in detail about the great romance of her life—her prolonged, funny, hysterical and scrappy affair with the late John Reed.

The Bounty Trilogy (Little, Brown, $3) by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall—The three famous books, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *Men Against the Sea* and *Pitcairn's Island* as a unit in one volume.

Gisli (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50)—The most magnificent of the thirty-two ancient sagas of Iceland translated into English by Ralph B. Allen and illustrated by Rockwell Kent. Thrilling and strange and beautiful.

Boswell Papers

In the December issue of ESQUIRE I made a mistake. I said that the Boswell papers were now the property of Yale University. This is not so; they are the property of LT. COL. RALPH H. ISHAM. The error was due to an inadvertent misinterpretation of the fact that the Papers were edited by a professor of Yale University. #

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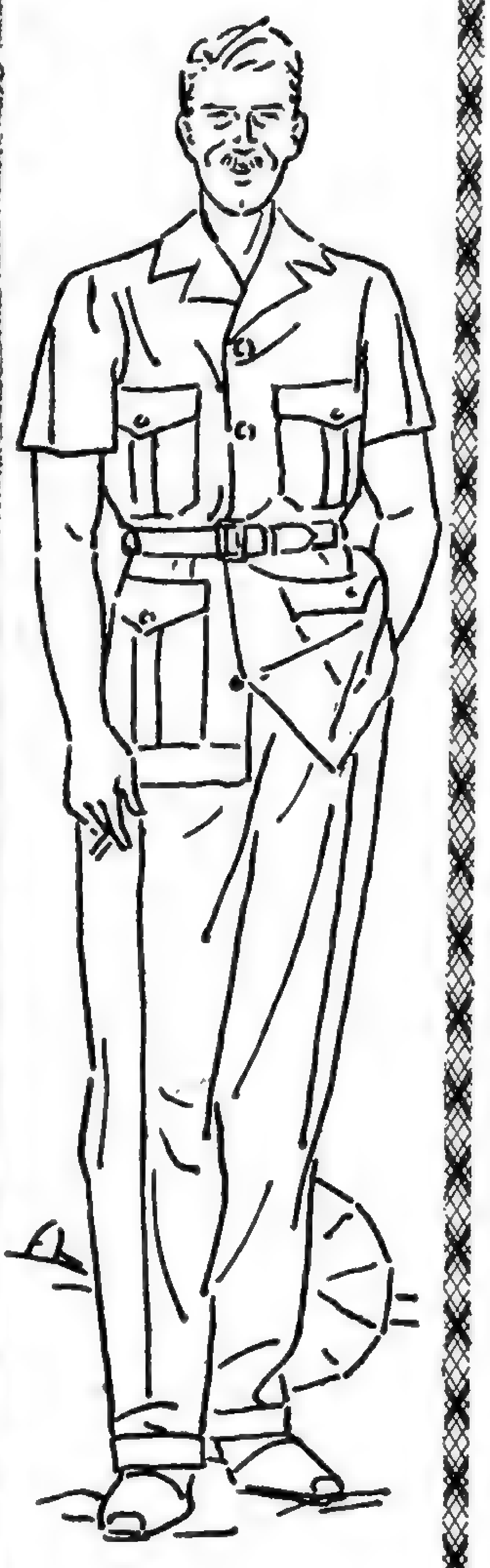

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The Blue Tick Pig

Continued from page 37

thought him dead. The cows laid there in the winter sun and chewed their cuds and Blue Tick laid right there with them like he was a cow too. When they mooed, he boo-hooed. They all slept there in the sun long as it lasted and when the sun went behind a rift of snow clouds they all got up and came over the hill to the barn.

IV

Winter has gone rapidly. The snow and ice are leavin the hills now. The hens scratch among the cornstalks in the barn lot. Birds are coming back. The English sparrows have never left the barn. The house wrens have come back to the rag sack in the smoke house where they had a nest last year and year before last. Green tips are appearin on the greenbriers that Blue Tick did not root up with his nose to eat the warts on the greenbrier roots.

Pa says: "Don't believe I'll kill that hog till next fall. Shame to kill him now and him lean as he is. That frame will hold six hundred pounds of meat."

And I'm so glad Pa feels this way about it. But Pa ain't got no right to kill him a-tall. He is my hog. I paid the quarter for him when he was about the size of a mouse. But look at him now! He grows faster than a elephant. His back looks like the winter-colored bluff over there when the sun comes out on the spots of white dead grass. Part of him is bluish like the dirt. Then there are the winter white spots of dead grass in the sunlight.

Now the cows go out to nibble on the greenbrier sprouts. Blue Tick goes with them. He follows them through the woods and sleeps with them under the pines. He is gettin big like a cow. He comes in with the cows and when I milk them he comes up close for me to squirt milk onto his pretty tongue. He opens his mouth anymore and comes so close I have to soo-soo him back. But I sit on the stool chair and milk the cows and give Blue Tick good warm cow milk and it goes fine for his supper and good for his breakfast on the cool spring mornings.

V

It's a funny thing. I met Enic Stubblefield down there this mornin by the gate and he said his cows had been milked. And our cows had been milked the same mornin. It is a strange thing. He said that his cows' teats looked like they had been scratched by the briers and my cows' teats was the same way. It is a funny thing. I'll tell Pa about somebody milking our cows. I think I know who it is. Estille Tentress was expelled from school last year for slippin down in the pasture and milkin Charlie Pennington's cow. He was caught right in the act. He milked the cow in his dinner bucket and turned the milk right up and drunk it. We was right there hid in the bushes, me and Uncle Urban, and saw him do it. He is the one right now milkin the cows and I'll tell Pa. Didn't get a pint of milk this mornin from Pansy nor a half pint from Star and Roan put together. He couldn't drink all the milk. He's sellin it. Estille Tentress is a bad egg around where there is cows. He likes sweet milk and their one cow can't give enough milk for twelve children.

This is Ham Flemington. Here he comes, squat and ducky, black mustache, gorilla-armed, big hands and mushroom face. He comes up the path. He says, "Somebody is milkin my cow."

And I say: "Somebody is milkin all three of my cows. Didn't get a quart of strippins from all three cows this mornin."

"Who's doing it?" Ham says.

"I'd love to know who is doin it," I say. "I'd like to sprinkle them with shot."

"If I find out I won't sprinkle them with shot. I'll take it to the Law and let the Law sprinkle them with shot."

He passes goin to town "Fence-rail" Isaac Keen. His arms dangle at his side. He comes up and says, "Where is your Pa, son?"

And I says, "Pa is over on the hill clearin ground."

"Did you know somebody is milkin my cows? I turned them in the woods pasture that jines your field. Well, somebody got all the milk. There was slobbers all over my cows' teats. They was rough like a brier had scratched them."

Now here comes Pa from the clearin. "Tin Purvin come over there where I was workin and said two of his cows that run in the field next to our pasture had been milked and the two cows that run in the northside pasture had not been touched. Tin said this same thing happened once before when he was a boy. But he said Mike McGan found out what it was. He said he watched his cows one whole day and nothin bothered them. It was the second day round yonder back of that piney pint, the old cow was pickin up next to a rock cliff and a big cow snake crawled quietly from behind the rock and wound his body up like a corkscrew till he got his mouth over the cow's teat. At first she kicked a little. She mooed and looked at the ground and booed. Then she went on pickin grass and that snake milked every teat she had and then lit right on the other cow and milked her too. And when he got through he was all bloated up and he just rolled up and went to sleep there in the sun. Then Mike said that he shot it with a double-barreled shotgun right between the eyes and made shoe strings out of its hide."

Fain Wimpler comes down the path. He says: "Gentlemen, don't think I'm tellin you a ghost story, but I went down to the barn last night to milk my cow and somethin big as a white calf tore out of

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that barn—tore two planks off and got away. It had my cow tied down and her teats was wet with slobbers. I never saw anythin like it in my life. I throwed the milk bucket down and whistled for my dogs, but they was both gone after a fox. I was so skeered I couldn't whistle until it had time enough to get over the hill."

VI

Today I take the rifle. Pa takes the shotgun. We go with our cows to the fields. If it is Estille Tentress, we are goin to find out. If it is a cow snake, we are goin to get it the first cow he corkscrews up to. Blue Tick goes with us. He roots alongside the cows and eats the blades of sweet grass where he can find them. He roots up the greenbrier wart roots and eats them. He is big like a ram now. He trots along with the cows and Pa says, "Don't reckon it could be that hog suckin the cows, could it?"

And I says: "Why no, you know it is not Blue Tick when he comes right in with them every night when I milk them. I been around him all the time and I never saw a bad pass out of that hog. Never. Who ever heard tell of a hog suckin a cow anyway? I never did in my life. Did you?"

"No I never did, and, son, I'm fifty-six years old. I've heard of cow snakes, but not hogs."

The sweet wind of spring shakes the long blue hairs on Blue Tick's hocks. The leaves, thin, and light-blue green, swish in the pretty spring wind. Flowers grow by the roots of the beech trees. They are wind flowers and bloodroot flowers. But Blue Tick cannot see when a flower is pretty. All he is lookin for is the taste. He nibbles down the flowers and chops them in his long shoe-like mouth. Then, to think Blue Tick would bother one of the cows. He just don't remember his mother. Maybe he thinks a cow is his mother. I'll bet that is it. Over the winter dead leaves they go and through the little blotches of green grass. They cross the creek and they drink the clear cool creek water. Then up the next bluff and through the wild ferns and the flowers.

All day we follow our cows. The sun is gettin low in the late March skies. The wind is blowin among the green grass and the windflowers and the bloodroots. The wind is blowin through the green pasture leaves and the light green pasture grass. The sky, too, is blue as water-over-June-gravel. The cows trail the path home. Blue Tick trails the cows and we are next in line with gun and rifle.

The stars come out. The whippoorwills call. It is time for the whippoorwills. It is spring. Blue Tick comes into the barn lot with the cows. Lead comes to the barn lot to lick the old skillet we feed the kittens foam from the fresh milk in. Lead snaps at Blue Tick and Blue Tick bows up his side like a fish as if to say, "Come on, you hound dog, and I'll let you feel one of my tushes." As we are busy milking the cows, Blue Tick and Lead begin to quarrel.

Ham comes over and he says, "Followed my cows all day with a shotgun across my shoulder and I never saw a thing." While Ham is still here Isaac comes over. "Followed my cows the God-blessed day. Never saw nothin but a blowin viper snake and a couple of crows. Funny thing about the way our cows all got milked one night."

Then comes Tin: "Boys, never saw a thing all day and I followed my cows with a automatic pistol. I aim to light right into it with hot lead if powder will burn and the trigger will squeeze."

Fain Wimpler comes up to the milk gap and says: "Never seen a thing today, boys. Never seen a thing."

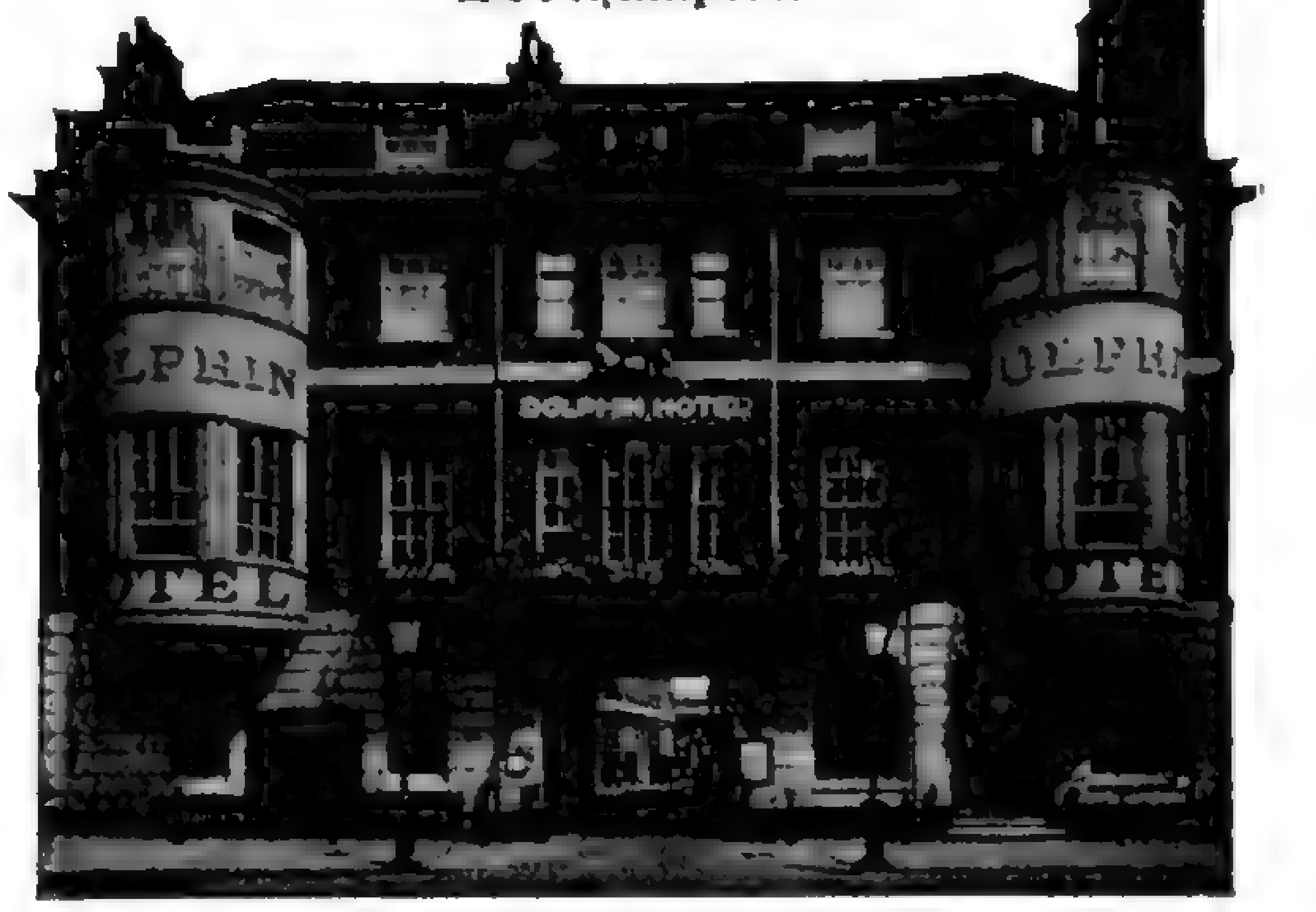
Tonight the moon hangs in the sky like a wisp of dead poplar leaves. I can look out from my window to the barn. The ground is light as day. I can see the old dead potato tops from last year's harvest. I can see little green bunches of grass. I can see the stakes where we heated water to kill the hogs. I can wonder about the cows. I see them goin back up the trail, Pansy in front, then Roan and then Star. Blue Tick is followin Star up the trail. I don't believe it is Blue Tick suckin the cows. Surely he doesn't know how. I get up and put on my overalls and shirt. I slip downstairs. The moon is pretty tonight. I go out across the chip yard, past the barn and through the barn lot and alongside the rail pig pen. Then I follow the trail up the hill path, the way Blue Tick followed Pansy, Roan and Star.

And now I come upon them. They do not see me. I watch them lyin in the moonlight not far in front of me, beside a dead chestnut tree top. Blue Tick is sleepin alongside one of the cows. He sleeps beside of Roan. If he is milkin the cows I'll see. The moon is comin down through the thin leafed spring tree tops. I stretch out flat on my stomach. I do not make a sound. The wind blows over me and shakes the thin leaves on the sour-wood sprouts.

And now Blue Tick wakes from sleep. He nudges Roan like he was a young calf. He is suckin the cow. It is Blue Tick. It is Blue Tick. He is a smart hog. He has never done it before us. I know now what the ghost was Tin saw. I watch Blue Tick. The cow does not care. The moon shines down on them. There they are stretched side by side. Blue Tick is big like a cow. Pa will kill Blue Tick when he finds this out. I cannot stand to see him killed. Why did I ever milk milk into his mouth on the cold frosty mornings? Why did I ever, for even a hog will learn. The turkey learned to fight. The rooster learned to fight. The hog has learned to take the milk himself from the cow instead of having it milked for him.

I go down to the barn and get some corn. I come back and toll Blue Tick away. He goes back to the cows. So I throw down so many rails and drive the cows

Continued on page 202



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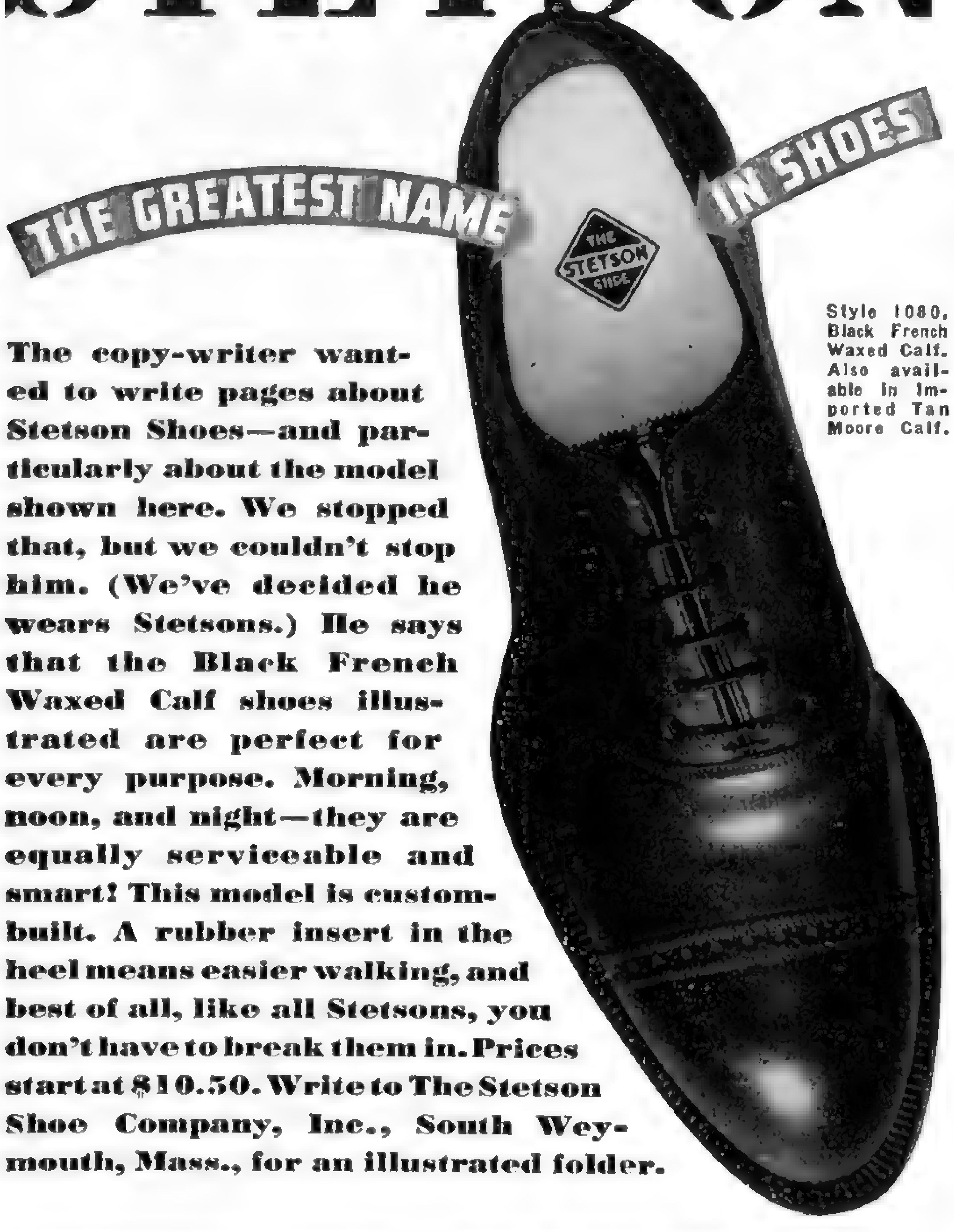
STETSON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Great Western
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
For the Great Moments

The Blue Tick Pig

Continued from pages 37-201

through to the old house under some apple trees. I drive them in the house. In goes Blue Tick with them. I throw down the ear of corn. Blue Tick is eatin. While he is eatin I drive the cows out of the house. I bar the door. Blue Tick is in a big hog pen, one that will hold him. I drive home the cows.

VII

The young rabbits hop across my path. It is early mornin—no sign of sun yet. The thin leaves on the trees stir in the mornin breeze and the dew of the mornin hangs to the leaves. It is early. It is breakfast time. The house is close. Just one more fence to cross and the old orchard and then the house. The door is open. Panels have been knocked out. I'll look for the tracks. Here they are—down the path toward Liam Galligher's barn—it is just under the hill. And Liam owns the place we live on. My heavens!

Under the pine trees I run. The rabbits can get out of my way or stay in my way. If the rabbit has made the third grade in school he has learned that man desires blood—that man is a killer. Look at Pa wantin to kill Blue Tick—and he will kill Blue Tick because he sucks the cows at home and the neighbors' cows. I'm running fast. I am afraid that Liam will kill Blue Tick. Listen—Listen! I hear! I hear! Here comes Liam up the path ridin a sorrel pony with a blazed face. "I caught the thief," he says. "I got him. It is a hog!"

"My hog," I say. "Yes my hog—you didn't kill him did you—?"

"No I didn't, for that is the first time I ever heard of anything like that in my life let alone seein it—But it is the truth. I went over to the house and got my wife. She said that she's never seen anything like it in all her growin up and that if ever her Pap did he'd never said anything about it. So I just drove the cow out and worked him through the partition into the log barn and fastened him in a mule stall. That will hold him. I've just started to tell the neighbors that I got the cow snake and he is a hog after the milk that has been milkin their cows."

"Don't tell Pa. He will kill Blue Tick."

"No, he must not kill a hog like that—He is too smart to kill. We'll take that hog to the Fair over at Turnipseed and get a decent price for him. That is a curiosity that all the people in the country would like to see. We'll crate him up and put him in the spring wagon right now if you want to and take him to the Fair if it would be all right with your Pa—Reckon he'll care?"

"Blue Tick is mine—not Pa's. I raised him from a mouse-sized pig. I don't want him killed."

"It would be a shame to kill him. Get on this pony behind me. We'll load him up right now and take him to the Fair and tell about him after he is sold. We'll haul him there in the spring wagon."

The crate is made. We put it in the stall where Blue Tick is. We toll him into the crate. We nail up the end. We open the double door and pull his crate with a mule to the shed. Then we hoist him up to the low joist with a four-strand rope pulley and a mule. We shove the spring wagon under the crate. Then we let the crate down in the express. We have Blue Tick ready for the Fair.

The road is dusty and it leads to nowhere. Turns, willows, creeks—horseweeds—curves—ditches—sandpiles. Houses by the side of the road. Willows by the road. Chip yards beside the road. And the village at the end of the road, maybe. But the pony is hitched to the express and we move though the pony does have a load, a hog, a boy and a man. And the end of the road and here is Turnipseed and the Fair grounds.

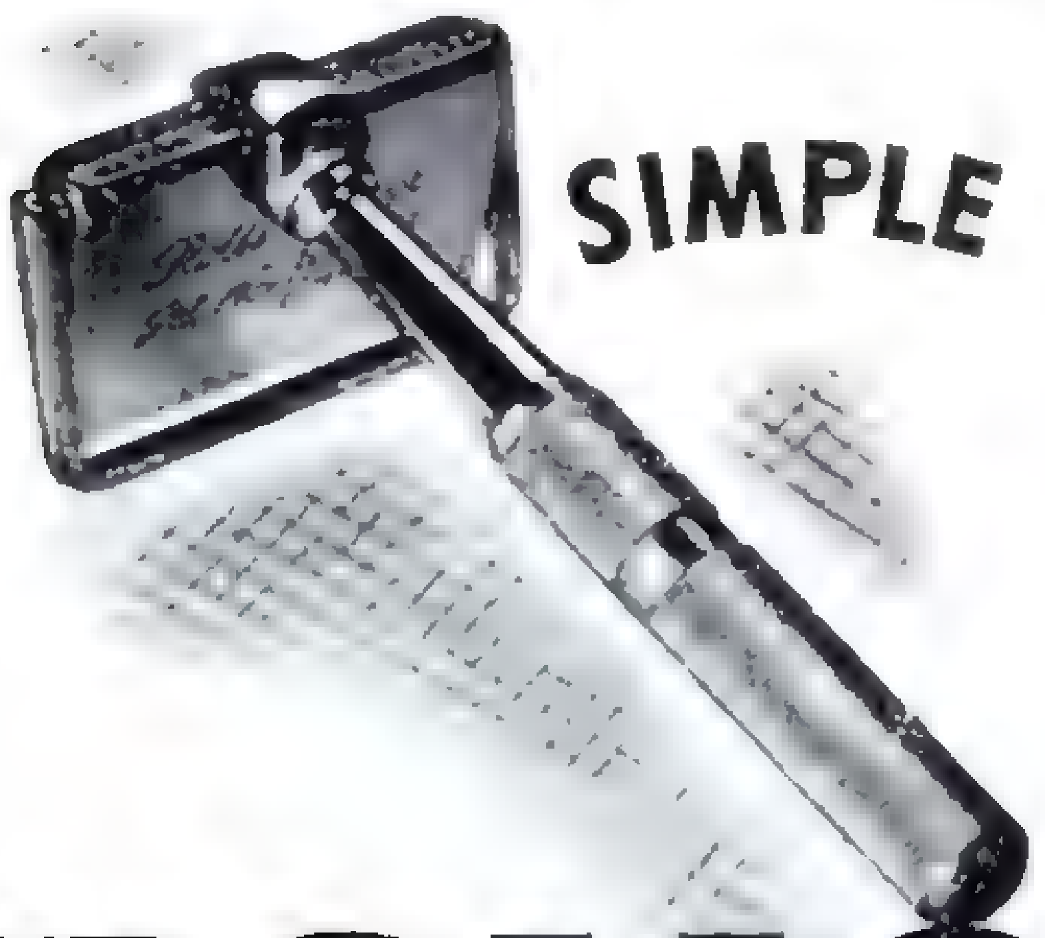
Mr. Hix the manager says: "That hog won't suck no cow. I been at this game of buyin three-legged chickens, and two-headed calves and six-legged cows and three-eyed heifers for a long time—But in all my experiences have I ever seen a hog that would suck a cow. I'll tell you what I got to have is a cow and if that hog sucks that cow I'll give you four fifty-dollar bills for that hog. If he don't suck the cow you get him off these grounds and do it quick."

"It's a go," says Liam.

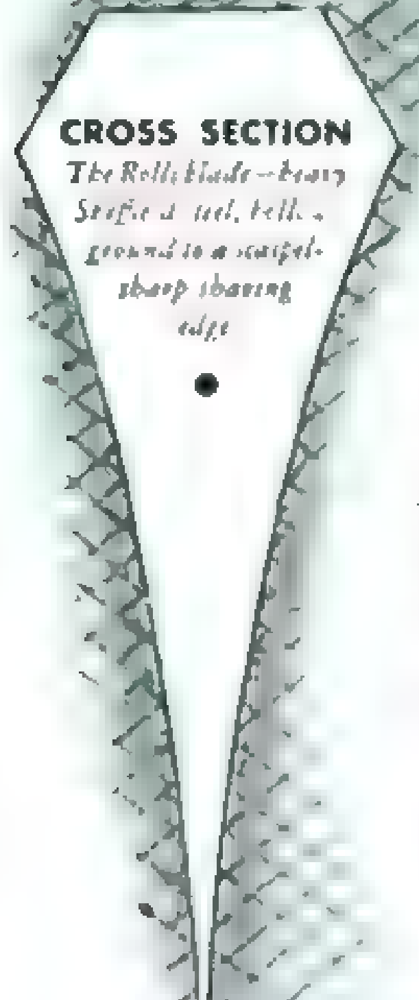
A boy with a green shirt and a white necktie with tattooed arms brings the cow from a barn. And when we let him out of the crate and put them both in the tent he bows up to her side and boo-boos. Then he starts to milk the cow and she starts to kickin. But finally she lets him have his way, for he puts his head under her flank and there is not much she can do about it for she cannot kick him. "That beats any novelty I've ever seen in my day in the show business. Here, young man, are your four fifty-dollar bills. And here's you a ten smacker, Mr. Galligher, for having sense enough to haul a hog like that to the Fair instead of butchering it. It is the biggest find I have had in many a year. Hang around and watch people flock in at a quarter a whack to see this tonight. I'll have four hundred people in here this night."

And I have four fifty-dollar bills. I can buy pounds of sugar now and calico shirts and overalls and shoes. But I'm not goin to buy anything like that. They'll go. One thing will stay and that is land. Nothing can change it much or hurt it a great deal. I'm goin to buy that forty acres of Priam Hamilton. He wants $175 for it. Then I'll have $25 left.

And as I ride back in the spring wagon with Liam and the moon comes down above our heads and falls on the little pretty green willow leaves alongside the creek—I think of the land I'll own and the willow trees I'll have on my



ROLLS RAZOR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place. Trees will be mine and the wind will be mine that passes over my place. The moonlight that falls on it will be mine. I'll own the big trees and little trees and I can own ducks and chickens and turkeys on my place. The sky above it will be mine while it floats above my place.

And then Blue Tick was gettin so big and would have made so much meat for us—But how in the green world of spring could I stand to see them boil water to scald Blue Tick with—shoot him between the eyes with a rifle and scald off his hair and scrape him like a turnip! Then hang him up and slit him open with a knife—How could I stand to see it after I raised him on a bottle, to go and look at his big pretty white, clean, sweet-smellin body when he was hangin to a gallows with a stick run between the leaders under his hind legs and fastened over the gallows and red blood dripping from the end of his nose. #

Case of Convict 1174

Continued from page 48

stood before him. The warden turned to the guard. "You may leave the room."

He then said, "Well, Fletcher!"

The prisoner stepped back. It was the first time he had been called by his name in twenty-four years.

"It's a lovely morning, Fletcher." The warden rose. "You've been here a hell of a while, Fletcher—a hell of a while."

"Yes, sir . . . a long time." The convict's voice fell in his throat.

"What I'm interested in, Fletcher, is not morals now—you were a civilized man when you came here . . . some kink in your brain maybe . . . I don't think you're as bad as half the men I know. You took a bigger chance. But why did you want that chance? Didn't your intelligence tell you that even men more adept in crime than yourself spend half their years in jail?"

"I—I—didn't think." The prisoner slumped.

"Come on, brace up! We're two men in a room . . . that's all."

The warden walked to the window, then turned toward the prisoner. "Something's fixed in your brain." He paused a moment. "But anyhow, you're a free man, Fletcher."

The prisoner went to his knees. "God Almighty," he mumbled. "At last . . . at . . . las . . ."

"Come, Fletcher, no foolishness. Don't let them see you break now."

The warden pressed a button. The prisoner rose. A clerk and a guard entered.

"You can make it on the one o'clock bus, Fletcher—step along." He clutched the convict's hand, and watched him shuffle down the gravel path between the clerk and the guard, and said to himself, "Old Allen will turn over in his grave."

Once in the bus, he tried to recall the day on which he entered the prison. A beautiful woman with a green parasol had said in parting, "So long, Fletch . . . be game."

He pressed his lips together.

The bus stopped at the little railroad station. The yellow-gray penitentiary, a mile away, was the only building in sight.

He suddenly heard the shrieking of a whistle. The train stopped at the station. The ex-convict climbed hastily aboard and fell into a rear seat. The conductor looked at him knowingly, punched his ticket, and went on. As if conscious that all eyes were upon him, he covered his face with his hands and peered out of the window.

He reveled in anticipation until the train reached the city.

With five dollars of prison money he entered a restaurant. Food was never so delicious before. He lingered over the meal, ordered a second cup of coffee, and asked for a cigar. The fragrant smoke made him gasp. His change was three and a half. Leaving fifty cents on the table, he went to a small hotel, paid in advance for a room and stretched upon the bed.

Sudden as a stroke of paralysis, came intense melancholy. Pulse, heart and temples throbbed with pain. He buried his face in the pillow.

"I'll wait till tomorrow," he thought. "It's only twenty miles."

He left the room at daylight and hurried by street car to where he had hidden the money.

At the end of five days he still haunted the environs in search of a spot that grew more and more vague in his mind.

Rows of houses now stood where a grove of eucalyptus trees had grown near the sea. After hours of aimless wandering, he gazed forlornly about, then fell on his knees and pawed the ground.

"It's further down . . . I know . . . it's in a metal box . . . I can't miss it . . . just a little time's all it takes . . . just a little time . . . it'll not be long now . . . just a little time."

He stood erect with an effort of will. "I can't miss it—I'm just too impatient."

"I'll sleep for a while . . . I'll find it in the morning."

He could not sleep. He sat erect—looked at the moon-washed Pacific, then drowsed again to the earth.

"I'll find it in the morning—" The words droned, tired, in his brain.

He arose at dawn and started toward a clump of rock-bordered trees.

With hands behind his back, eyes upon the ground, he paced back and forth.

The sun pushed upward. Still he walked with eyes gazing downward.

Continued on page 204

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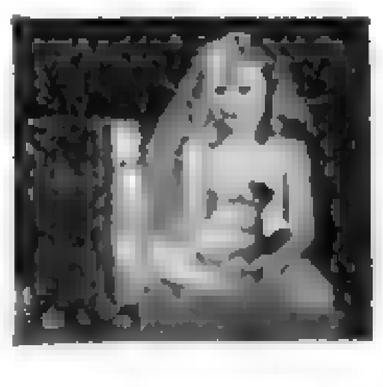

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Case of Convict 1174

Continued from pages 48-203

His mouth twitched nervously. His hands seemed forever welded. He fell to his knees at a slight declivity in the earth and scraped a deep hole in the ground—then rose with despair in his eyes.

He looked toward the west.

"Maybe it was down that way further—near the town." He walked in that direction. Would he ever find it? "Twenty-four years—good God!"

His gait quickened.

A lizard sunning itself on a rock rattled the dry leaves in sliding quickly away.

"Now I'll find it." His burning eyes followed the darting lizard. "It's leading the way."

He trotted ahead and fell to his knees suddenly. The roar as of many oceans came to his ears. Blue and green shadows danced before his eyes. A blinding ache came to his temples. He pressed his benumbed hands against them. His deep sunken eyes burned. He ran swiftly in an effort to drive the pain from his head. It pounded harder at the base of his brain.

He rushed to a large rock, near which the warden stood. With hands outstretched, he shouted, "You followed me!" The warden vanished. He called three times, "Warden! Warden! *Warden!*"

The ache became worse. He removed his hands, opened his eyes and pierced the scene with laughter. It startled the sea gulls above him. "I got it! I got it! I got it!" he shouted. "Put some pebbles on your hand—slap them with your finger, whichever way the pebbles go—there your treasure is."

Reverting to the days of his childhood, he followed the directions. When his right finger tried to strike the palm of his left hand, he tottered and fell.

"I see it now—it's right over there."

He rose and walked toward a grove of trees, that waved gracefully. For an hour he went in a circle.

"A long ways—farther than I thought." He sank to the ground exhausted. The sun burned in his staring eyes.

There was no sound but a rumble from the sea. It now stood perpendicular. The sand from its shores fell into his eyes. Thousands of convicts dressed in black climbed up the white surging waves like toy monkeys on a string. All was now silent as a shadow on a gallows. The convicts grew larger than mountains in the water. Their hands spread miles wide as they climbed higher and higher. In an aperture between the sea and the sky, they were lost to sight for a second. Then downward they scrambled through the silently surging sea.

Transparent as glass was the water. Its millions of inhabitants, whales, sharks, swordfish, and seemingly endless reptiles whirled about in maddening convolutions. The convicts became guards. Riding their clubs, they swished through the water like the witches of his childhood on broomsticks in the air. Around their throats were necklaces of metal boxes.

"Good God in Heaven . . . they've got my money!"

He ran bareheaded and screaming, through the brilliant sun scorched day. Exhausted, he fell, with the crashing roar of waters. In his eyes was the vacancy of lost illusion. His mouth, wide open, was now a circle of agony.

He ran to the town. He saw an electric arc light shining at the end of a street around which many sea gulls flew. With burning eyes, he gazed at the flying birds. Their raucous cries maddened him. At last he saw the gull that had perched on his window years before. It stopped in mid-air and looked at him.

His laughter startled people in nearby houses.

"You funny old bird, you've been away a long time. Just like me . . . we've both been away." The bird started flying. The man became enraged. "You'll never leave me again—I'll kill you first. I'm not going to lose you ever again." He threw many rocks into the vacant air. They rattled against houses.

A crowd gathered about him. Two policemen arrived. He looked at them earnestly. "See that bird there, guards? It's flying away—just like it did before. You see that girl—She said she couldn't live without me—but she did. But now I got it all back . . . see my pockets . . . they're lined with gold. It laid out there in a metal box under a rock. I hid it so's no one could find it. You see, guards, I'm free now. I've got a pardon in full. I don't have to mind you now. I'm a free man, don't you see? And I can throw stones at that bird if I want to. It's my bird and my land. She's coming back too . . . soon as she can get a boat that's big enough."

"Won't you walk with us?" asked one of the officers. "We'll go down here a ways and talk things over. The bird'll follow us, and so will the people here. See," he pointed, "the bird is leading the way. Let's follow."

He walked quietly between them, uttering no word. His mouth was closed tightly. His hands were behind his back. His eyes stared at his feet in the manner of one in a deep hypnosis.

The desk sergeant searched him. He did not move. Still dazed, he went with the officers down a hallway. An iron door opened.

"Over here, brother," said one of the men. "You can lay down an' rest." He led him to an iron cot. "Sleep here awhile . . . you'll be better in the morning."

He fell limply forward, gave a deep sigh, and was still.

The door clanged.

"Crazy as a loon," said one of the policemen. ⋕

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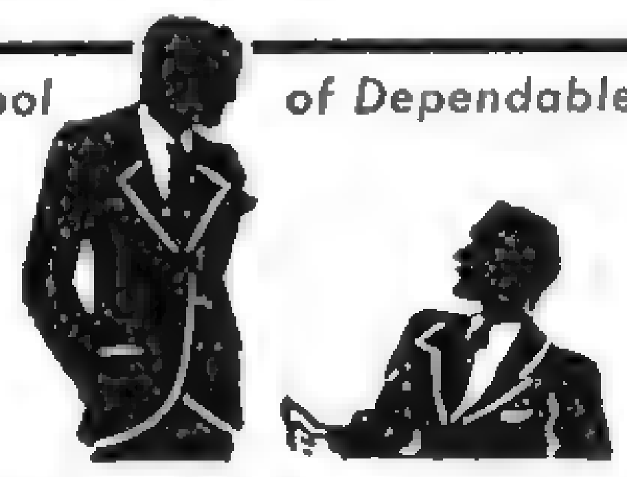

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"Dear Null"—and Void

Continued from page 87

times to discuss light scandals of the town, she carries on a scrappy conversation with these people. Suddenly she discovers that they are not the Rawlinsons at all; they are another couple at whose plantation she has also landed. Business of trying to discover who they are; business of discovery and big play of relief; and they go, and she prepares to do her toenails and discovers a youth who has been sitting still, watching all this, and tells him to go join his parents, but it seems he is only a clerk waiting for her husband and he goes.

The pace and brightness of all this is admirable. It froths and foams along, positively spilling over when ten people talk at once; and the stabs at the two strangers are flicked off so carelessly that you hardly notice how unkind they are. It is all masterly. It's all either air bubbles or poison. And it makes you think of all the rest of Mr. Coward's work as being singularly the same.

And that is because anything that is true—whether it is obviously or profoundly true—about any human emotion seems to slip out of Mr. Coward's handling. When he spoke of "an unpremeditated roll in the hay," in *Design for Living*, he gratified all those who wanted a new name for fornication and in the rest of the play treated the relation between the sexes, and the usual expression thereof, as not to be compared with the pleasure of good company. That's a valid point, but his three people were supposed to be more or less communally in love with one another and that emotion didn't transpire at all. Nor does hate register deeply; only violent dislike. Affection peeps in, rarely. And in the sentimental British plays there are tributes to the conventional British sentiments. But for a major emotion, look elsewhere. And it's no use saying that Mr. Coward, being sophisticated, is dealing with the minor ones and doesn't try. He is always trying. You might almost say he is always crying about love and how we all must rot in our graves without it, and noble resignation, and devotion and all the rest. It is a witty cry, proving that Pagliacci is played out.

But Mr. Coward is not, because as a playwright he is professional and expert (remaining an appalling amateur as an actor, and seemingly enchanted with himself; and an embarrassing dancer; and a composer of whom you could never say that he listened to all the popular songs before he rolled his own—the songs he writes aren't even imitations of good ones). He has the kind of tricks at his finger tips which Sacha Guitry, for instance, has and when you find them using the same ones, you can't tell who invented them—probably both. The kind of trick I mean like this: a woman dancing with a man; they kiss; she swoons in ecstasy; enter a man and the couple breaks; the woman says to her partner, pointing to the other man, "Oh, that's my husband." And then, "What is your name?" Being an expert, Coward takes the joke and dramatizes it, so that through ten minutes of snapping between the three, and the husband's sister for good measure, the business of making introductions and getting the names wrong continually gives freshness and a superficial air of humanity to the proceedings. He has all the surprises—so that you are constantly saying "Ah!" The only other time you constantly say "Ah!" in that tone is at a display of fireworks.

They can't get me away from fireworks until the last rocket has soared, but I do get tired of squibs. And I like my fireworks to be fireworks, not symbols of the emptiness of life.

Mr. Coward is forever hinting that there are depths beneath the polished surface of his material. And after a long look, I think I have an idea what those depths are. Mr. Coward is still post-war. Or, you might say, pre-depression. He is definitely a period-piece. His date is somewhere between 1921 and 1925. That was the time when the breakdown of morals (a memorable event) and the intake of liquor were both ascribed not to the natural human desire to commit adultery and get drunk (in the reverse order, usually); they were "dignified" by the profound disillusion of the peace that embittered the war. What faith the drinkers had had, I can't say; but they were disappointed and their drinking was melancholy. Or they said so.

Out of that sprang the noble notion that to chatter brightly was the only proper aim of man, because the chatter covered a broken heart. (There were no broken hearts in *The Importance of Being Earnest;* to Wilde, conversation was an end in itself.) And for an enemy, you had the dull people; the ones too dull to be disillusioned.

I confess that I can't take it any longer. The world has grown too interesting and its problems have become too pressing. The Marx Brothers and W. C. Fields make me laugh; they are sufficiently violent or concentrated to compete with the violence and intensity of events; the polite comedy can only become more and more polished and it no longer

Continued at top of page 206

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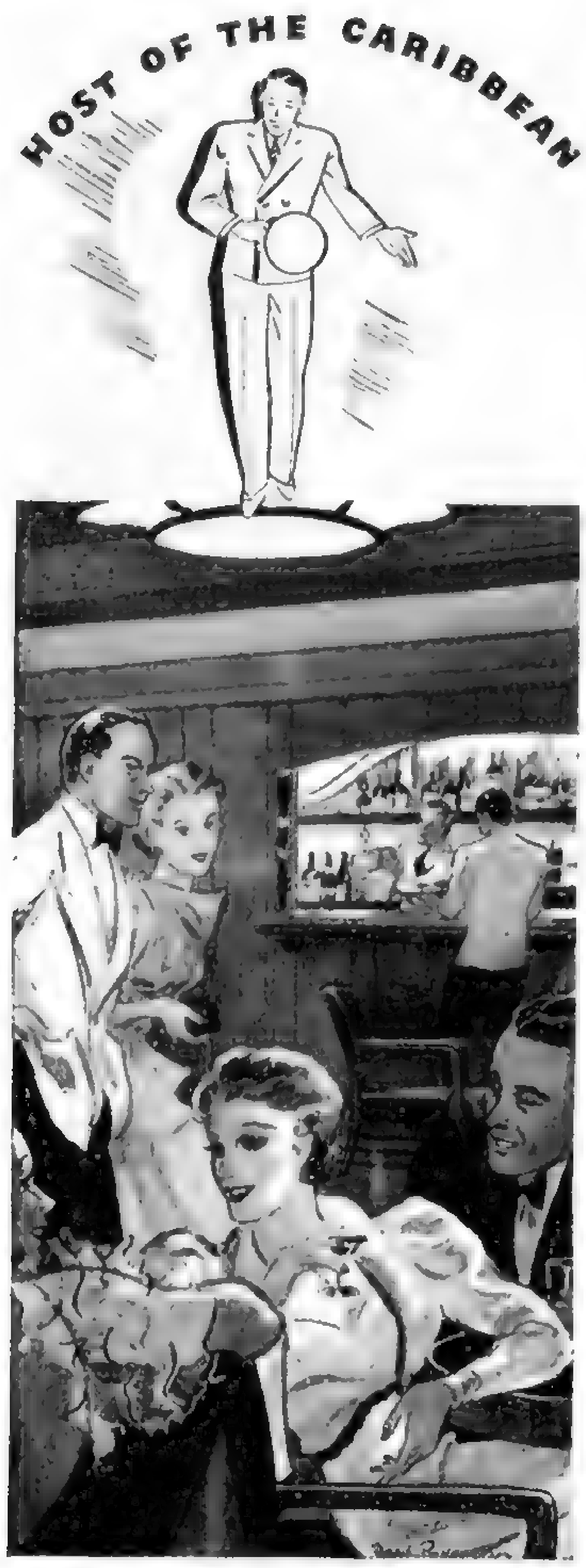

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GREAT WHITE FLEET

"Dear Null"—and Void

Continued from pages 87-205

diverts the mind, which is its only function. Mr. Coward has rubbed away assiduously; everything shines brightly; sometimes he dazzles, like a magician. I am a push-over for magicians, too. They do the impossible. But doing the possible has become more exciting.

Mr. Coward is better than his reputation; when you quarrel with him, you are really quarreling with those who imagine that he has any special consequence in the theatre or in the world. He has written only two or three good pieces and in addition to half a dozen second rate plays, he has put over a lot of trash on the stage. His versatility consists in doing several things a little better than the man who doesn't try to do them at all, or the occasional amateur; and not nearly as well as the professional. His style in epigram is superb and his style in everything else is deplorable. And you add him up and add him up and the total is nothing.

A few years ago, Mr. Alexander Woollcott wrote an appreciative piece about Mr. Coward—about the journeyings and the escapades and the quick passage from adversity to affluence and all that; he gave currency to the name: "Destiny's tot." And he frankly wondered whether with all his gifts, Mr. Coward had anything of relevance or significance to say in the world.

Now Mr. Woollcott is remarkable for discerning depths which aren't there; he even found some in the early Michael Arlen. You would say that there is none so poor but Mr. Woollcott can find a way to do him reverence. Yet about Mr. Coward he expressed a doubt. Perhaps he suspected that there are so many firecrackers, there can't be any fire. ##

Robert Henri: Maker of Masters

Continued from pages 53-54

make mature sitters feel at ease he would put symphonies on the phonograph and for children he had comic records, such as Harry Lauder's monologues. The twinkle in Manus' face tells us that he is probably listening to something funny.

His portraits of the fisherman and the working man show perhaps more obviously, whatever their merit as paintings, Henri's love of the common man. But even these are presentations on canvas of specific individuals.

After awhile the people whom he painted came to belong to him. He called them "My People" and in an article bearing that title proclaimed his creed so passionately that it bears quoting at length.

"The people I like to paint are 'my people,' wherever they may be, wherever they may exist, the people through whom dignity of life is manifest, that is, who are in some way expressing themselves naturally along the lines Nature intended for them. My people may be old or young, rich or poor, I may speak their language or I may communicate with them only by gestures. But wherever I find them, the Indian at work in the white man's way, the Spanish gypsy moving back to the freedom of the hills, the little boy, quiet and reticent before the stranger, my interest is awakened and my impulse immediately is to tell about them through my own language—drawing and painting in color.

"I find as I go out, from one land to another seeking 'my people,' that I have none of that cruel, fearful possession known as patriotism; no blind, intense devotion for an institution that has stiffened in chains of its own making. My love of mankind is individual, not national, and always I find the race expressed in the individual. And so I am 'patriotic' only about what I admire, and my devotion to humanity burns up as brightly for Europe as for America; it flares up as swiftly for Mexico if I am painting the peon there; it warms toward the bull-fighter in Spain, if, in spite of its cruelty, there is that element in his art which I find beautiful; it intensifies before the Irish peasant whose love, poetry, simplicity and humor have enriched my existence, just as completely as though each of these people were of my own country and of my own hearthstone . . .

". . . An artist must first of all respond to his subject, he must be filled with emotion toward that subject and then he must make his technique so sincere, so translucent that it may be forgotten, the value of the subject shining through it . . .

"All my life I have refused to be for or against parties, for or against nations, for or against people. I never seek novelty or the eccentric; I do not go from land to land to contrast civilizations. I seek only, wherever I go, for symbols of greatness, and . . . they may be found in the eyes of a child, in the movement of a gladiator, in the heart of a gypsy, in twilight in Ireland or in moonrise over the deserts. To hold the spirit of greatness is in my mind what the world was created for. The human body is beautiful as this spirit shines through, and art is great as it translates and embodies this spirit."

Sounds gushy, doesn't it? Like a chant that might have been uttered by a willowy young man in an aesthetic trance for the benefit of a perfumed roomful of ladies' luncheon clubbers. However it may sound, it is one of the ways in which he expressed his philosophy and it is one of his

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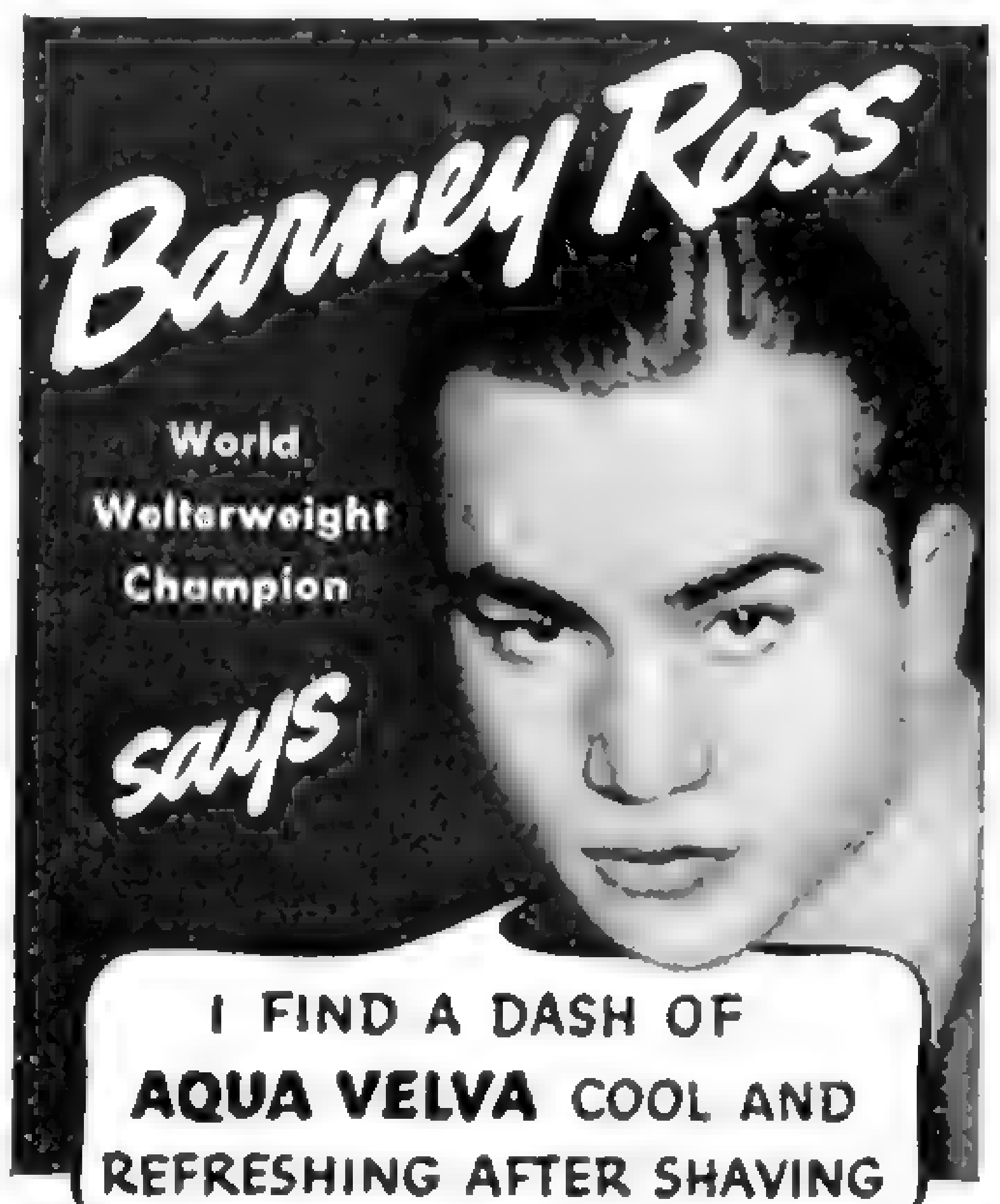
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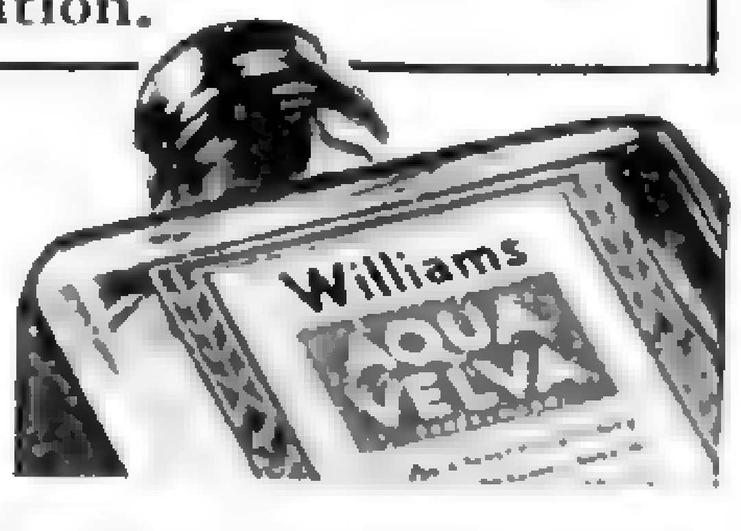

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characteristic styles as a writer. There are many such paragraphs running through *The Art Spirit.* But this method of expression was not the only one he used. What there was of flame in him had a solid sheath of mortality. He could be, and was, coldly objective and analytical, as in the letters of criticism he sometimes sent his classes at the League and in that letter of criticism, also reproduced in *The Art Spirit,* in which he tells an art student, unknown to us, what to do about and with certain pictures which he had submitted for comment. Henri could be, and was, gentle to individuals but when it was a question of art he could be, and was, remorseless to the same individuals. He could not belie his vision. He could not say a thing was good when he thought it was bad and he was averse to smoothing over the difficulties by uttering ambiguous nothings. He was a hard critic, although he could be distressed when the newspaper and magazine reviewers gave him the rough ends of their tongues. Henri was particularly upset when they wrote that his paintings showed the signs of having been done with great rapidity and with little reflection. He knew this to be untrue.

The intensity with which he sometimes worked did seem to justify the belief that he belonged to the unreflective, muscular school of art, but, unlike George Luks, he did not use his brush like a sword. Luks made much of the fact that he painted with terrific speed and with his guts rather than his brains. Nevertheless, Luks may have been responsible for leading Henri to the Dutch, and especially to Hals. There is no doubt that they influenced one another, each painting the other's portrait.

Henri painted standing and from the ground up. He poured scorn on painters who sat and dawdled at their easels. Sometimes he kept two pictures going at the same time, a procedure which he advised his students to follow. In one afternoon in Spain, Mr. Speicher tells me, Henri painted two pictures, one of which subsequently found its way into the Metropolitan Museum. An anecdote like that certainly will give a man a reputation for virtuosity, but although Henri thought hard about his pictures before and after, he was no one-canvas-a-year man.

His customary procedure in his later years when painting from the model was to start quietly filling in the background. Then he would move away from the easel and gaze a long time at the model and then, in the instant of a lightning flash, he would perceive the revealing thing, that which set apart this sitter from all other sitters. Back at the easel, without once glancing at the model, he would work with demonic energy to capture the thing seen. This is painting, but it is not muscular painting, although it requires energy and spirit. After he had set down in paint what had come to him as a flash of revelation, he would again deeply regard the model until again he perceived the thing for which he was looking. This method of work dovetails with the belief expressed in *The Art Spirit,* that in an ideal art school the students would work in one room, the model occupying another, the students visiting the model's room only to refresh their vision and carrying back in their heads to the work room the images of the model they had captured.

He did not paint for exhibition, he painted for himself. If after examining a finished picture he felt that it was good, he was delighted; if he felt that it was not, he forgot about it. He did not stew or fuss over finished things. He did not paint in after painting out. The picture had something, or it didn't. No false regrets, no crying over spilt paint tubes. He believed, and taught, that it was better to fail greatly than to succeed slickly. His sister-in-law, Miss Violet Organ, tells me her recollection of the method of critical examination to which Henri subjected his pictures. After finishing a canvas he would hang it on the wall opposite his place at table. At dinner, while eating, talking and listening, he would examine the picture critically, looking at it directly and glancingly. He followed the same procedure at breakfast next day and until another canvas had been put up in its place.

Sometimes his wife and others in the room could hear what he was thinking, for he had a habit of debating an issue with himself in an audible murmur. The question was not necessarily the quality of his pictures. Sometimes the artist would be brought to with Mrs. Henri saying: "We're not listening, but we can hear what you say." Or she would ask: "Just what are you saying?" Perhaps the things he was murmuring were worth listening to, for unlike most painters he had a gift for words which would have made him a writer, but a writer on art only, for he had mind, tongue and pen for no other theme. His criticisms of specific pictures indicate that he might have been America's greatest art critic if he had not been one of its important painters. Thirty years ago, Mr. Speicher informs me, Henri was preaching the gospel of Thomas Eakins, declaring him to be America's greatest painter. Now the voice in the wilderness has a thousand echoes, for since Henri spoke Eakins has come into his own. And the good critic is usually the prophet.

Henri has been called the pure artist, the man whose life was utterly dedicated to art. Yet his spirit did not float his body off the earth. His legs were very much on the ground and he was of this earth and practiced the ways of the world.

To begin with, he was a good

Continued on page 208

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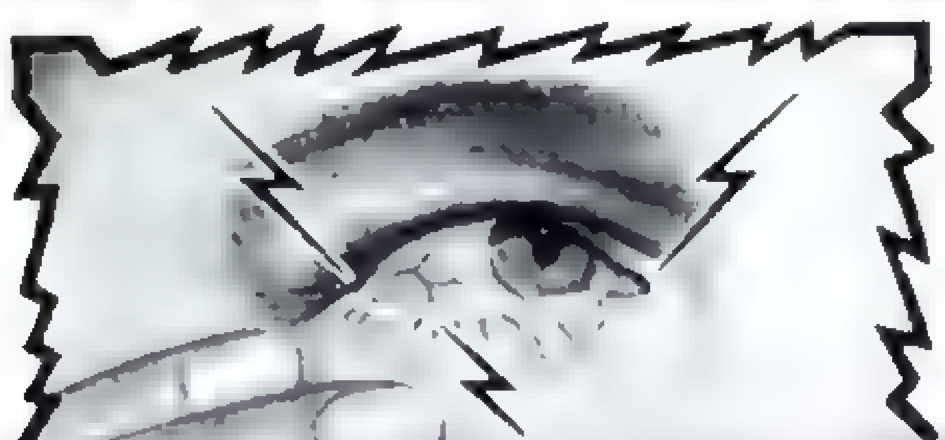

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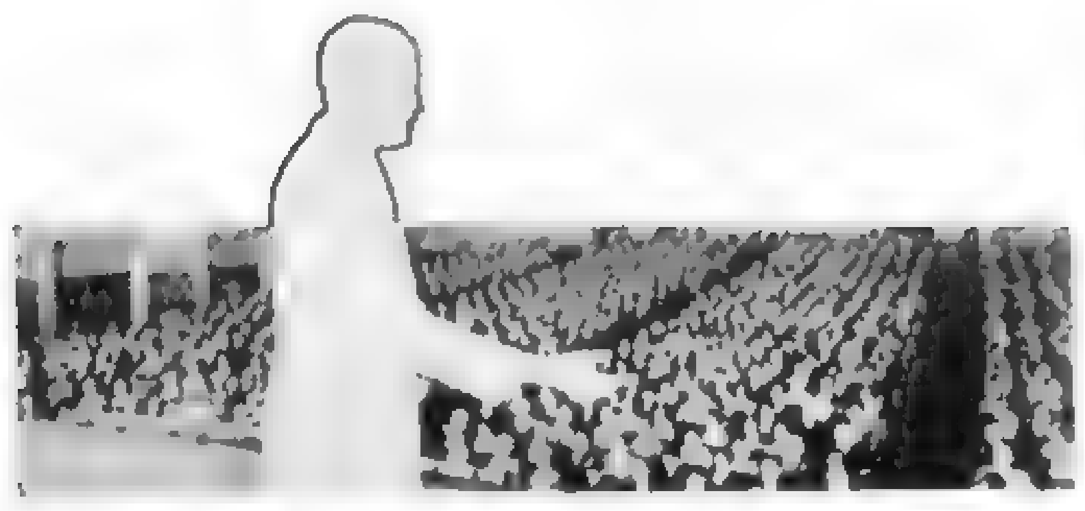

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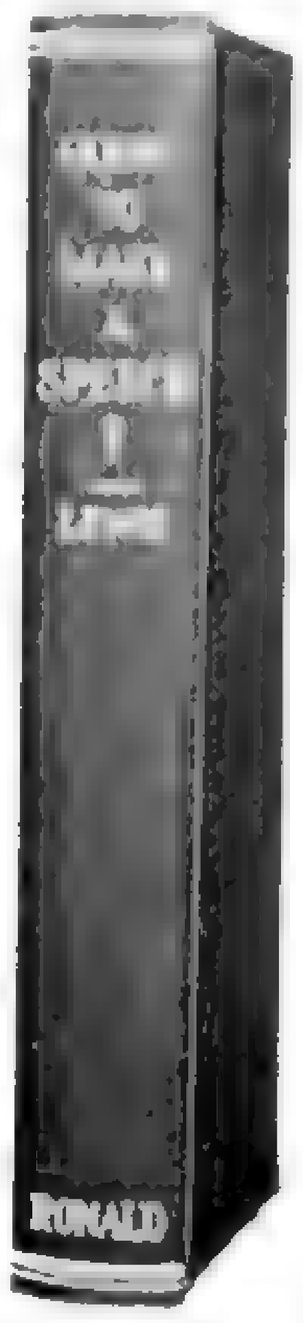

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Robert Henri: Maker of Masters

Continued from pages 53-54-207

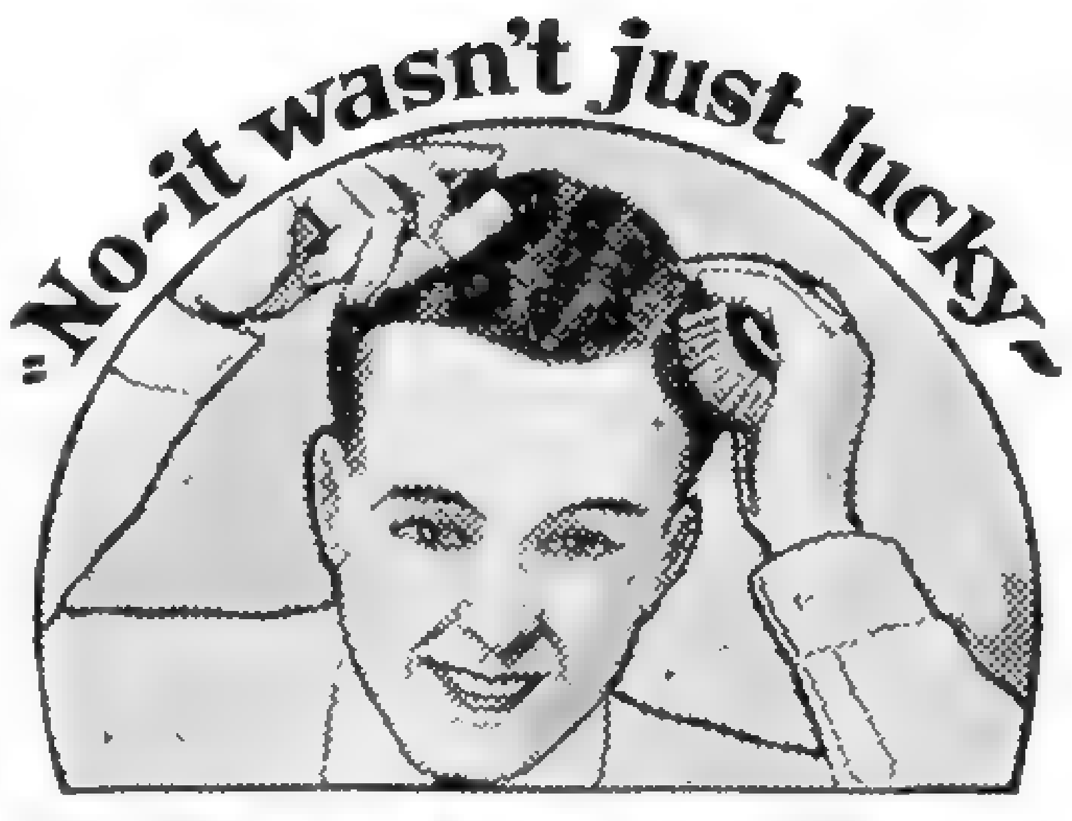
business man who put a proper value on his pictures. And he sold them and didn't scatter the money with a lavish or wasteful hand. Neither did he hoard it and live meanly. Art meant almost everything to him, but he lived well. Now and then he would feel pinched when sales were few and somewhat too far between. The spacing of picture sales is interestingly illustrated in an anecdote reported to me by Speicher. Henri had been abroad a year and in that time not a picture had been sold. He returned to the United States, pockets empty. In the meantime, William Macbeth, his dealer, had been sending pictures to exhibitions all over the country. The day Henri set foot on American soil a check arrived in payment of a picture sold in Utah. For every one of the next ten or eleven days a check arrived. That year Henri earned $55,000. When he died he left an estate worth $122,000 and at that time no painting in the estate was priced at more than $700. At a recent auction a Henri in the possession of one of the Lewisohns was sold for $2,100.

He enjoyed indoor and outdoor sports. He was a good billiardist, says Spiecher, and an astute poker player. In this connection Miss Organ tells me that during his student days in Paris Henri felt a great desire to visit Italy, as which art student does not. But he lacked the funds. A group of fellow-students was planning to go to Monte Carlo. He went along and tried his luck at the tables, emerging with enough to cover his expenses for a three months' stay in Italy. He was very fond also of reading and warmed especially to the Irish writers, selecting particularly the authors of the Celtic awakening. Many of his paintings tell us that he was fond of the theatre but they do not tell us that he was almost tired enough business man to enjoy the *Ziegfeld Follies*, which he attended year after year. He was not convivial in the George Luks sense, he did not haunt cafés and restaurants, but he enjoyed a cocktail before dinner and a glass of sherry with it. Except during working hours, he was a hospitable man and there were regular visits to and from the Bellows family, who lived a few blocks away. And when they and the Speichers and other friends came, Henri was always ready to clear the table for poker. But he disliked meeting people in droves at teas and parties. He preferred to entertain only those precious few who shared his enthusiasm for art. There is no doubt that he loved the human race but he preferred individuals and resisted every effort to force him into a mould of social behavior.

Henri was a good deal of an outdoor man. His favorite sport was trout fishing, but trout fishing according to Hoyle. To land a fish was to win a duel and conform to a rite, and he enjoyed the sport to the hilt. In the summer of 1924 he looked upon the house Corrymore, in County Mayo, that had been owned by the hated English officer, Captain Boycott, who had unwittingly given his name to the English language. Henri coveted the house not only for its sake but also for the sake of the well-stocked lake behind it. Henri had made it a rule never to buy a house for fear of being tied down to property, but because Corrymore could be bought, but not rented, he bought it. It is even probable that his zest for trout fishing cut short his life. In the summer of 1928, after he had insisted on fishing in a terrific downpour, he became prostrated by what seemed to be an attack of sciatica. He took ship for America and was carried down the gangplank. In the hospital his agony continued for nine months, but he was more cheerful than the visitors who called to cheer him. It was reported that he died of neuritis. It was cancer. Within the year Mrs. Henri died, of the same cause.

There were other outdoor activities to which Henri was devoted. He enjoyed walking, in the country, not in the city. At the age of fifteen, without benefit of guide, he climbed Pike's Peak and came down the sorest young man in all Colorado. He played golf but gave it up after a time. During his Madrid year he was a bullfight fan, attending every Sunday and greatly enjoying the color and the spectacle of the crowds and not ignoring the action within the arena, although it is unlikely that he enjoyed the outpouring of blood. He went with one Diaz, who stretched his canvases and sold him his paints, and they became great friends. On the day that the Henris were packing for France, en route to Ireland and the yet unseen Corrymore, the whole Diaz family appeared, bearing a cake as parting gift. The Diaz family included eighteen children, of whom the eldest was named Jesus, and so the twenty Diazes and the Henris sat down to cake and had a grand time The Diazes gave their cake and ate it, too.

When Henri was in his teens he began a novel in which the hero, himself, was described as being over six feet tall and strong and slender. This hero also had dark hair which was turned up at the ends, a good forehead, broad between the eyes, a pointed nose, a "liberal mouth," good teeth, a straggle of a mustache, small chin and thin cheeks with rather high cheek bones. That day the hero was wearing two pairs of pants because he was cold and he was fighting, with members of his family, to buttress their Atlantic City home against the fury of a flood tide. I have before me as I write a photograph of Henri in



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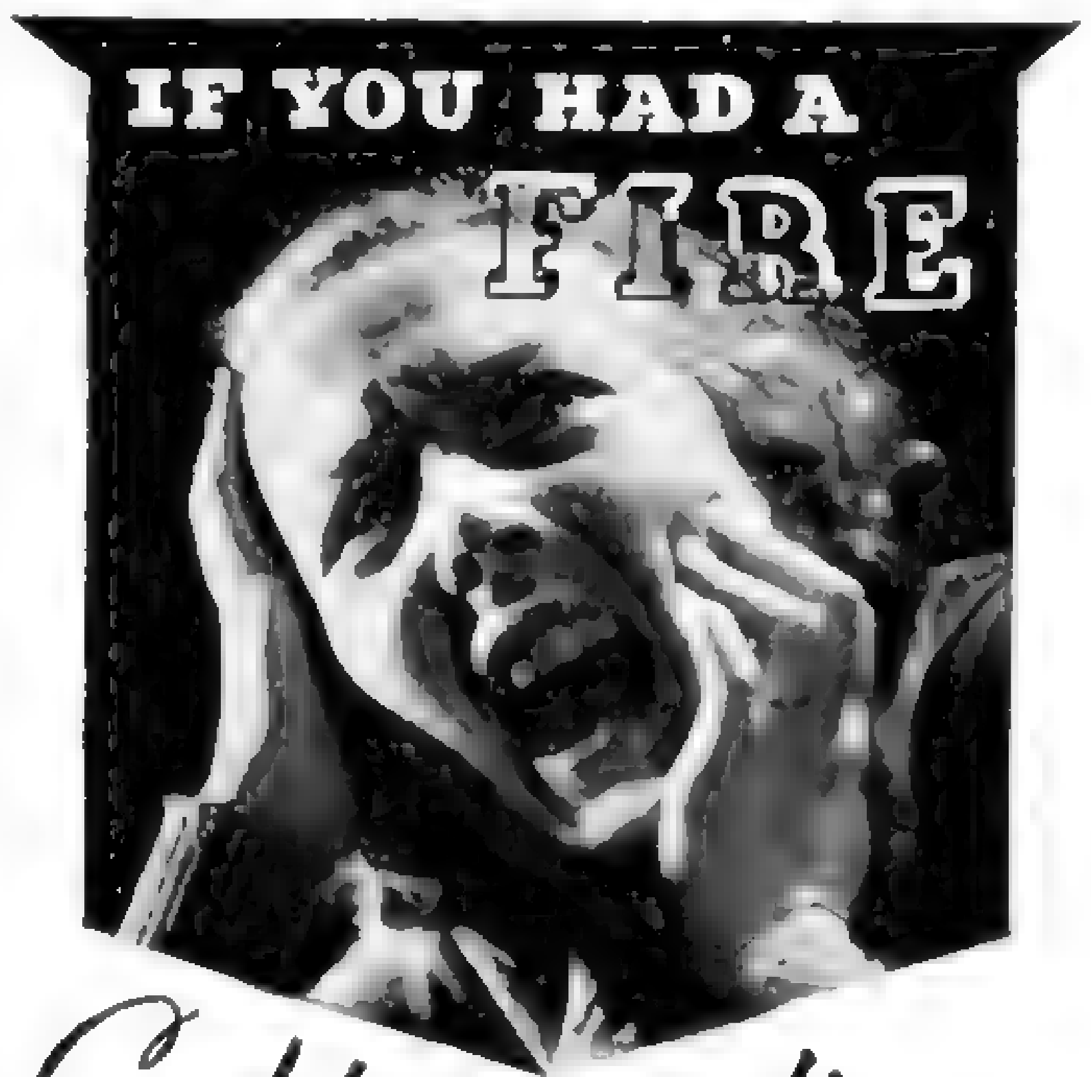

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his early thirties—around 1895—looking like a Confederate lieutenant recently out of uniform. Gallantry is in the bearing and idealism in the face. In later life it was said of him that he looked like a benevolent Mephistopheles, a devil of a fellow for him to have resembled even remotely.

He was born in Cincinnati in 1865, the son of a realty man and of a mother of whom he remembered that she took him to art galleries. His forbears had lived for generations in Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, and there was wandering in that blood, for when he was still a child the family moved to Denver where young Henri marveled not only at the height of Pike's Peak but at a school master named Butterworth who imposed discipline on the class by beating himself with a rod. The family then moved to Atlantic City but Robert and his brother Frank left for Philadelphia, Frank to attend medical school, Robert to enroll in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, studying mainly under Thomas Anshutz, successor to Thomas Eakins. The Anshutz emphasis on anatomy, an Eakins inheritance, led Robert to enroll in an anatomy course at his brother's medical school and to take part in actual dissections.

From Philadelphia he went to Paris, to the Julian Academy and the Beaux-Arts, studying under the great, but academic, Bouguereau and Fleury. He didn't like Bouguereau's teaching but the Master liked Henri's painting and the young student wrote to his proud mother telling of the good reports he was receiving but warning her not to overestimate their significance. He was a boy of twenty-four when the French government bought a picture of his for the Luxembourg. This is the kind of honor for which painters wait until they're gray and there is no doubt that Bouguereau nudged the French government in the ribs about this matter. Like other students before him Henri learned more by looking at pictures in the galleries and museums than by listening to his masters. They were painting tightly then. He sought a free hand. It was about that time that he came under the sway of the Spaniards and Whistler, Manet, Courbet and the Japanese print makers who were helping to shape the form and color tones of what was then advanced art. Two years later, in 1891, still a boy, but by this time a much more serious one, he returned to Philadelphia, where he impressed his personality in more than one way. In his studio gathered together the men who were to do a considerable amount of paint splashing across the American scene: Sloan and Glackens, Luks and Shinn and half a dozen others, including the illustrator James Preston. It was in Philadelphia that Henri's career as teacher began, at the Woman's School of Design. It was there too that his reputation as painter started, with a one-man show at his alma mater, the Pennsylvania Academy. It was the kind of exhibition that launches a man. Back he went to Paris, where also he taught, so that when he finally settled in New York in 1898 he was a novice neither as artist nor teacher. In time every one of his Philadelphia cronies joined him, all of them but himself to take jobs on newspapers and steal time off for art.

The rest is the story of prizes won, pictures exhibited and sold, causes upheld, battles fought, youth aided. His first prize was the silver medal won in 1901 at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. The painter who made a battle cry of "No Prizes, No Juries" was perhaps less likely to be favored by the juries whom he declared unnecessary and the man who tweaked the Academy's nose by withdrawing his pictures from their exhibition in protest against their exclusion of younger painters ran the not so terrible risk of being passed over. But Henri's life proved that a good painter may fight against entrenched authority in art without ending his days in the poor house. Not counting the Luxembourg, twenty-eight museums in twenty-six American cities have bought Henri paintings. Perhaps he has a finger-hold on immortality. At the least there can be no history of American art without Robert Henri.

They say that Robert Henri gave so much to others, in teaching and writing, in battle and helpfulness that he took away from himself, as if a man has only an inflexible amount of time and energy and one kind of activity may not feed another. The implication is that Henri was an important painter but not a great one for the reason that he allowed other purposes to deflect him; that, had he concentrated on his own advancement he would have entrenched himself in the minds of people as painter rather than as influence and teacher. The most loyal of his students say that he died a great painter and that the time will come when the pictures he left will be assessed at their true worth. Other students, not less loyal, but perhaps more honest and objective, intimate, without saying so, that Henri's work shows signs of having dated. There is no doubt that in color he was sometimes harsh, at other times dead. They would rather talk about Henri the man, Henri the teacher, Henri the influence.

Whoever wins the argument, Robert Henri realized himself. If he gave much to others, he did it because it pleased him to do so and because, in doing so, he satisfied the demands of a generous nature. There are creative urges which are not expressed only in work performed; they are expressed also in personal relationships, in the give and take of the innumerable human contacts that make up a lifetime. ⧺

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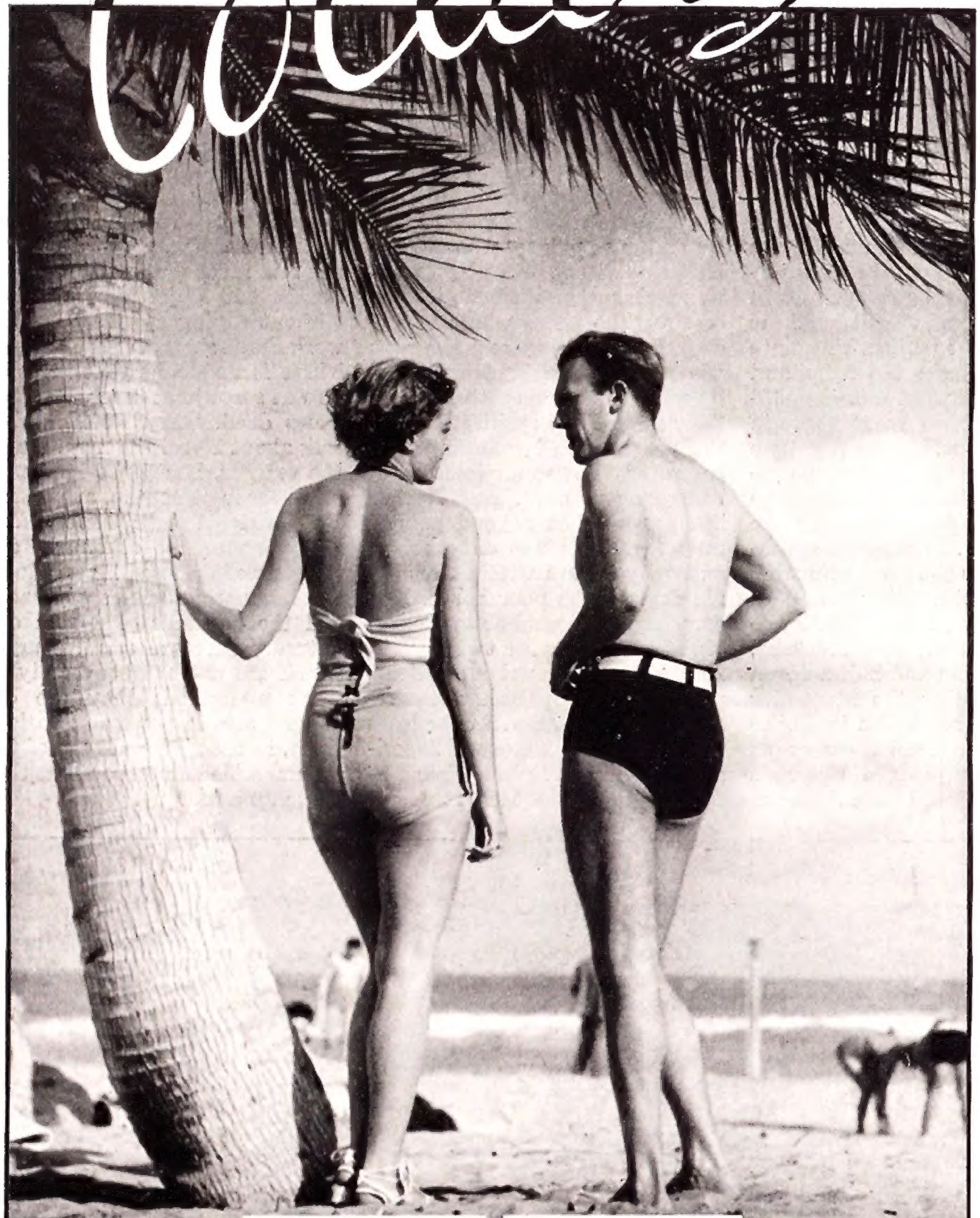

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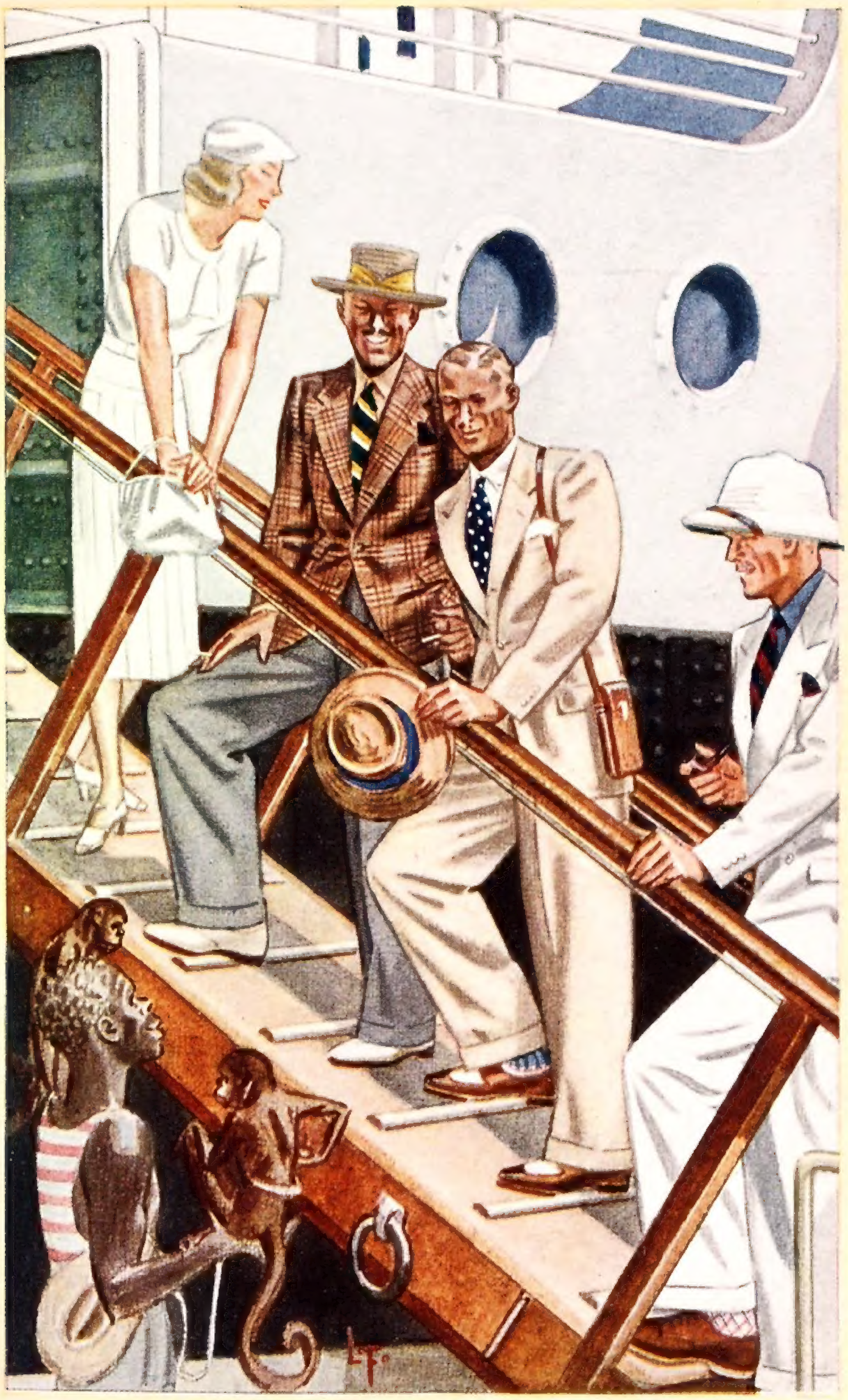

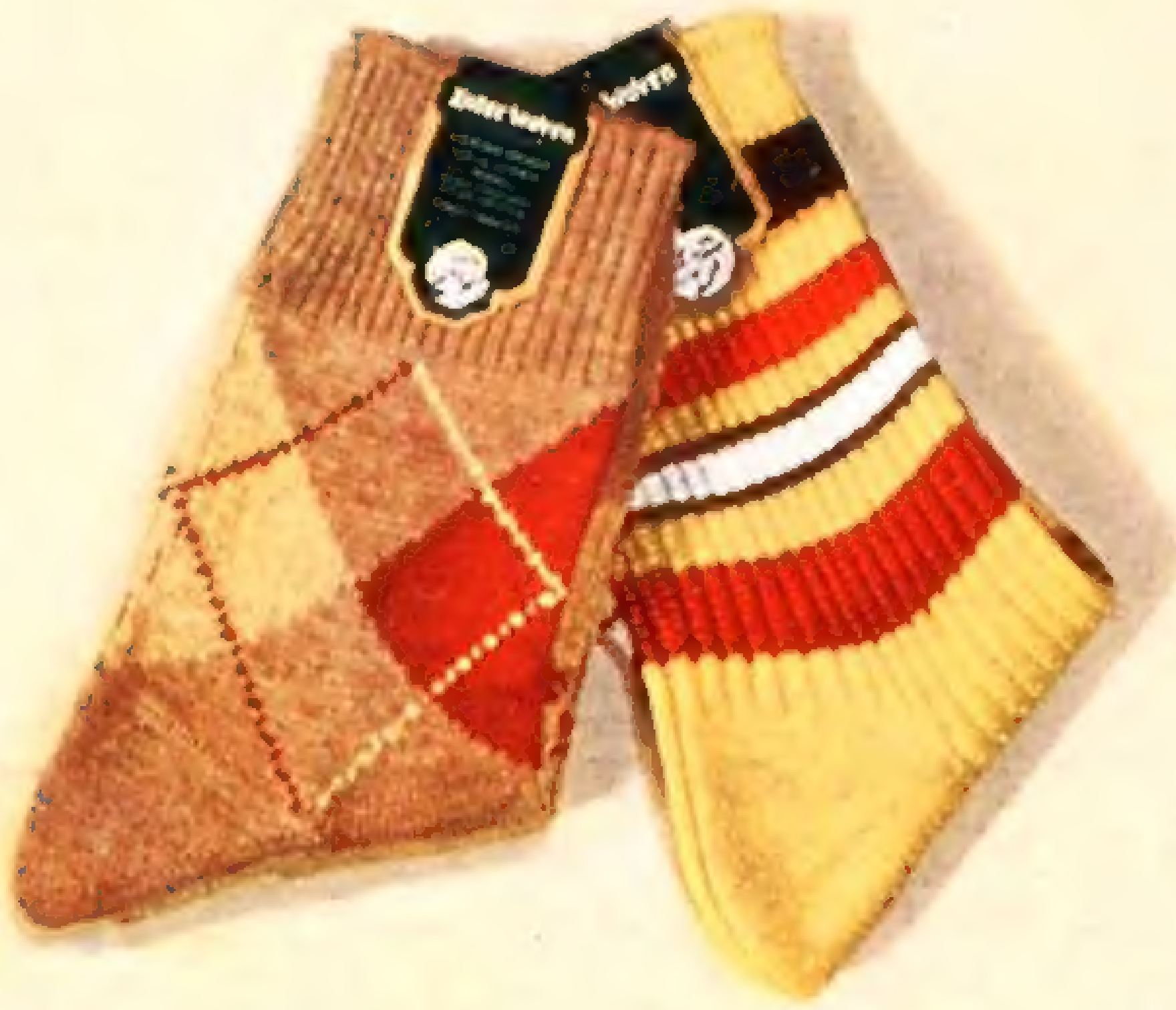
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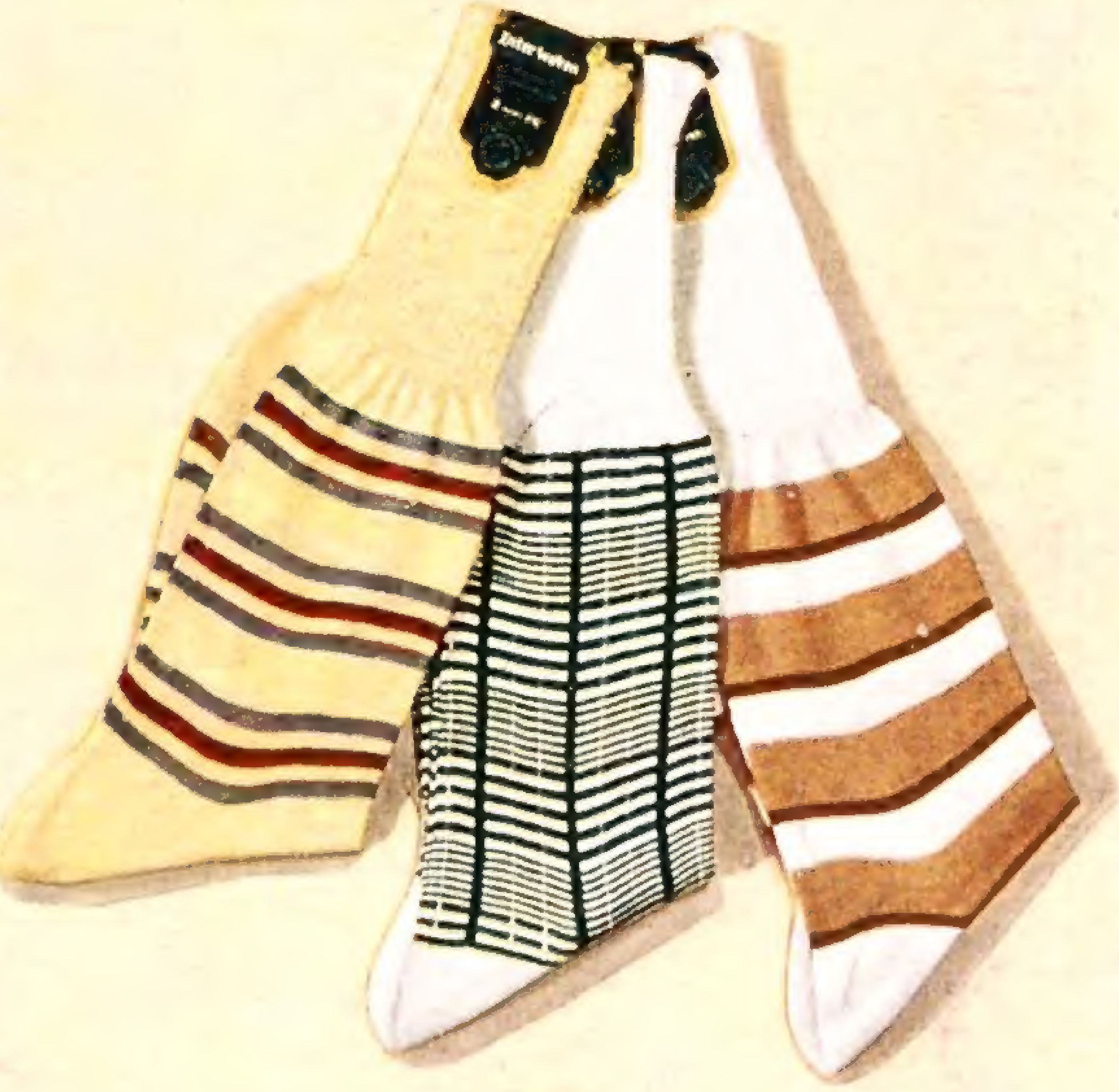
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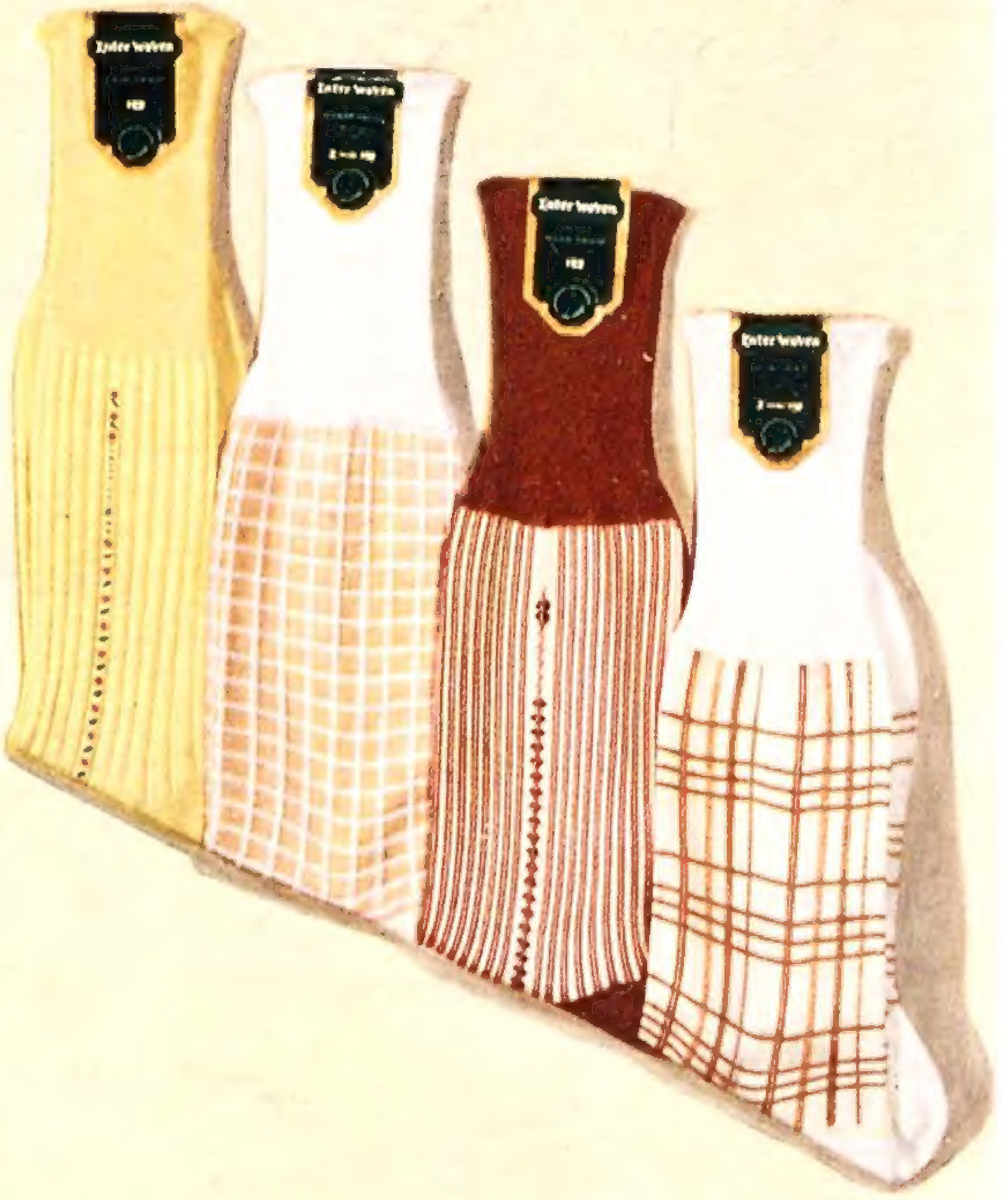
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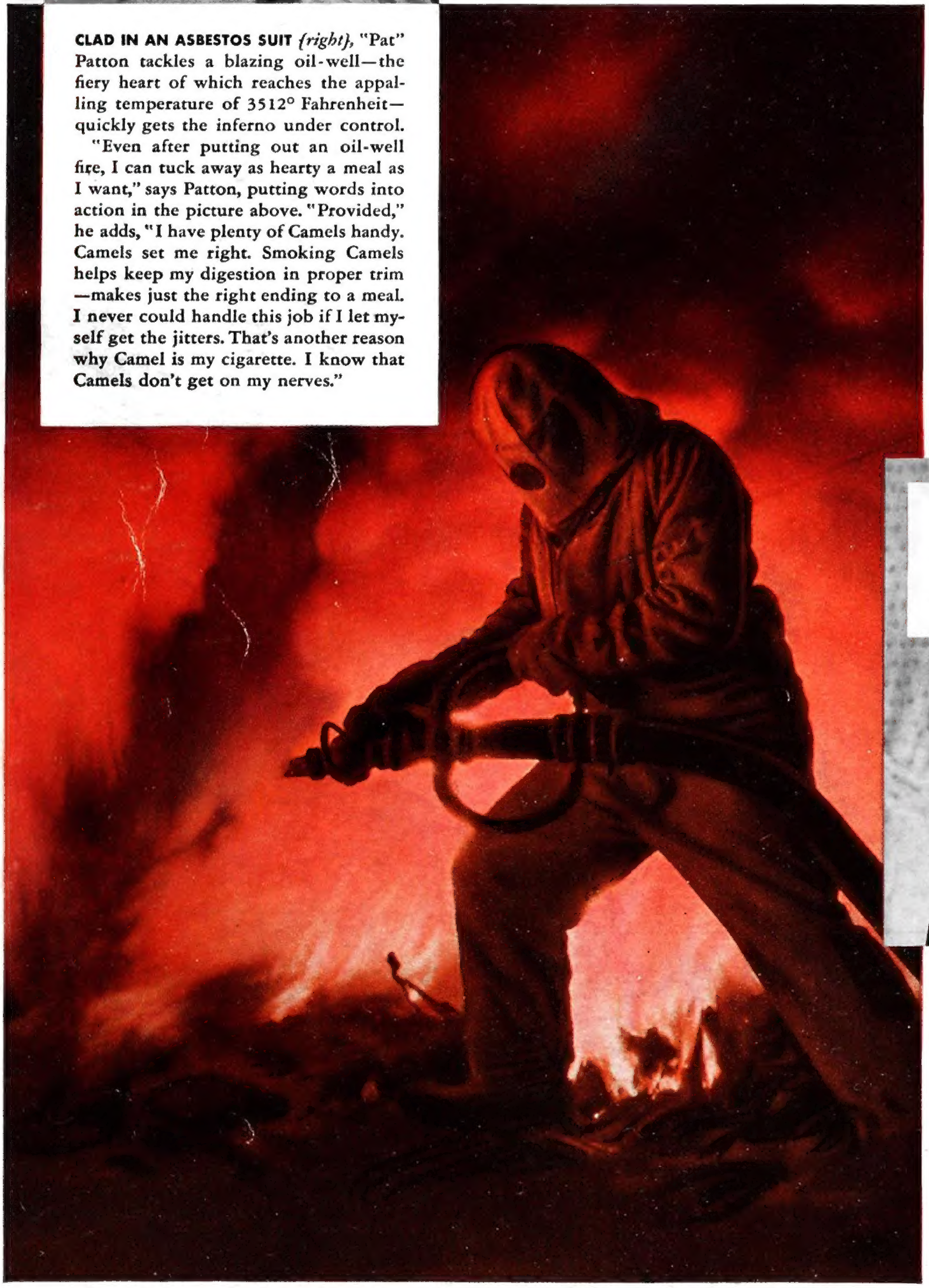

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